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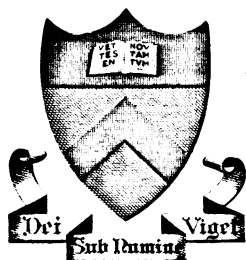


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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW,

FOR THE YEAR  
1800:  
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

*Viresque acquirit cundo.*

VIRGIL.

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VOL. III.

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NEW-YORK:

Printed and fold by T. & J. SWORDS, No. 99 Pearl-street.

1800.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, AND AMERICAN REVIEW, was undertaken with a foresight of the many difficulties which might embarrass and impede its progress for a time; but, feeling some confidence in the general excellence of their plan, and relying on the aid of friends, and others well disposed to promote the literature of their country, the Editors were not intimidated by the gloomy prospect of the disastrous wreck of former adventurers, or discouraged by the predictions of a similar fate, from renewing the experiment, and again trying the strength and durability of public favour and patronage towards literary projects. Its appearance, too, at a time when no similar publication was known to exist in the United States, was justly deemed a circumstance peculiarly favourable to success.

With no very high expectations, and with no extraordinary efforts to obtain patronage, which has been chiefly voluntary and unsolicited, it cannot be supposed that any disappointment should be felt, if the success of the undertaking has not been hitherto equal to their wishes.—The Editors have, indeed, experienced the most flattering species of encouragement, in the approbation bestowed by those whose judgment is a sufficient sanction in favour of any production relative to literature or science. Gratified in being instrumental in the establishment of a work, which, from the nature and value of its materials, and the respectability of the contributors, might add something to the literary reputation of their country, and tend, in some degree, to refute the censures of foreigners, on the apathy and disregard apparently shown by Americans to literature and science; they indulged little expectation of any remuneration for their labours, but as a remote and dubious consequence of the prosperity of the enterprise.

In a scheme, experimental and *tentative*, depending on the precarious aid of casual auxiliaries, as well as the more certain support of associates and allies, and liable to the fluctuations of circumstance and opinion, it was allowable, on principles of prudence and justice, in any stage of its progress, however disagreeable to them, to relinquish the

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undertaking wholly; or to make such alterations as might, in the opinion of others, and from their own observation, be more conducive to its ultimate success, and to the advantage of the public.

The thin population of the United States renders it impossible to procure sufficient support from any one city; and the dispersed situation of readers, the embarrassments attending the diffusion of copies over a wide extent of country, and the obstacles to a prompt collection of the small sums which so cheap a publication demanded, are, it is presumed, satisfactory reasons for altering and contracting the publication, so as to diminish, if not wholly avoid, those inconveniences.—Their own experience, as well as the observation of respectable friends, has led to a belief, that a work, chiefly, or wholly, devoted to literature and science, would, in the present condition of the United States, appear more advantageously at less frequent intervals; and that, either as it may regard the Editors, or the Public, a quarter-yearly publication is preferable to one appearing at shorter periods.—The completion of the *third* volume of the present work, and the commencement of another year, and a new century, render this a fit time for introducing such a change.

Had obstacles occurred formidable enough to have produced a total dereliction of the scheme, little consolation could be derived from imputing the failure of success; nor would such an imputation be just, to the ignorance and cupidity of the people. Americans, in this respect, are no way different from the people of other countries, but are influenced by similar motives; and, swayed by the force of circumstances, are more concerned about what relates to their immediate interests or wants, than in examining or estimating the value of the productions of genius, taste, and learning.

Though some temporary inconvenience may probably be felt by the Editors, from the change of their plan, they cannot but flatter themselves that its necessity and propriety will be apparent to those who have subscribed to the work; and that their patronage and aid will be extended to "*The American Review and Literary Journal*," a view of which is annexed to the present number.

New-York, January 1, 1801.

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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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VOL. III.]

JULY, 1800.

[No. I.]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*On the Scheme of an American Language.*

WHAT is called the *amor patriæ*, the national spirit, operates with wonderful force and in many ways. As to the rectitude and usefulness of this passion, it can only be approved, like other passions, when strictly disciplined and limited. Its usual effects, like those of other passions, are, from the deplorable imperfections of human nature, absurd and pernicious.

I have lately had occasion to observe the influence of this spirit in one of its most remarkable and faulty forms. Some of those among us who devote themselves to letters, are extremely anxious that, as we are politically independent and distinct from other nations, we should likewise be so in literature and language. They are ambitious of obtaining, not only a national individuality in policy and jurisdiction, not only a government that shall be American, but likewise an American language. For this end, they think grammars and dictionaries should be compiled by natives of the country, not of the British or English, but of the American tongue.

Whatever may be said in favour of fostering the spirit of jealousy and animosity to foreign nations in a political sense, seems totally out of place in relation to science. Language is the vehicle of knowledge; but diversity of language is the greatest obstacle to its progress; and every one sincerely studious of the happiness of mankind at large, in which, of course, that of his native country is included, will labour, not to multiply or raise higher, but to lessen and obliterate these obstacles.

It is a sublime lesson, taught in the Hebrew scriptures, that diversity of language was introduced to weaken, disperse, and annihilate the power, by retarding the knowledge, and by disuniting the efforts of the species; but this evil, like other evils inflicted by heaven, we are permitted to repair and diminish in some degree, and surely it is every good man's duty to exert himself for this end.

Nothing more delights and exalts the imagination than the thought of all mankind talking and writing one language; and I, for my part, have reflected upon few things with more pleasure than what may, with

good reason, be predicted, the diffusion of the English lineage and language through the whole extent of North-America, and over hundreds of millions of the human race. Instead of any efforts to insulate ourselves from our ancestors and contemporaries in this respect, we should direct all our labours to the opposite purpose.

Language is, unhappily, too mutable. A few leagues distance, and a few years lapse, introduce numerous changes. Three things tend to prevent and remove those differences: unity of government, and intimate communication, tend to counteract the influence of *place*; writing, and printing, to check the influence of time. The wonderful efficacy of these causes, is evident in the history of the Latin language, in the assimilation which is every day increasing among the languages of Europe, and in the prevalence of the same tongue in the British Isles, Bengal, and Kentucky.

The English being a literary tongue, has acquired a permanence unknown to dialects merely oral. The popular and celebrated writers of this nation, are the depositories of this language. Books are the only adequate authority for the use of words. Examples and illustrations of words and their significations, are no where else to be found. Whence, then, but from English books, from the writings of Englishmen, is the maker of an American dictionary to draw his materials, and what is it but a petty and puerile, because verbal distinction, that will have the language to be called American, merely because it is spoken on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic? If one dialect be common to both, why not call it by a common name?

The name of a language is, indeed, derived from the name of place, but not from that which the speakers may, at any time, chance

to inhabit. As the speakers change or enlarge their residence, they have never yet thought proper to change or new-modify the name of their language. The Greeks of old conquered and colonized the opposite shores of Asia and Italy, just as the English of later times have conquered and colonized America; but, though Italy and Asia became independent of Greece at one time, and its sovereigns at another, the language spoken and written at Marseilles, Syracuse, and Antioch, continued still to be called *Greek*; not that in these three cities the dialect was absolutely *one*, but the diversities were far outweighed by the similarities, and by no means justified a change of name.

The Romans extended their sovereignty over many nations, but their language, originally the provincial dialect of Latium, of which Rome was a subordinate district, continued to be called Latin, though read and spoken by those born and resident on the Rhine, the Nile, and the Severn. Nay, it still retains that name, though no longer spoken in Latium itself. Buchanan the Scot, Erasmus the Hollander, and Casimer the Pole, all wrote Latin, as the future bards of Potowmac and Missouri shall be said to write English.

If our language ought not to be called English, yet there is evident absurdity flowing from the same principles in calling it American, since this is not the language of *America*, a country which stretches nearly from one pole to the other, but of a small portion of its north-eastern coast. To call the dialect of the United States by this name, is much more absurd than to call that of South-Britain the *European* language, for the latter is not more disproportioned to Europe than the United States to America. The dialects of Canada, Louisiana, Brazil, Mexico, and Peru, and the

jargon of the thousand tribes of Paraguay and Sonora, have, at least, as good a claim to the appellation as our own.

Besides, I wonder these fastidious critics should admit the word American for any use, and that when the name of English is taken from our language, they do not deprive our country of an appellation borrowed from the name of a *Florentine*, merely because he was the first visitant; especially as, in truth, he was not the first visitant, and certainly never visited our portion of the New World.

The most suitable name imaginable for our country, would be that which is now appropriated only to a part of it: I mean *New-England*; and if there were really any legitimate grounds for a distinction, if the English *east* and *west* of the ocean were actually different, the only proper innovation would demand the one to be called *old*, and the other *new English*.

But to drop any further consideration of the name by which our speech shall be called, let us reflect a moment upon the differences supposed to exist between the *cis-atlantic* and the *trans-atlantic* English. These must consist in different *words* or in different *meanings* to the same words. But what differences are there in these respects to justify a change of name? If there is no essential difference, if the languages on both shores be *one*, there seems a manifest absurdity in giving them *two* names.

How is the existence of any difference to be ascertained? Is the criterion of the language to be sought in the *oral*, the *colloquial* forms of speech? If so, what province or district is to furnish the speakers between Georgia and Massachusetts? Every state, every town, every village has a *speech* of its own. Diversities have risen from the nature of man, who is at

once a slave to novelty and to habit; from Indian vicinity; from intermixture of emigrants of different nations, and, particularly in the southern states, from converse with negroes; but these diversities every one will admit to be *gross corruptions*, and will look, if he looks any where among the talkers, among the higher, and the best educated class, whose dialect is purified by intimate intercourse with English books.

The books from which a dictionary must be formed, are very few of them American; but, if a man expects to find in those few so many peculiarities as to warrant the imposing of a new name upon their dialect, he will be greatly mistaken. Peculiarities, no doubt, he will find, but these are not national, but personal property. They are the inventions and favourite embellishments of the authors, and not the language of his village, or county, or state. Their acceptance or rejection, therefore, must rest upon his authority.

But many words and phrases by which such a writer is commonly distinguished from the writers of the times of Queen Ann and George the first, are neither national nor personal property, but are the fruit of an universal progress or change, which time and the new relations of policy and commerce, have introduced into English, and are equally to be found in the pamphleteers and popular writers on either side of the atlantic. How far these innovations should be admitted into the substance and structure of the language, is a question of moment and difficulty; but however this question be decided, the change, if any take place, must affect the whole mass.

The English tongue has doubtless been somewhat modified by time, but has likewise been enlarged by the diffusion of the English race.



over the continents of India and America. New political appellations, and names of new places, new offices, and new things, must be added to the old vocabulary. Afghan and Mohock, Kennebeck and Owhyhee, may, in some sense, be said to have become English words, since they are in established use among Englishmen. So, likewise, Congress, President, Capitol, on the one hand, and *Presidency*, Nabob, and Musnud, on the other; and, in these cases, it is evident that the change, if addition be change, is made in the whole language. These words are just as much parts of the English tongue, as Winchester, Admiralty, and Throne; for these, and no other, are familiarly used by the talkers and writers of English, to denote the things to which they belong.

These and similar terms are, indeed, technical and scientific. They must be placed in any English dictionary as such, and be conceived to augment the language just as *phlogiston* and *caloric* augment it. Any other species of American words, are manifest corruptions; and, to embalm these by the lexicographic process, would only be waste of time and abuse of talents.

C.

*For the Monthly Magazine.*

*Will Christianity ever become Universal?*

THE most accurate computers of the numbers of mankind do not assign to this globe more than six hundred and forty millions of men. It is remarkable that one form of government, religion, language, and manners, prevails over *half* of the whole number, for the lowest estimates will make the Chinese amount to three hundred and twenty millions, and that is *half* of the human species. The Chi-

nese religion may be termed Paganism.

Of the remainder, a very small portion, and these in the most savage state, may likewise be termed Pagans; that is, their religion has risen by chance, is undigested into any written form, is without simplicity or uniformity, is vague, fleeting, and traditionary. Such are the aborigines of America and New-Holland, those who occupy the new-found isles, the wastes of Northern-Asia, and the African interior. The whole number of such may be liberally stated at twenty millions.

The remainder, who may be called civilized nations, will include one half of the whole species. These are possessed of religions, which, in contradistinction to the other which has only a mutable, motly, traditional, and *oral* existence, may be termed *scriptural*. The subjects of this species of belief may be distributed into three parts:

1. The Hindoos, or followers of Brahma, who may be estimated at eighty millions:

2. The Mahometans, scattered through Western-Asia, Northern-Africa, and India, cannot amount to more than sixty millions:

3. The Christians, including all the variety of sects, including the Greeks of Turkey and Russia, and the colonists and converts in America, will not exceed one hundred and sixty millions.

From these facts, some interesting conclusions may be drawn. It will first appear that only *one fourth* of the human race can be denominated christians. Those who, like me, believe that the christian faith is necessary to the present and future happiness of man, must reflect upon so great a disproportion with much regret. There are not wanting, however, some facts, which, impartially considered, will cheer us in the midst of our regrets.

In the first place, it is certain that the number of christians has been gradually increasing since the birth of their founder. In the next place, it is, I think, extremely clear that, bating all universal changes and miraculous interferences propitious to this progress, which, by the way, we have good reason to expect, and supposing human affairs to go on upon common and established principles, the christian religion will proceed, in future, with a rapid progress; and that the whole human race, in a much less period than that which has already elapsed since its progress commenced, will become christians.

The history of our religion exhibits many vicissitudes and revolutions. Its progress for the three first centuries, during the flourishing period of Rome, was incessant and by very distinct degrees, till Romans, at length, and christians became synonymous terms. This empire was overturned in Europe by the Goths, in Asia and Africa by the Arabs. These *civil* revolutions flowed from different causes. The first was occasioned merely by the barbarous and hostile spirit, and therefore produced only a temporary depression of religion. The conquerors became converts, and the Roman (or christian) religion, besides its former subjects, extended its empire over regions to the north and east, which had never been subjected to the Roman empire.

The Roman empire in Africa and Asia was subverted not only by barbarous license, but religious enthusiasm. The Roman religion, therefore, was extinguished in these provinces, together with the Roman empire.

I make no account of the Mahometan conquests in Spain, Sicily, and European Turkey. In these, the faith of Mahomet merely obtained a political ascendancy; and,

in the two former, even this ascendancy has long since disappeared.

The numbers which the christian religion lost by the Mahometan conquests, it gained by the conversion of the Celts of Scotland and Ireland, and of the nations beyond the Rhine and the Baltic.

It would be an instructive exercise to trace out, upon a map, the boundaries of *Christendom* in the fourth century, the age of Constantius; and, in the sixteenth, the age of Charles the Fifth. Much of what was Pagan in the former period, was, at the latter, become christian; and much of what was formerly christian, has since become Mahometan.

Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, christianity has been rapidly progressive. It could not, indeed, enlarge its boundaries on the land side. Mahometanism was a barrier not to be broken through by violence, and not to be undermined by missionary labours, but the art of navigation opened an unbounded field for conquest to the east and west.

The trading nations found their way, on one side, to the extremities of Asia, and, on the other, to the regions of the western hemisphere. They carried, with their language and arms, their religion. In America, their mutual jealousies and competitions have somewhat, but not much, retarded their advancement. The field was so spacious, and the aboriginal possessors so feeble and so few, that no opposition worth mentioning has hitherto occurred, and nothing is more evident than that all America, comprising more than three-eighths of the habitable globe, will be, in process of time, pervaded with the language, manners, and religion of Europe.

Asia has exhibited a somewhat different scene. The balance has

been continually vibrating between the christian and the native powers, and between one christian nation and another. On whatever stage the Europeans have entered, they have entered in some sort together, and have industriously thwarted and obstructed the efforts of each other. There is nothing in that quarter of the globe that could effectually resist any one nation whose efforts were not embarrassed by its rivals; much less could opposition have been sustained against a coalition of the whole. If the Portuguese, Dutch, French, Spanish, or English had separately contended merely with the natives, or if they had fought in unison, all obstacles to their dominion would long ago have vanished.

But the Portuguese were followed by the Dutch, and, while these were bickering in the isles, the French and English struggled with each other for possession of the continent. Notwithstanding this struggle, Britain has made immense strides towards the sovereignty of the Hindoos, and there appears no room to question their future progress. Mahometanism has been politically ascendant in that country for three centuries, but the time is evidently hastening when it will expire at once in the Greek and the Hindoo peninsulas, and be supplanted by the christian faith.

Half of the human race, as I before mentioned, are Chinese Pagans. The thoughtful mind is flung into deep astonishment in contemplating the revolutions which, but for the sordid and malignant jealousies of the christian nations, would have been effected among that populous and civilized race of men during the three last centuries. In China, Japan, and Tunquin, christianity would, at this day, have been ascendant, and these states would have been as much in the *power* of the christians, as Bengal and the

Circars are in that of the English, if the christians had aided, with half the zeal with which they have obstructed, each other. Imperial edicts were sufficient to check the growth of our religion in China, but to extinguish it in Japan, though so recently introduced, required a horrid series of civil wars and massacres.

Within forty years, a continent in the same moral and physical condition with desert America, has been found in the Southern Ocean. The same system of colonization, whose stupendous effects are visible in North-America, has begun to be pursued in relation to New-Holland. Who can doubt but that the same effects will follow from the same causes, and that these vast regions will, in no long time, exhibit just such a scene as is displayed upon the theatre of North-Eastern-America? That the English (and therefore the christian) language, manners, and *religion*, will spread itself without obstruction over all that immense space?

America and New-Holland will be found to be equal in extent to one half of the habitable globe. These regions can scarcely be said to be pre-occupied. The Europeans have gained exclusive and immutable possession. Their institutions, civil and religious, will follow them wherever they go. Population, from local circumstances, will advance with certain and rapid steps. Admitting (what, indeed, is incredible) that the christians will hereafter be stationary on the old continents; that the Russians will not carry themselves and their religion farther into Turkey, Persia, and Tartary; that the English will not absorb the Mogul power in Hindostan, nor encroach upon the Lhamic and Chinese territories; that the christian nations in general will abandon Africa to the Moors on one side, and the Caffres on the

other; admitting that they merely keep their footing in America and New-Holland, and continue to multiply merely by propagation; in what proportion are we *compelled* to believe the number of christians, on this globe, will bear to the rest of the species, when *New-Christendom*, if I may use the phrase, becomes as populous as the old?

Christian Europe, though many parts of it are incultivable, and no part is as well peopled as a wise government would make it, contains at the rate of fifty persons to a square mile. Christian America and New-Holland, when peopled at the same low rate, will contain one thousand millions of people. The numbers of mankind, which now are six hundred and forty millions, will then become one thousand, six hundred and forty, and the christians, instead of being *one* fourth, as at present, will be nearly *three* fourths of the whole.

He who does not, from these unquestionable data, foresee the subjection of the whole race of man to the civil and religious yoke of christianity, effected by the influence of natural and established laws, must be very obstinate in his scepticism. For my part, this disquisition has removed every doubt on this subject which I might previously have entertained; and glad shall I be to have contributed to producing the same opinion in any of your readers.

I have carefully, in these remarks, shunned all speculative distinctions as to what *is* or *is not* true christianity, and as to the influence of moral or internal causes in raising or depressing it. Those who foretel the extinction of religion from the progress of knowledge and refinement, must believe religion to be false, and must rejoice in its extinction. Those who believe it true, will predict very opposite effects from the intellectual improve-

ment of mankind; but all impartial observers will see the unlimited influence which the christian code has had upon the conduct and opinions, public and private, social and political, of those who profess it; and will acknowledge, in the prevalence of the arts and colonies of Europe, over those of Chinese, Hindoo, or Mahometan, the triumph of the christian religion over the dogmas of Shensi, Mecca, and Benares.

The wheaten harvests of America for ten thousand future years, will all have sprung from the quart or bushel that was brought two ages ago from England or Spain. The original *grains* perished in a short time, but their progeny will be only less than eternal in succession, and universal in extent.

Thus it is with intellectual germs. The moral condition of this globe, at the remotest period of its duration, must be essentially different from what will now inevitably happen if Moses had never written nor Jesus preached, and this effect will not be less real and momentous, even if the existence of Moses and of Christ shall be utterly forgotten.

P. S.

On a Scheme for describing American Manners.

(Addressed to a Foreigner.)

WHAT strange project is this which you describe? A picture of American manners! A view of our social, domestic, economical state! Such as foreign and future observers, as well as contemporary ones, shall point to and say, "This is the scene displayed by" four millions of actors on the vast stage bounded by the Ocean, Florida, Mississippi, and St. Lawrence, for the three lustrums ensuing the revolution, which made the Anglo-Belgico-

Teutonic-North-Americans a nation." Are you aware of the many difficulties attending such a scheme?

Only reflect upon the motliness, the endless variety of habits, ranks, and conditions in our country. The theatre itself is too wide for you to traverse: a thousand miles one way, and fifteen hundred the other: various in climate from the ceaseless arduours of the tropic to the horrors of the arctic winter: divided into near a score of separate states, in each of which there are very great peculiarities of constitution and laws; each of which has climate, soil, productions, distributions of property and rank somewhat different from those of its neighbours.

To know the manners of a people, their domestic maxims and habits, their social principles and prejudices, it is not sufficient to travel through their country. You must be the inmate of their houses and bosoms; you must have time to cultivate their confidence, to mark the steps of their education, the gradual unfolding of their character, as new connections, situations, and temptations successively arise.

It is true we derive little *primarily* from our own soil. We are all emigrants, or the progeny of emigrants from Europe and Africa. Thence came our language, dress, building, furniture, maxims of lucrative, sexual, and social intercourse, and modes of literature, avarice, and ambition; but these our new situation has considerably modified. Directly or derivatively, we are English, French, German, and Dutch, it is true; but we or our fathers have entered into new relations of property and government, by crossing the Ocean, and these relations have had an influence on our character proportioned to their diversity from those which

still betide the inhabitants of France, Holland, and Great-Britain.

The merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, the man of a liberal profession, and the servant, are, in every country, distinct from each other. Some personal circumstances, likewise, exist to make one of each class different from every other; but in a nation, divided like ours into numerous subordinate communities, of such diverse modes and constitutions, the rank or profession itself is widely different in different places.

The influence of religion, likewise, is not to be forgotten. In America, every branch into which christianity has shot out, grows and flourishes with equal freedom from restraint. Manners and habits are greatly influenced by religious sentiments. How shall that influence be ascertained but by close, intimate, domestic observation?

To estimate the manners, the social and political state of my country, it is not enough that I am born and reared in it. That can only make me acquainted with what immediately surrounds my birth-place or my dwelling, and this is no adequate specimen of the whole. If I am resident in the vicinity of Cape Cod, I am as little qualified to describe the state of universal manners, their state at Pittsburgh or Savannah, for example, as that of Toulon or Archangel. To fit me for this task, I must be multiplied an hundred-fold, and be born and educated at once, if that were possible, at Charleston, Baltimore, and Salem. I must be, at the same time, a catholic of Maryland, a quaker of Pennsylvania, an English episcopalian of New-York, and a congregationalist of Connecticut.

More than one traveller from Europe has undertaken to describe the state of society in the United

States. Whatever he sees in an hasty journey through a small part of it, is instantly seized upon, and held up as a specimen of the whole. From incidents happening at an inn, or in a stage-coach, between one maritime city and another, or an object casually noticed by the way, an inference is confidently drawn in relation to the whole territory. "Such," says he, "is the practice in *America*; such is the ignorance or knowledge, the independence or prejudice, of *Americans*." And his conclusions are just as sagacious as those of him who should infer the state of cultivation and manners in Turkey or Poland, or even in Ireland or Scotland, from what he meets with in a journey from Falmouth to London.

Look at the guise and manners of a tiller of the field in New-Hampshire. What circumstance in his condition can give us the slightest knowledge of the tiller of the field in Georgia? The Serfs in Bohemia are far more like the freeholders of Middlesex, in complexion, habits, liberty, knowledge, temperate, and products, than the New-Hampshire ploughman is like the corn-planter of Roanoke, or the rice-sower of Santee.

What is presumptuous and chimerical in a mere sojourner, like you, is not much less so in a native of the country, who, by the laws of his existence, is hindered from knowing any thing beyond his own family or city, or, at least, his own state.

Perhaps you will think these observations by far too positive and general, and imagine that any man is qualified, by traversing for three or four years, the whole extent of a country, and possessing a steadfast curiosity and sociable propensities, to paint its social condition. I will tell you what such a one may do, which yet, by the by, has never been done.

He may ascertain the price of every species of property; he may faithfully describe the size and population of towns and townships; the quantity, materials, form, and expense of every kind of building, furniture, dress, and food; the state of all the arts, liberal and mechanical, from sowing turnips to tuning a fiddle, from cobbling an old shoe to managing a controversy in the senate. He may find the number, legal qualifications, and usual profits of every rank, office, and profession.

All this he *may* do, in four or six years, provided his sagacity be eminently acute, his knowledge abundant, his intelligence comprehensive, and his observation incessant; conditions, indeed, that are seldom realized; but, when this is done, he is far from knowing the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the people. He has acquired what, indeed, is necessary to perfect knowledge, but what constitutes the smallest part of what is necessary. These do not inform him what modifications of opinion, religious, moral or political, prevail; what notions of duty, and honour, and decorum govern us; how men treat their neighbours, their parents, their wives, their offspring; with what eyes they survey external nature, and what the vice or virtue that adheres to, and what happiness or misery flows from, the settled tenour of their actions or reflections. If you ask how this knowledge is to be obtained, I answer, by coming, as it were, in contact with their actions and their principles; by hearing them talk, and seeing them act.

Such an accomplished observer as I have described, will be much employed in talking with, and looking at, the human beings who surround him. He will be obliged frequently to shift his place of dwelling, in order to collect a great

number of particulars; but, in proportion to their number, will be the haste and imperfection of his scrutiny of each. He will make the best use of opportunities, and, by insinuation and dexterity, will obtain more from an half-hour interview with a stranger, than a sluggish mind would glean from the observation of years. His information and sagacity will teach him to deduce remoter and more ample inferences from a book or a word, than one less bountifully gifted, will be able to draw from hours of discourse. His conjectures, as to characters and situations, shall appear to be unerring and miraculous.

But not to mention the rareness of even *such* skill, this skill will merely enable him to draw the *outlines* of an ample scene. It will not prolong days into years. It will not enable him to be in several places at one time. It will not make stone-walls transparent, or heighten whispers into clamours.

Nay, in proportion to his knowledge and experience, will be his distrust of first appearances, his reluctance to infer actions from opinions, his persuasion of the inscrutability of motives, the prevalence of imposture, the secrecy of vice, the tyranny of habits, and the never-ending transformations of the passions.

He will seldom be long enough an inmate of an house to see its inhabitants without disguise. Distracted by a multiplicity of foreign and changing objects, he will not have leisure to watch their discourse and demeanour. Wherever he is, he is, indeed, among parents, children, and neighbours; but *he* is no man's parent, child, or neighbour. He is not the object of those duties or passions which flow from these relations, nor is admitted to partake

or witness their influence. No one confides in him, his hopes and fears, his recollections and forebodings, or demands his counsel or concurrence. He is a stranger and sojourner, busy in examining what his senses can discover, and inattentive, reasonably inattentive, to that which is less worthy to be known, and which can only be known by longer and stricter attention than his situation allows him to bestow.

As a traveller from abroad, so is a native of the country; in every part of it but that where he was born and educated, and habitually resides; in our country, especially, whose different provinces and districts are, in many respects, as little like each other as the Baunat of Temeswar and the county of Kent.

He has, however, one advantage over the foreigner. His parentage and kindred are, at least, within the country; and, while he enjoys similar or better opportunities of surveying the whole, he is of necessity intimately and domestically acquainted with a part. He has had American parents and kinsfolk, tutors, play-fellows, and friends. He has a family, a neighbourhood, a study and profession, fellow-citizens, and fellow sectaries. He is, to a small extent, therefore, practically versed in the effects of our social maxims and political condition. He himself is a product of the soil, is a sample of the beings which a North-American climate, government, and education, will produce. Those who are inquisitive as to their effects, will closely and eagerly examine him, and he may contribute much to improve the science of human nature, and somewhat to a picture of his age and country, by minutely and faithfully pourtraying himself.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

**M**R. John Davis, in a note to his *Sonnet to the Chick-Willow*, inserted in the last number of your Magazine, observes that this bird was called *Whip-poor-Will* by the British soldiers, from their fanciful assimilation of its cry to these words. If Mr. D. means that the British soldiers first gave that name to this bird, he is mistaken. They found the name already common when they visited America, and the bird has been universally called by that name for half a century at least, throughout the middle and eastern States. Without wishing to discredit the ears or imagination of Mr. D. I believe it will be generally allowed, that the notes of this bird of eve, more resembles the sounds of *Whip-Poor-Will*, than *Chick! Chick! Willow!*

C. D.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

**I**F you, or any of your literary correspondents, would inform me what author first used the words "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," so often quoted by intrepid lawyers and sturdy moralists; it would oblige your constant reader and well-wisher,

TYRO.

*On a Taste for the Picturesque.*

**A**GENTLEMAN, a friend of mine, who sometimes favours me with a visit, lately found me at a window that overlooks New-York-Bay and its Islands. This scene, just then, was extremely beautiful, and its beauties were heightened by a long-protracted echo oc-

casioned by the evening gun, fired from the ramparts of the fort on the Island. My guest took his seat by my side, and began the talk by some reflections on the picturesque. He spoke somewhat to this effect:

"The pleasure which the beauties of nature afford, are of a very pure and exalted kind. There are few cultivated minds which do not gaze upon a rural landscape, with a pleasure higher than most of those that may be called sensual, and many derive thence a delight bordering upon rapture; yet I have remarked that the terms by which the most ecstatic of these enthusiasts convey their notions of a scene, are strangely meagre, jejune, and vague. Persons otherwise rich in words and combinations, have frequently but one or two trite and insignificant phrases to denote all the variety of kinds of scenery, and all the degrees of pleasure which the scenery produces.

"There are some people with whom every thing is *fine*; *very fine*; *very fine indeed*. Do they eye the still expanse of a lake, 'tis *very fine*, they cry. Do they look upon the falls of the Mohawk or Passaic, set off by the gloomy dignity of mists, or gilded by the farewell beams of a summer's sun, 'tis *very fine*, still! Do they gaze from some promontory of the Highlands on the long-protracted and magnificent career of the Hudson, still they have but one dialect: O! how *fine*! exclaims the soft enthusiast, 'tis *very fine indeed*!

"A lady Clara, with whom you and I are well acquainted, who has exquisite sympathies of this kind, and is not deficient in language on other subjects, can only convey her admiration by such exclamations as "*Oh! it is a sweet evening, a sweet moon-light*." Does she gaze upon the sun when his western throne is arrayed with reflected purple and gold, she is enchanted,



and cries out, when she has leisure, "Look at the sweet, *sweet clouds*, only look, Maria!"

"She invites her friend to a romantic dwelling in the country, and talks much about a summer-house perched upon the very verge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, and is embowered by the intertwining leaves and flowers of the willow and catalpa. "Oh! Maria," says she, "'tis a sweet place, I'll assure you. The trees about it are such *sweet trees*, and the rock it stands upon! never, Maria, never saw you so *sweet* a rock."

"Sometimes the admiring gazer sees nothing in the wide extent of nature but what is *pretty*. Such a one once confirmed a description of the wonders of Niagara, by an assenting nod, and a—"Very pretty, indeed. The very prettiest cataract I ever saw in all my travels."

"With some people, every thing they see in the works of the grand designer, Nature, or of her human imitators, is *handsome*. "Othello is a very *handsome* composition—a very handsome piece of eloquence, that of Tully's speech for Ligarius." His neighbour *Whatman* gave an hundred pounds to a charity—"Twas a very *handsome* action, to be sure." The *grandeurs* of the Blue-ridge, and the solemn beauties of the Lehigh, are spoken of. "It must be owned," says he, "there are very *handsome* prospects upon that river."

"'Tis very seldom that we meet with one who occasionally diversifies his praise with all these flowers, and who distributes, with due judgment, his *handsome* skies, his *sweet* rocks, his *pretty* water-falls, and his *fine* lakes. In general, one of these terms serves all our purposes.

"This poverty and indistinctness of expression arises not from sluggish feelings, but from want of accurate conceptions. We discriminate too little between the pecu-

liar character of different scenes. We are too seldom able to tell what it is that pleases us, or why it pleases. We distinguish not between the different emotions which scenes of different kinds produce. The gentlest impulses of pleasure are confounded with the most impetuous; and that black cloud which wreathes itself round a rugged pinnacle, and inspires us with solemn awe, is *pretty*, or *sweet*, or *fine*; just like the wide and undulating plain seen from a lofty summit, whose intermingling woods, and corn-fields, and orchards, sweetly, yet tranquilly, exhilarate the heart.

"The study of landscape, or, as some call it, *picturesque beauty*, not only furnishes distinctness, and thus multiplies and renders accurate our language, but it serves, at the same time, a much more useful purpose. It unspeakably augments and extends our pleasures. It invigorates, diversifies, and prolongs a gratification the nearest a kin and most friendly to the ennobling and domestic virtues, of any that the senses possess. It ministers to health by strengthening the inducements to wholesome exercise and rural excursions. There is a physical delight in inhaling a pure breeze; the music of the groves is more cheaply purchased, more intimately blended with the knowledge of animated nature, more indicative of meaning (the music of birds is their language) than the senseless squeakings of the pipe, and the unintelligible murmurs of the chord. The sense of smelling is no less gratified by the aromatic exhalations of which the vegetable tribes are so liberal. A hundred other benefits, indeed, might be mentioned as flowing from, or connected with, the study of landscape; but enough has been said to establish its pre-eminence."

My companion pausing here, I said to him, "How is landscape to be studied?"

"Much may be done," answered he, "by solitary efforts to analyze the scene before us, and nothing can be done without such efforts. It is likewise of great use to examine the works in this kind of celebrated painters; but that is an advantage scarcely to be hoped for by us who stay on this side of the ocean. Books are of the most use, but I know of but one writer any ways eminent for displaying the principles of landscape; I mean Mr. Gilpin, whose works ought to be perfectly familiar to every mind endowed with virtuous propensities and true taste.

"There is another set of writers who are, in some sense, to be regarded as commentators upon Gilpin; who have travelled and written books for little other purpose than to deduce the application of the principles of this kind of beauty, and to furnish out such a set of pictures, *in words*, as Verney, Claude, and Salvator exhibited on canvass.

"Ann Radcliff is, without doubt, the most illustrious of the picturesque writers. Her "*Travels on the Rhine and in Cumberland*" is, in this view, an inestimable performance. In reading this work, the reader is surprised to find how much, in this respect, can be done by mere words, and is frequently affected in a way similar to the effect produced by the actual view. Her two last romances, "*Udolpho*," and "*The Italian*," are little else than series of affecting pictures, connected by a pleasing narrative, and in which human characters and figures are introduced on the same principles that place them on the canvass, to give a moral energy and purpose to the scene. This is the great and lasting excellence of her works; and, to limit the attention, as is usually done, to her human figures, is no less absurd than to look at nothing in a sea-view but the features of the pilot, and to scrutinize, in a picture of Salvator,

only the hooked nose of the sybil, the sorry steed of the bandit, or the uncouth forms of the imps that hovered round St. Anthony. Yet, Mrs. Radcliff's narrative is beautiful and interesting.

"To examine with a picturesque discerning and a cause-inquiring eye, every scene that really occurs; to ponder in like manner on the landscapes of painters and picturesque travellers, many of whom delineate and describe at the same time, seems to be the best mode of opening, in your breast, this source of high and beneficial pleasure; and I advise you to begin with all speed."

"Most willingly," said I, "and, luckily, I have in the house Gilpin's work on "*Forest Scenery*," and Beaumont's "*Travels in the Rhetian Alps*." To show my docility, I will set apart the whole of tomorrow to read these books. If Clara cannot be a painter herself, she will at least be, with regard to Nature's works, and the works of Nature's favourite disciples, a diligent

LOOKER-ON.

#### Differences between FELICITY and HAPPINESS.

IS there any difference between the words *felicity* and *happiness*? If any difference there be, it must, methinks, be of a very delicate and subtile nature.

There are many pairs of words, *twin-meanings* as it were, formed in the same manner with those, one being derived from the Saxon, or Teutonic stock, the other coming directly, or by means of the Norman-French, from a Roman origin. Such as boldness and audacity, friendly and amicable, enemy and foe, fearful and timorous, and a thousand others. To form a catalogue of these, to class them according to their various originals, to

settle and compare the amounts of what our language respectively owes, on one side to the Celtic, Saxon, and Danish, and on the other to the Latin, either immediately or mediately through the Italian, Spanish, and French, would be labours eminently worthy of the philosophical grammarian.

This task, however, would be less arduous and useful than that of precisely settling the difference between the meaning of words that have a seeming resemblance, or whose difference is very slight. It may be laid down as a maxim, that no two words in different languages, and no two words in the same language, *exactly* correspond. From the first position, it follows, that a *word-for-word* translation is impossible. From the second position, it appears that we can never be at liberty to use either of two words to convey our meaning, since there is but one in the language which fully answers the end.

Among similar words, the resemblance seems to be greatest between similar words, one of which is of Roman, and the other of Teutonic origin, than between such as have a common origin, either Teutonic or Roman. Thus felicity more nearly approaches happiness or welfare, than happiness and welfare approach each other. Still, though felicity and happiness approximate, they do not coalesce, and what is it that severs them?

Felicity, in consequence of its Normanno-Roman descent, is the less generally intelligible, and less familiar word. Saxon derivatives, as Saxon is the mother-tongue of England, are most easily interpreted by every class of hearers. Many Roman derivations are used and understood only by the well-educated class. There are great numbers of natives of England who never utter the word *felicity*.

There is an abstract and complex

metaphysical idea, about which much discussion has taken place among moral reasoners. It relates to the nature, possibility, and duration of human *happiness*. This abstract idea is never rendered by the word *felicity*. What is happiness? says the poet and moralist. He never says, what is *felicity*? Happiness, therefore, seems to denote the whole of our condition, of which parts and portions are called by the name of *felicity*. The sum-total of felicities makes up happiness.

Hence it is that the collective word happiness is *never* pluralized, whereas felicity easily admits the plural. Happiness is the moral condition, and only such. Felicity has likewise a moral significance, but it has other senses. It is sometimes made to correspond with success, arising not merely from skill, nor merely from good fortune, but from the union of both. It is common to talk of felicities of language, but happiness is never used on such occasion.

The adjective happy, however, is not only the adjective of happiness, but of felicity. An happy life, and an happy event, are phrases in use as well as an happy expression. Happy applied to the performances of rhetorician and poet, seems to denote lucky, fortunate, more fully than felicity denotes good luck or good fortune.

Felicitous has seldom been, and cannot properly, perhaps, be used. If used at all, however, it must not be in a moral signification, but as applied to the exertions of the mind in elocution or contrivance.

Happy cannot be changed into a verb, whereas felicity may; but what is remarkable, felicitate is not, as analogy might teach us to expect, *to make happy*, but *to wish happy*. It is not merely the *desire* in favour of another's happiness that constitutes *felicitation*, but the desire put into words, and, consequently,

changed into a *wish*. I felicitate you, is equivalent to, I wish you happy.

Happy has only one variation, happiness—but felicity has three, felicitous, felicitate, felicitation.

X.

#### ON MATRIMONIAL RESERVES.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

ONE of your correspondents has said many instructive things on the evils of reserve in marriage, but I almost question whether the picture she has drawn be faithful to nature. Some allowance must be made for an exaggeration that always creeps into the imitations of the artist, and especially into pictures of this kind, where a complete resemblance might be productive of some inconvenience and embarrassment. I cannot tell where the exaggeration commences or ends, but certain it is that the whole picture affects me not like reality.

Reserve is undoubtedly incident to married people, and, while it lasts, produces unhappiness in the same way, and from the causes which your correspondent describes; but how long is it possible for these reserves to last? To what degree can they ever be supposed to extend? Surely not for months and years together, and to the total subversion of happiness and life.

It is vain, I know, to speculate in opposition to experience. What we have actually witnessed must, of course, be believed, in spite of general and theoretical conclusions; but until I actually witness such a scene as is described, I must be allowed to disbelieve. Exceptions to every general rule are numerous; but where, in any case, the truth is not directly known, we must suppose it to be rather an example than an exception to the rule.

I read this essay to a friend of mine, and asked her what she thought of it. She answered, that, in her opinion, no such state of unintermitted reserve could subsist among people who, as in this case, really loved each other. Upbraidings may, for a short time, be secret; the poison may rankle, for days or weeks, perhaps, undiscovered; but it is not in the nature of man always to smother his anxieties, and hinder the true nature of his thoughts from being discovered. A very slight incident would make the tide overflow at the lips, and the spell of silence, once broken, mutual explanations and disclosures would take place, and the wounded feelings be healed.

"The misery, in this case," continued she, "is founded on mistake. Can it be that the resentment and affliction produced by this mistake should not sometimes boil over? 'You do not love me,' is a charge that can hardly fail to escape from one or other, and what would be the consequence? The charge would be eagerly confuted, and the conduct which produced it be shown to proceed from the same suspicion. Mutual concessions and forgivenesses would be made, and one transporting moment would compensate for all their past anguish. The same fits of suspicion and reserve would, perhaps, return, but they would be shorter, fainter, and more rare after every new explanation, till, at length, there is reason to think they would wholly disappear.

"Still it is not impossible that, in some cases, the reserve might be so obstinate, and continue so long, that indifference might succeed to love, and hatred to resentment, and that the evils depicted by this fair moralist might follow. When we look abroad upon the world, we are tempted to conclude that the caprice of human passions, and the

diversities of human character, are without limits; but still, as I would not be too sceptical on the one hand, so I would avoid being too credulous on the other, and must own that nothing but direct observation will convince me that such things are."

I confess that my opinions in this respect coincide with those of my friend, and having thus laid my doubts before you, as clearly as a pen very little used to composition can do it, I shall conclude,

S. B.

*Thoughts on the Origin of the Claims of Europeans to North-America.*

THE property of North-America was claimed by the kings of England, because certain navigators, either their native subjects, or foreigners authorized by their commissions, and sailing from their ports, had descried some parts of its eastern shore. To have sailed along the coast was a sufficient bar to the claims of other christian princes, provided no other had sailed along it before. In that case it seems to have been deemed necessary, not merely to descry it at a distance, but to land and leave behind them some monument, or some inscription, by way of taking possession.

The efficacy of this ceremony was limited by no exact and known rules. It ascertained the owner of ten or a million of square miles, according to the opinions of the voyager and the prince, as to the extent of habitable ground, and the claims and pretensions of previous discoveries. The discoveries of the English, on the eastern coast of America, were supposed to create a right, not only to the head-lands and bays which chanced to escape the notice of the pilot in his range from Newfoundland to Florida,

but to include an unknown extent of country westward to the south sea.

The property thus acquired, was supposed to be vested, not in the discoverers themselves, not in the nation at large, nor in their deputies in parliament, but in the person of the prince, by whom it was granted out in such portions, for such price, under such limitations and to such persons as he thought proper to select. It formed a kind of demesne, over which he possessed not only all the ordinary rights of a king, but the privileges of a landlord.

This demesne, however, consisted of marshes and forests, through which a savage and warlike race of men were thinly scattered. These tribes were without arts or letters; subsisted on the products of a very imperfect culture, and on the flesh of wild beasts. The claims of the Christian nations in general to America, were founded partly on the pre-eminence which their progress in refinement was supposed to confer; on the duty of diffusing the knowledge of the true religion by conversions and by colonies, and on the equity of applying to the purpose of human subsistence, regions, which, according to the habits of villagers and husbandmen, must have appeared to them nearly unoccupied. The latter reason was restricted and qualified by ideas of property, derived from the spirit of their own laws, by which the possession of land by no means implied the actual cultivation of it, and by which great stress has always been laid on priority, not of culture, but of claim.

When the colonist beheld desolate yet fertile plains, hundreds of miles in extent, unfrequented by a single human being, yet every rood of which, if plowed and sowed, would maintain a man, he would

naturally imagine that he had a right to make it his dwelling. He would conceive it a sort of breach of duty to leave to wild beasts, and to a few scores of savages, fields that were capable of supporting cities and villages, where thousands might pursue the arts of peaceable industry, and enjoy all the blessings of civilization, freedom and religion; especially as he aimed not necessarily at the extermination or exclusion of the old possessors; since, by a change of manners and fashions highly beneficial to themselves, room enough would be provided for the new comers, without straitening or incommoding the ancient lords.

He would still, however, be unable to deny the sacredness of property, independently of all consideration of utility, and that the claims of the Indians essentially resembled those by which every individual and every nation repel the encroachments of others. This property too, being doubtless transferable by the owner's consent, and the wants of the proprietors on the one hand, and their defective foresight on the other, rendering the purchase easy, it was an obvious method to acknowledge the validity of their claims, and to bargain for possession rather than to fight for it.

The colonist, indeed, had much more to fear from the claims of his own sovereign, than from those of the natives. The rights of Charles or James to the banks of the Mohawk or Ohio, were, in relation to other princes, founded on a certain species of pre-occupancy, but, in relation to their own subjects, grew out of the artificial scheme of feudal government, and were built on maxims of subjection and authority, debasing and fantastic in themselves, but sanctified by old opinion. However the colonist might regard the equity of these maxims, the prince himself was

always zealous to enforce their observance, and the helpless colonist was fain to bow to that will which had fleets and armies at its beck.

The prince, in distributing this vast property, was governed by views to his own advantage, or to the gratification of his favourites, or the recompense of those services not easily rewarded by other means. The motives of those who immediately received the grant were usually no other than the accumulation of wealth or territorial aggrandisement, while the inducements of those who carried their families across the ocean, and took up their rest in the wilderness, were the hopes of bettering their fortune, or enjoying that liberty of religious opinion, which the institutions of their native country withheld.

The history of the English colonies exhibits the operation of these general principles in a way different from what any former age has witnessed. Their lives, if I may so speak, have passed in incessant conflict and debate, arising from different notions, as to rights of property. The causes of these dissensions may be distributed as follows.

1st. Possession has been tediously contested with the natives. The war has been carried on between them, with few intervals, for a century and an half. The poor aborigines have always been worsted, till, at length, they have almost disappeared on this side of the great river. We may predict that this war will continue till the greater part of the copper coloured race is extinct, and the miserable remnant be confounded with their enemies.

2dly. The colonists, of different nations, have quarrelled with each other about boundaries and territories. The Dutch, French, and Spanish, have been the foes in this kind of warfare, and victory has of course fallen to superior numbers. The Dutch were the first to yield.

The French were next ejected from Acadia, Canada, and the western regions; but the Spanish, in the wastes of Florida, Louisiana, and New-Mexico, have not till lately been brought into such contact with the Anglo-Americans, as to breed dissention and incompatible claims. Bickerings and war with the Spaniards to the south and south west of us will come as surely as the war which gained the sovereignty of Canada and Acadia from the French.

3dly. The colonists began very soon to quarrel with their mother country. The parent and child, the landlord and tenant, had claims which interfered, and never ending animosities arose between them. For a long time the child and tenant were feeble and poor, and all that they could do was to murmur and intreat; but finally, they grew up to strength and opulence, and after a ruinous and sanguinary struggle, the subject colony became a sovereign state.

4thly. The colonies have quarrelled with each other. This quarrel has not hitherto gone farther than words; a circumstance to be imputed to two causes, before the revolution. 1st. Their common subjection to a parent state; and, 2dly. The terror of their immediate neighbours.

Since the revolution, a federal union has been substituted for common subjection, and has, till now, succeeded in preventing any lasting and extensive commotion within. How long we shall be at peace with the great European powers, whose dominions are still adjacent to our own, and whose maritime operations are likely continually to shock and interfere with our own, it is not easy to decide. The weakness of our enemies, and that from which least resistance must be expected, and that, indeed, with which, from our relative situation,

misunderstandings are most likely to arise, is Spain. May the period of hostilities, which must inevitably come, be long delayed.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN looking over one of your Magazines for June last, I saw an attempt made, under the signature of Philo-Chemist, to explain a difficulty formerly stated, respecting the oxygenated muriatic acid: I must confess that his solution of this problem, although somewhat ingenious, does not appear to me, by any means, satisfactory. I readily agree with him in supposing that oxygen is not an acid, since it does not exhibit the least acidity when examined by those tests which distinguish acid bodies; but I cannot admit that "*the oxygenated muriatic acid is less sour, because the base is overcharged with oxygen, and the acidity is thereby diluted and diminished.*" No supersaturation can be said to take place as long as the two bodies unite, and chemically combine with each other, which is the case with oxygen and the base of this acid. If the latter was saturated with oxygen in the state of common muriatic acid, it would no longer have combined with this acidifying principle; but the same would take place here as happens with the sulphuric, nitric, and, indeed, all the other acids. Could we suppose that the oxygen existed in a loose and uncombined state, merely, as it were, mechanically diffused; I grant, with Philo-Chemist, that, by interposing between the particles of the acid, it might diminish its strength; but then I should suppose that its presence would be detected by the same tests which discover its existence, when diffused among other gases. But this does not happen.

I have frequently endeavoured to detect some loose portions of oxygen in this acid, but have never succeeded: on the contrary, I found that it was seized with acidity; hence I conclude that in this acid the whole of the oxygen is chemically united with the acidifiable base, and that no *supersaturation* takes place. I suspect that there is one difficulty to be solved, before that stated by A. B. can be satisfactorily answered, viz. How it happens that an additional portion of oxygen, which renders other acids more fixed, increases the volatility of the oxymuriatic acid? If this were once explained, the other, perhaps, might be easily overcome; for this purpose I would suggest to Philo-Chemist the following considerations. Oxygen, when united to the bases of other acids, diminishes their capacity for containing heat; hence their particles are brought into closer contact, and their fixity increased; but as to the base of the oxymuriatic acid, its capacity becomes enlarged by such combination, and a quantity of latent heat is absorbed, by the expansive power of which the particles of this acid are kept at a

greater distance from each other, their attraction of cohesion is diminished, and, consequently, are rendered more volatile or more disposed to separate on the application of a repellent power; for we always find those fluids most volatile which have the greatest capacity for containing heat in a latent state. If, then, it be admitted that oxygen augments the volatility of the oxymuriatic acid, by separating its particles to a greater distance from each other, on account of the increased capacity which it acquires by such combination, for containing heat, may not the diminution of its acid powers be thus explained? As the attraction of cohesion between its particles is diminished by the expansive power of the heat absorbed at the time of its formation, fewer of them coming into contact with the surface of the body to be acted on, their effects must be proportionably diminished. Thus, instead of imagining with Philo-Chemist that this acid is diluted with oxygen, I suppose (if I may use the phrase), that it is *diluted by the latent heat it contains.*

S.

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## THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

New-York, April, 1800.

THE sympathy of mankind for great sufferers, is the liveliest of their passions. The pity we feel for the victims of guilt, is always allied with abhorrence of the perpetrators, and no condition of our feelings is more vehement than when the reality of the suffering and the guilt being known, we are in doubt and suspense as to the criminal. Where proofs, for and against, are so nicely balanced, that the mind is held in equilibrio, cu-

riosity and conjecture are then supreme, and a compound feeling is produced, which, though not void of considerable pain, has surely a much larger portion of pleasure.

A recent instance has occurred, in which this state of mind was felt by almost every person within the precincts of this city. I confess myself one, on whom the event alluded to, possessed an irresistible influence. Curiosity and sympathy, for a time, engrossed my soul.



You will not, then, be surprised, that my discourse frequently lighted on the same theme, and that I partook, eagerly, in every conversation which this mysterious affair produced.

Some time ago, and before the law had pronounced its sentence on the accused, I paid a Sunday visit, as was my custom, when the weather allowed, to an old gentleman now about seventy-five years of age, who resides not fifteen miles from the city. Thirty years of his life have been spent in this retirement. He is infirm, fond of repose, and contented to know what is passing in the world by means of the newspapers and the conversation of his visitants.

He received me as cordially as usual. Common inquiries being made and answered, I led the talk to the affair which occupied so large a place in my fancy. He was inquisitive on this head, and, having taken more than ordinary trouble to make myself master of evidence, I was able to tell a tolerably circumstantial story. After I had finished, he commented on it in various ways. At length, after a pause, he said:

" 'Tis a strange affair, and stranger from its coincidence with something that took place, on this very island, a long time since. A death, sudden and violent, of a female, well born, young, accomplished. The cases vary indeed. The rank, education and character of the victims were different, but there are surprising coincidences."

"Pray," said I, "when happened the event you speak of? I never heard of it before."

"No, I wonder how you should. You were then unborn, or, at least, in your cradle. A new generation has since started up, and their passions have full employment with what is passing. Here and there an old man, like myself, may be met

with, who remembers it, and yet faintly. Relate the circumstances, and perhaps he calls it to mind; and yet, at the time, every heart, every mouth was full of it. Nothing else was thought of or talked about, among all ranks and all ages, not in this city merely, but throughout the colonies; nay, a mutilated story got to Europe, and was inserted in the papers of the day, and no wonder, for it was a distressful case; in every view distressful, to the unhappy girl herself, to her family and friends, who doated on her, to the unfortunate wretch who incurred suspicions of being the criminal. Of all men his lot was the most disastrous, the most intolerable! Such a complicated evil! A mystery so impenetrable, so fatal to the fame, peace and life of one who merited a better fate! It was enough to put me out of conceit with human nature. I have, indeed, been more than half a misanthropist ever since.

"Have you never heard of it? And yet, as I said, no wonder. It happened near forty years ago, and a thousand motives pressed upon the friends of the lost girl, the advantage of burying the story in oblivion."

The curiosity which was thus excited, my friend readily consented to gratify. Your readers will see the propriety of using fictitious names on this occasion. There is no need of hurting the feelings of survivors, and though forty years may be expected to have deadened most of the feelings of our nature, and, indeed, to have left alive very few who are personally interested in the story, I think it best to employ this disguise, though, in all other circumstances, I shall carefully adhere to the truth.

"In the year 1763, a person arrived in this city, as he gave out, from Europe. His name was Arden, under thirty years of age, un-

recommended, unknown to any one. He became acquainted, by means, not of moment to be mentioned just now, with one with whom I had been intimate from my infancy, and all the secrets of whose heart I was master of. My friend grew much attached to the stranger, took him into his house, found him destitute of visible means of support, and shared with him his confidence. He found him modest, reserved, serious in deportment, endowed with much knowledge of men and of books. In short, Brudenel, that was my friend's name, his wife, and his whole family became extremely attached to him. He let them but little into his past life, but they were not suspicious or inquisitive, and always ready to excuse him from disclosing what, when he chose to disclose, they were always eager to hear.

"He wanted some employment; and a Mr. Finch, a gentleman of large fortune, needing some intelligent person, of humble views and good character, to instruct three children in French and Latin, Brudenel proposed the office to Arden, who gladly acquiesced; and Finch consented to take him upon this recommendation. He took lodgings a mile or two from town, and walked in and out every day, during four months of the first winter, during which he discharged his new functions in Mr. Finch's family.

"Mr. Finch had built an house, and laid out grounds on the banks of the Hudson, about nine miles from the city. Hither he intended to retire and pass the rest of his life, and the parties being mutually pleased with each other, Arden agreed to live with him, and continue the superintendence of his children.

"Finch had four children. Three of them were under thirteen, and

these were Arden's pupils; the eldest was a daughter, Harriet, about twenty-four, a very lovely girl, on whom her family and friends doated with excess of fondness. These, with Arden, Mr. Finch, and servants, made up the family.

"Three months after being settled in their new abode, the catastrophe so much deplored took place. It was a mild evening in summer, when, just before sunset, Harriet was observed to leave the house, and stroll as if for recreation along the bank. She disappeared among the trees of a grove at some hundred yards distant. The night came on. Harriet was absent; was sought after, but was no where to be found.

The impatience of the family was somewhat relieved by conjecturing that she had gone to visit a cottage about four miles distant, where lived a good old woman, sick and infirm, to whom she was accustomed to perform some charitable offices. That night passed, and the lady not returning next morning, search was instituted anew, and a message was sent to Mr. Finch, who had been detained for the preceding ten days in town. This new search was for four and twenty hours, unavailing; but at length Harriet was found, covered with some bushes, at the bottom of a grotto, a mile from the mansion house, on the banks of the river, dead!

"This grotto, formed by a recess in the rock, obscure, overgrown with bushes and of difficult access, was almost unknown to the family. Harriet had never mentioned it to others, and was never known to have gone thither. There were marks of violence upon the body, which left no doubt of the nature of her death.

"Who was the guilty man? was the world's immediate inquiry; but

conjecture had not long to roam. The assassin, it was impossible to doubt, was Arden.

“That very evening Arden was seen, after dismissing his pupils, to wander forth a few minutes after, and almost on the footsteps of Harriet. He was seen at dusk, by a neighbouring farmer, accidentally passing that way, coming from the thicket which surrounded the rock in which the grotto was hallowed. His gesture and countenance were observed to denote anxiety and fear. His voice, when answering the farmer’s “good evening, sir,”—was hurried and faltering.

“The same appearances were observed on his entering the house. He went to his chamber, and after remaining shut up till nine o’clock, he came out, ordered his horse, and rode away to the city. Early next morning he went to Mr. Finch’s lodgings, and, with evident reluctance and embarrassment, informed him of his resolution to leave his service.

“No precise answers were returned to Finch’s questions as to the cause of this sudden resolution. He could state nothing in the treatment which he had received, adapted to displease him. He was willing that his design should seem unreasonable and unaccountable, but repelled all Finch’s importunities to give up the scheme. Neither would he give him any account of his future motions. He designed directly to leave the city, but whither he should retire, he professed not yet to have resolved. During their interview it was plain that some weight hung heavily on Arden’s thoughts, his countenance was troubled, and his accent sorrowful.

“At this conversation was present a young man by name Wingate. The families of Finch and Wingate were very opulent, and,

with a spirit very common with the rich at that time, they sought to increase their wealth by an alliance between young Wingate, an only child, and Harriet Finch. Wingate had passed some years in Europe, and was returned expressly to solemnize this marriage.

“The young lady, however, would not consent, much to the surprise and chagrin of her father and lover, who strove, the one by soothing, and the other by authority, to conquer her reluctance; a reluctance to them unaccountable, as they had been designed from their infancy for each other; as they had parted with the mutual belief of their being betrothed, and Harriet had always appeared contented with her destiny.

“The father’s suspicions, and the lover’s jealousy, naturally imaged to themselves a rival; and the youth, dignified deportment, and mental accomplishments of Arden, could scarcely escape surmises on this occasion. Arden and Harriet had lived, for months, in the same house; the young lady never concealed her respect for the tutor; they were oftener together, under pretence, however, of something to be learned, than rigid discretion would permit.

“They were both interrogated by Mr. Finch. Arden’s averments were clear and satisfactory, and laid at rest all doubts of his integrity in the mind of Finch. Harriet was equally explicit in disclaiming any passion contrary to her father’s wishes. Not assigning, however, any good reason for breaking off, or postponing the match, she was importuned, without mercy or intermission, to comply. At length this compliance was promised, and all parties were somewhat at ease.

“Wingate, however, had still reason to complain of coldness in his spouse elect. Her consent to marriage was unattended by any proofs

of love, and Wingate soon relapsed into discontent, upbraiding and suspicion. His suspicions, however, had no object; for Harriet, from the time her promise was given, broke off all intercourse with Arden, and carefully shunned private and unwitnessed interviews. Her death happened about a month after this new arrangement, and about a week before the day fixed for her nuptials.

"While Wingate and Finch were comparing their thoughts as to the motives of Arden's behaviour in the last interview in town, a messenger arrived, informing them of Harriet's disappearance. It instantly occurred to Wingate, that Arden and the young lady had eloped together, and while Finch returned home to search anew for his daughter, and to gain intelligence from his household, Wingate was dispatched after Arden.

"Arden was soon found to have embarked, on the river, for Baltimore, whether in company with Harriet was uncertain, till the discovery of her murdered corse in the grotto, when suspicions of elopement were instantly changed into those of murder, and a swift-sailing pilot-boat being hired, and suitable warrants and officers obtained, Arden was pursued, overtaken, and, on the third day, brought back and thrown into prison.

"Arden had held no intercourse or correspondence beyond his employer's family, except with my friend Brudenel. Many letters had passed between them during his residence with Finch, and till the day preceding this catastrophe. The incident I have just mentioned could not fail of deeply affecting my friend. There were other reasons, likewise, why his concern for this man's welfare and reputation should exceed that of any other.

"Brudenel had a mother and a sister, Anna, who lived together, and

near him. Arden, as an inmate of his house, was, of course, on terms of familiarity with every part of his own and his wife's family. They were all pleased with his gentleness of manners, his modest demeanour, and the great qualities of his mind. Anna Brudenel, unhappily, allowed herself to be more pleased with him than the rest. In short, to an attentive observer it was plain that she loved him.

"This circumstance gave her brother much disquiet. He felt no reluctance to cultivate the friendship of this man as long as he behaved well, being always at liberty to change his course, as future discoveries respecting him should make it necessary; but to take him, of whom he knew so little, as a *brother-in-law*, was a very different affair.

"Besides, Arden's treatment of Anna, though respectful and affectionate, had been carefully circumspect, and evinced, as his conversation often did, not only the want of tenderness to her, but a resolution to avoid all matrimonial engagements.

"His sister's happiness, therefore, required him to disclose his thoughts to her, and to show her the nature of her situation. He did not forbid her to love, but he pressed upon her the utility of wariness and circumspection. The obstacles to an alliance with Arden might be insuperable, but it was not wholly improbable that they might, in time, be removed.

"The imputation of so foul a crime, and the consequent danger to Arden's life, roused the hitherto supposed or slumbering emotions of Miss Brudenel, to a pitch of unbounded vehemence. She besought my friend to interfere in his behalf, and would not, for a moment, give up the persuasion of his innocence. She vowed that her future peace, and her life itself, depended on his acquittal from this charge.

Brudenel was far from adopting her opinion as to the innocence of this man. The facts that I have mentioned, amounted to a presumption of guilt which no reasonable person could resist. The matter was incapable of greater certainty, unless he had been detected in the very act. But his opinion, even if it had been favourable, would avail nothing. All the rest of the world were of one opinion: Finch was a doating parent, and Wingate a fond lover. Arden's guilt was indisputable in their eyes. Their abhorrence, therefore, was immeasurable, and their vengeance obdurate. All the world joined them in clamouring for his punishment."

I here interrupted the narrator. "You say Arden corresponded with your friend while living with Finch. Was there nothing in these letters throwing light upon his conduct in this affair?"

"There was something in his letters of a very ambiguous cast. They were at first copious, but afterwards became more brief. At all times they bespoke a mind far from being at ease: it was not the disquiet of remorse or of fear neither: it was a secret and unexplained unhappiness that appeared to dictate, and to mix itself with every sentence that he wrote.

"At first he was very free in describing his situation, the character of Finch himself, his three pupils, and the daughter Harriet. She returned from a long absence to reside with her father while Arden was an inmate of the house.

"Gradually, however, Harriet became less frequently or less directly mentioned. His regrets and complaints assumed a somewhat different form, and grew more obscure and unintelligible. My friend, sometimes, in perusing his letters, conjectured that the charms of Harriet had made some impression on

his heart, and that this had contributed to the alteration of his style; but all, in this respect, was vague and indeterminate. There was ground equally plausible for twenty different inferences.

"After the catastrophe had happened, he could not but recollect this obscurity. You will imagine that it suggested no favourable conclusion: at least, it afforded no proof of his innocence. Brudenel's curiosity and affection led him to visit Arden in his dungeon more than once. Their interviews were deeply affecting. He was not earnest in asserting his innocence. He seemed fully aware of the irresistible force of the evidence against him, and to yield, without an effort, to his fate.

"Yet, on being interrogated by him, and by the court upon his trial, he declared himself, with a steadfast countenance and manner, *not guilty*. Nothing confounded observers more, than the sedateness of the man, but such were the singular circumstances in which he was placed, that it was impossible to determine the cause of his sedateness—whether it arose from consciousness of innocence, or contempt of death, or of infamy, or from pure obduracy.

"He had no one to defend him, for he sought no one's patronage. When called upon to defend himself, he complied with apparent reluctance; but, when he opened his mouth at the bar, averred his purity with astonishing collectiveness and fervency; while, at the same time, he declared his hopelessness of acquittal, his acquiescence in his fate, and his forgiveness of his persecutors."

Again interrupting my friend, I asked, "Did not, at this time, something come out as to his past life, which might have some effect upon his judges?"

"Nothing. He was now, indeed, recognized by some who

knew him in London, but their knowledge was vague, neither beneficial to his cause, nor hurtful to it. They merely knew no good, and no ill of him. He himself preserved a rigorous silence upon that subject."

"Well, Sir, and what was the event?"

"The cause was heard. A score of witnesses examined. Finch, Wingate, visitants, servants and neighbours, all concurred in furnishing strength to the presumption against him. Clandestine and mysterious interviews between the accused and the lady; her aversion to Wingate coming into birth and keeping pace with her knowledge of, and intercourse with Arden; his disturbance of mind; his visible consciousness of wrong at the interrogations and reproaches of Wingate; his deportment after Harriet's compliance with her father's wishes, more gloomy and dissatisfied than ever; his almost unobserved preparations for departure; his burning, secretly, a multitude of papers and letters a few days before the fatal event.

"Incidents upon the day and evening of the murder; the lady's going out alone; his pursuing, shortly after, the same path; his appearance at the entrance of the path leading, and only leading to the grotto; his perturbations at that time; his retiring to his chamber, and answering to the questions put to him by the housekeeper respecting the absence of her mistress, confusedly and evasively; his sudden departure; his deportment to Finch at their meeting in town, and his precipitate flight.

"When arrested on board the packet, he gave various tokens of guilt. On being told that the young lady had been found dead, the question hastily escaped him, whether she had been found in the

grotto? All these indications, unattended by any alleviating incidents; no different method of accounting for her death being even suggested; no traces of any other murderer being to be found; not even an attempt being made by the prisoner to explain, in a manner consistent with his innocence, any part of his conduct before or after the transaction, it was thought impossible for court or jury to hesitate.

"The sentence was anticipated by the public. Popular indignation was furious. Hitherto it had vented itself in execrations and insults heaped upon him in his passage to and from prison. More violent assaults seemed to be forborne, because they trusted to the vengeance of the law. The hall and its avenues were crowded by multitudes, who eagerly waited for his condemnation.

"The charge given to the jury was explicit. 'The guilt of the accused,' said the judge, 'is manifest. To recapitulate the evidence was of no use; you have heard it, and see the exact concurrence of every part.'

"Some of the jury pressed to decide immediately, without leaving their seats, but others objected, and a few minutes consultation was demanded. They went out. Their absence continued longer than any one had expected. Hour after hour passed, and expectation began to be impatient. At length they returned, and the audience was hushed into deepest silence. How was every one astonished, when, to the usual question, the foreman answered—*We cannot agree.*

"The judges were perplexed. They renewed their declarations of belief in the prisoner's guilt, and the jury were once more sent out. This interval was longer and more impatient than the other. Thirty hours were spent, as it soon appeared, in the efforts of eleven of the

number whose verdict was *guilty*, to conquer the obstinacy of one, who declared that he would perish with famine, before he would pronounce the prisoner's condemnation. Finding this man invincible, the rest, to the unspeakable mortification of the court and the astonishment of all mankind, concurred in a verdict of acquittal. The verdict was legal, was unanimous, was positive, and persisted in, in spite of reasonings and rebukes. The prisoner, therefore, instead of being remitted to his dungeon and reserved for the gallows, was at full liberty and dismissed from the bar.

"But it appeared, in this instance, that mankind will not always allow their judgments to be superceded by the law. The popular decree is precipitate and sanguinary; and Arden, in withdrawing from the bar, fell into the hands of judges less scrupulous and formal. As soon as he came forth, he was set upon by an exasperated mob, and escaped with the most imminent risk of his life from their hands.

"Having shaken off the most forward assailants, the unhappy man (fear of death adding wings to his speed) betook himself to flight. Exhausted, and on the point of being seized by his pursuers, he rushed into an obscure house, whose door happened to be open. Hundreds followed, ransacked every nook of the mansion, and examined every closet and chimney, but in vain. Either he escaped by some unperceived avenue behind, or found some effectual concealment within the house.

"The popular rage, thus eluded by the chief offender, recoiled upon the jury who acquitted him. They were indiscriminately pelted and insulted in their way to their own houses; but the wish to exculpate themselves, and transfer resentment

to its true object, made the condemning number betray Loveden, the refractory acquitter, whose person could not safely be trusted in the streets. In a short time menaces were noised abroad of an intention to attack his house by night. Being apprized of this in time, he fled secretly, and was not heard of for a long time after."

"I am anxious to hear more of Loveden. His conduct was very strange. Was there no method of accounting for it?"

"It was strange indeed. Loveden was a native of New-England. He came, at an early age, to this city, and passed his youth in the mercantile service of Mr. Finch himself, who, on declining business, had contributed to the establishment of Loveden, by lending him his credit, and a large sum of money. His character, in all respects, before this unfortunate affair, was accounted excellent.

"His conduct on the jury was wholly unexpected. Indeed, it was imagined that his prejudices were of an opposite kind, and it was hinted to the prisoner, that Loveden's known obligations to the family of Finch made it prudent to challenge him, but the hint was disregarded.

"His motives, whatever they were, must have been of wonderful force, since he could not but have foreseen the consequences to himself, not only in the total loss of reputation, in the estrangement of all his friends and associates, but in the peculiar vengeance of Finch. Finch immediately claimed his debt, and Loveden withdrew from his country to avoid a jail, and in a state of beggary. He left behind, destitute of all support, a mother and two sisters, young and helpless girls, whom he had, a short time before, brought from their obscure retreat in the country, to partake of his prosperity.

"All the world hating and suspecting him, no wonder many a calumnious tale was produced. An event somewhat like this, and happening two hundred years ago, in which a juror persisted in acquitting a prisoner, and afterwards, in a secret conference with the judge, confessed that he himself had committed the deed with which the prisoner had been charged, was now revived, and Loveden was deemed by some to be in the same predicament, though this charge was made out only by such surmises and conjectures as any man's life might be made to bear."

"Well, Sir, and what, meanwhile, became of Arden? Some traces of him, I suppose, were discovered."

"Vague rumours flew abroad, but were merely rumours. Great discoveries were likewise pretended to be made respecting him. It was said that Arden was a Jesuit in disguise; that he had been a spy in London, for the Catholic powers, during the late war; that he had fled to America, and changed his name, under apprehension of being punished. This, and other defamatory tales were current for some time, till at length new objects succeeded to engross the popular attention, and Arden ceased to be mentioned, till a new event occurred to revive his memory, and set this affair in a new light."

"About twelve months after the death of Harriet Finch a fellow was detected at Albany, attempting to pass false money. Being apprehended and imprisoned, he was soon discovered to have perpetrated other villainies. A house in the neighbourhood of this city had been attacked and plundered at night, two months before, by a gang of villains, the leader of whom, though carefully disguised, was now recognized in the person of this criminal. He

was brought down to this city, tried for the burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

"Mayo, while under condemnation, disclosed the particulars of his past life. Fifteen years, it now appeared, from his confession, had been spent by him in a series of frauds and iniquities, seldom to be paralleled. Europe had been for a long time the theatre of his crimes; but at length he withdrew to America, as to a new scene."

"Here, having money in his purse, he advanced very high pretensions, and figured away in the most brilliant style. He formed some acquaintance with Finch, and being specious and addressful, insinuated himself into Finch's confidence. He was impudent enough to aspire to the daughter's favour; and this, joined with some sordid pranks in which he chanced to be, at the same time, detected, ruined him in the estimation of this family, and of the world. He sunk into contempt and insignificance, and was forgotten till he re-appeared at Albany."

"He now confessed himself to be the murderer of Harriet, and to have been instigated to that act by malice and revenge, and the desire of concealing a violence previously committed on this ill-fated girl. The tale related by him, with all its circumstances, is too horrid to be repeated."

"This wretch was innured to every species of guilt. He was the slave of flagitious passions, and longed for nothing so much as for revenge on Finch, who had frustrated his most daring hopes, had treated him indignantly and scornfully, and had spared no pains to blast his character. The poor girl, though less culpable came in for a share of his hatred, on her own account, and was exposed the more to injury, as any evil to her was a



two-fold evil to the father, whose happiness was wrapped up in the welfare of this darling child.

"About the period of her death Mayo, in gratification of a capricious humour, had taken lodgings at a farm-house close to the shore of New-Jersey, and almost opposite to Mr. Finch's demesne, which stretched along the shore of Manhattan. Mayo's strongest and most harmless propensities were hunting and fishing. I call them the most harmless, because, while thus employed, his plans of higher mischief were suspended. While spoiling and murdering the scaly and feathered kind, the lives and properties of men were safe from his violence.

"In fine weather he used to put off into the river, in a small skiff, with hooks and lines, and anchoring in some quiet and shaded cove, pursue his favourite sport for half a day. Unhappily that part of Manhattan shore bounding Mr. Finch's property was higher and more precipitous than elsewhere, and retired into chasms and recesses, where the stream subsided into deep, clear, unruffled basons, shadowed by the rock above, and by the trees growing on it, and thus very happily adapted for fishing.

"One of these basons was directly opposite the grotto which I mentioned, the floor of which was very little above the level of the stream. This grotto was the coolest, gloomiest, stillest and most sequestered spot imaginable, and very likely to be sought by a girl of a romantic temper as Miss Finch was known to be.

"At the close of one benign summer's day, as Mayo was fishing beneath the shadow of this rock, he unhappily spied Harriet's nymph-like form passing through the pines and bushes, in a direction apparently leading to this grotto. He immediately perceived who it was, and

conjectured whither she was going. The demons of malice, revenge and love, such love as only such an heart could foster, began instantly to work within him. They set before him the wrongs he had suffered from this lady and her family, pointed out the means of vengeance which thus opportunely and unexpectedly occurred, the ease of gaining this recess, and the certainty of retiring from it unobserved and unsuspected. In brief, he dropped his line, moved softly to the shore, penetrated to the grotto, and found the unhappy girl seated alone and in a musing posture. Probably while she listened to the rustling among the bushes, which announced some one's approach, of all imaginable beings the farthest from her thoughts or expectations was Mayo. The ruffian shortly returned to his boat, and hying home with his perch and bass, made an hearty supper on them with his landlord's family. A few days after he paid his arrears and decamped. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was hanged in chains, amidst the clamours and curses of numberless spectators."

"Now was the memory of Arden revived. The hatred he had formerly met with was changed into compassion. The incidents so unfavourable to him were now recalled; but since they no longer justified the belief of his guilt, they gave birth to new perplexities and new inquiries. The fiercest of his persecutors now repented of their fury, and longed for an opportunity of compensating his sufferings."

"And was this opportunity never afforded them? Was nothing ever heard of this unfortunate man?"

"I will tell you. I have mentioned the attachment which the sister of my friend Brudenel had formed, in his prosperous days, for Arden. I have mentioned my friend's disquiets on that head, and

his reasonable warnings to his sister. Anna had seemingly acquiesced in the wisdom of her brother's counsels; and in the short time that afterwards elapsed before Arden's removal to Finch's house, nothing had occurred, in the conduct of his sister, to disturb my friend.

"Arden, after his engagement with Finch, seldom came to the city, and seldomer visited Anna. No intercourse apparently existed between them, and the lady's sedateness and tranquillity seemed unimpaired. The brother naturally inferred that they had forgotten each other.

"This woman's character was very singular. She was deeply tinctured with piety. A temper remarkably enthusiastic, and an heart alive to the tenderest sympathies, appeared absorbed in devotion, and in the practice of moral duties. She had no external attractions, was reserved, timid in company, and backward to converse. Undisposed to form numerous connections, she kept herself at home, shared domestic comforts and employments with her mother, and maintained a very neat household on a very frugal competence.

"Brudenel's father had left one son and three daughters, and small property. The son resigned this property to his sisters and surviving parent. The two elder daughters died, leaving only Anna to lighten the evils of sickness and age to their disconsolate mother.

"Anna's heart was the most sympathetic and impassioned in the world. At an early age she found a youth who deserved and obtained all her love. He went, on a mercantile adventure, to the West-Indies, and died. This calamity had hardly ceased to be a burthen on her spirits, when a much-loved friend, and her two sisters, successively fell victims to a lingering malady. These being the chief ties which

held her affections to earth, she thenceforth became more lonely and recluse, and more devoted to the cultivation of her understanding. She was upwards of thirty years of age when Arden became known to her, and had probably dismissed every thought of forming a conjugal attachment.

"That tranquil resignation and indifference which, for some years, had distinguished her, utterly vanished, when Arden's life was put into hazard, and was succeeded by impatience, by terror, and by agony. The passion her brother thought extinct had gathered strength in secret, and it was plain, that for the sake of this man all dangers and all evils would be cheerfully encountered.

"Brudenel loved his sister too well not to feel this reverse with acute pain. For her sake he was willing to exert himself to rescue the accused from the threatened fate, but he could do nothing. He could not weaken the evidence against him; he could not persuade judges or juries to lenity; he could not vanquish his own belief of Arden's guilt, and his love of justice would not suffer him to entertain a deliberate wish for his acquittal.

"Contrary, however, to all his expectations, and through agency of which he had no previous knowledge, the prisoner was acquitted. His curiosity was equal to his surprise. With difficulty he obtained access to Loveden, the instrument of this acquittal, and, after much entreaty, extorted from him the motives of his conduct. The truth was this:

"Some years before Loveden had been a suitor to Miss Brudenel. His suit, though his character was not objected to, had been unsuccessful. The lady's heart was too much occupied in deploring the late ravages of death in her own family, and by remembrance of her first at-

tachment, to hearken to his vows. Loveden had desisted, and had since concentrated all his thoughts in the improvement of his fortune.

"A few days before the trial of Arden, on which Loveden was known to have been upon the *panel*, a messenger from Miss Brudenel requested an immediate visit from the latter. Since his addresses had been declined by her, all intercourse had dropped. A message like this, therefore, was productive of much surprise, and his heart throbbed with hopes indefinable, and scarcely recognized by himself. He went.

"He was led into a private room by Miss Brudenel, and a scene of perturbation, reluctance, and unspeakable distress was followed by a disclosure of her interest in the fate of Arden; of her perfect and immovable conviction of his innocence; a conviction founded on proofs that were all-sufficient; but such as were only known to Arden and herself, and such as could not be imparted to another; and of her confidence in the generosity of Loveden. She conjured him to evince this generosity; to prove the truth of that affection which he formerly avowed for her, by believing her assertion, that Arden was innocent, without demanding the proof on which that assertion was made, and by exerting his privilege as a juror to save his life.

"The disappointment and dismay of Loveden may be readily conceived. The sacrifice demanded from him included every thing dear to the heart of man. His reputation, his fortune, and, indeed, his conscience, since he was called upon to acquit him whom the strongest evidence pronounced guilty, were required at his hands.

"No brief struggle, no faint entreaty, were required to obtain his concurrence. He argued, but Anna argued in her turn. He besought her to excuse him from an act which

might irretrievably ruin him here and hereafter; but she persisted in her supplication. At length he was prevailed on to promise compliance. This compliance, and its consequences, I have mentioned, and surely they denote as powerful an impulse of affection and disinterestedness as can be felt by man.

"Having heard this tale, Brudenel went, with an heart agitated by a thousand anxieties, to his sister. He told her what he had just heard, intimated his fears for her danger from the artifices of a being of such doubtful character and views as Arden, and exacted from her information of all that had passed between them.

"After some hesitation she told him that Arden had formerly communicated to her the history of his past life. That this had been done by him from generous motives, having suspected her affection for him, and imagining that a knowledge of his true situation would put an end to every wish that she might have cherished. At the same time he confided in her integrity for her concealment of what he had disclosed since his safety was imagined to depend upon concealment.

"This information produced an effect different from what was designed. She found him unfortunate, but not criminal, and though his inauspicious fate had involved him in the most imminent dangers, and those dangers would not fail to beset every being connected with him, she was eager to console him under his calamity, by giving him her society, her council, and her love. This boon was accepted by him with reluctance, springing not from want of affection, but from a generous aversion to entail upon her whom he loved, poverty, exile and death.

"It was agreed, however, that Anna should continue to reside with her mother, whose increasing

age and infirmities required more than ever her daughter's attendance; that Arden should search out some employment, in which his subsistence might be gained, consistently with obscurity and privacy, and that meanwhile they should continue that confidential intercourse, personally, or by letter, which had thus begun. Shortly after Arden went into the family of Mr. Finch; but a correspondence between him and Miss Brudenel continued, with few intermissions, till the time of his arrest.

"In this correspondence had been fully displayed incidents that had somewhat elucidated the mysteries which hung over the behaviour of Arden and Harriet to each other. The latter had been favourably impressed by the accomplishments of Arden, had made various advances to familiarity and confidence, which, for some time, his diffidence, his desire of obscurity and solitude, his concern for the happiness of Harriet herself, made him study to avoid.

"Harriet acted, on this occasion, with much temerity and indiscretion, flowing from inexperience and a sanguine temper, and from certain defects, which were mingled plentifully with her good qualities. Many motives conspired to make Arden shrink from too intimate an intercourse with Harriet. He easily discovered what views her family had entertained respecting her; the claims and expectations of Wingate, to whom she was, in some sense, betrothed; the prejudices of her father, who would never stoop to an alliance with his children's tutor. To these obstacles were added the inconveniences likely to arise from the disastrous situation in which Arden himself was placed. To accept the hand of Harriet, without parental approbation and knowledge, without the means of supporting her in that luxury, and

ease, and dignity in which she had been educated, could not be thought of.

"Arden's attachment to Miss Brudenel was as yet of a sober and dispassionate kind. It did not preclude the influence on his heart, of youth, beauty, and grace. He adored Anna for her generosity, and if their mutual situation had permitted, would have hastened to reward her love, and secure her happiness, by binding himself forever to so deserving a woman; but there was little prospect of ever accomplishing this. Meanwhile, his sensibility to Harriet's charms made the task which he imposed upon himself, of withdrawing from her favour, the more difficult.

"Wingate's arrival, the renewal of his claims, Mr. Finch's importunity, brought matters to a crisis sooner than would otherwise have happened. Her aversion to her father's scheme, and the cause of that aversion, were soon disclosed to Arden. His pity, his honour, his affection, were all engaged on her side. His objections, drawn from her own condition, from her dependence on her father for the means of subsistence, from the lowliness and indigence of his condition, were stated in their strongest colours.

"She was unconvinced by his arguments. Poverty was not to be dreaded, for she possessed a sufficiency, in her own right, from the bequest of her uncle. The father's choice was not her's, and in this case she only was entitled to judge of the means of her happiness. She confided, likewise, in her father's love, to make him acquiesce in what his power could not prevent or annul. A private marriage would reconcile her duty to her inclination, since then there would necessarily be an end of Wingate's hopes and importunities; and if her family should prove irreconcilable, still

union with Arden would be the least evil of the two.

"Arden fluctuated, wavered; in one mood he promised compliance with Harriet's wishes, and afterwards, when solitude and deliberation had time to sway him, he retracted those promises. He was unhappy, undetermined, and changeful. At length he wrought himself up to the resolution of making her his wife. To this he was chiefly influenced by the security which time had given him, respecting dangers connected with his former adventures, and by public information of the death of a certain personage in Europe, whose existence was the chief source of his peril.

"Part of Harriet's property was a spacious farm and substantial dwelling, thirty miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson; the other property was personal. She was in full possession of this property. It was agreed that Harriet, by seeming acquiescence in her father's wishes, should obtain his consent to her passing a week or ten days with a friend in Jersey. Hither Arden was to follow her, previously resigning his post, as tutor to Mr. Finch's children, and their marriage was to be privately solemnized. After which, Harriet was to return to her father's house, and when the completion of the contract with Wingate was again proposed, she was fully to disclose her engagements with Arden, who was immediately and openly to claim her as his wife.

"To this scheme Arden had been brought to consent with the utmost difficulty. The balance was inclined, indeed, but merely inclined in favour of it. Before Harriet set out on her visit, an event happened which restored all former obstacles, and inspired Arden with a resolution to shun all further contests and struggles, by abruptly retiring from New-York, and bury-

ing himself in some remote obscurity, whither it would not be possible to trace or to follow him.

"This resolution was to be disclosed to Harriet, and his heart was to be fortified against her entreaties and her arguments: a difficult undertaking, but indispensable. He postponed it as long as possible, and having determined to go on the evening of a certain day, he determined to follow Harriet in one of her afternoon walks, and thus obtain a farewell and parting interview.

"The interview took place. Arden's firmness enabled him to resist all her reproaches, entreaties, and reasonings, and to part from her without abandoning his purpose; but not without a thousand terrors and inquietudes. Arden left her to return home, and Harriet was supposed by him to have prosecuted her walk.

"Arden had not gained his chamber, when, fearful of some act of despair in Harriet, he repented of his resolution, and returned, in order to find the lady once more, and inform her of this change. He traversed the usual walks and paths, but ineffectually, and concluded that she had gone to visit the infirm old woman that I once before mentioned. Having searched every place, but the grotto, he conceived it possible that she had gone thither, having had some interviews with her in that very spot. He went to it, looked in, saw no one, and returned. This interval afforded time for his former resolution to revive with new force, and his conduct during the subsequent hours I have already described.

Such were the incidents, communicated by Arden to Miss Brudenel, in a copious correspondence. Such was the intelligence imparted by Miss Brudenel to her brother, and these, added to information respecting his adventures before his arrival in America, were the basis

on which she had reared her conviction of his innocence. These adventures, however, she would not permit herself to disclose.

"After his acquittal and escape from the hands of a sanguinary mob, he disappeared to all eyes but those of Miss Brudenel. The correspondence between them continued. He retired to the country, and, led by a mixture of accident and design, made his dwelling at the house of a Dutch farmer, within a small distance of Harriet Finch's demesne. He lighted on this abode in his obscure pilgrimage through by-paths and uncultivated spaces, and abided there, on account of its remarkable seclusion, the profound ignorance of the aged couple who inhabited it, and the consequent improbability of his retreat ever being known. His board and lodging he was able to purchase from his gains reserved from the payments of Finch, for twelve or eighteen months to come.

"The detection, confession and punishment of Mayo gave a new turn to Arden's affairs. Mankind in general were as eager to repair as they had formerly been to inflict the wrongs which he had suffered. Finch, in particular, publicly declared his sorrow for the part which he had taken in the persecution, and disclosed a circumstance which had till then been carefully suppressed.

"In examining his daughter Harriet's papers, after her decease, there was found, drawn up in legal form, a will, in which she had bequeathed all her property, real and personal, to Arden. This paper was written after the period when a secret marriage was agreed upon between them; and made, according to her own words, in consideration of the uncertainty of life, and of the benefits which her understanding had received from Arden's instructions.

"This will, though fairly writ-

ten, and signed and sealed by herself, was without witnesses. That she had never gotten it attested, nor published, rose, no doubt, from the difficulty attending such a ceremony, and from the opposition which she could not but expect from her relations to a design of this kind. The instrument being, consequently, invalid, its existence being known only to her father, and Arden falling under such atrocious suspicions, and afterwards disappearing, the will was of course unmentioned and unexecuted.

"Now, however, such were the probity and generosity of Finch; such his zeal to atone for past injuries, that he declared his resolution of complying, in its full extent, with his daughter's will, and offered to transfer her property, entire, to Arden. Arden received, from his faithful friend, speedy intelligence of these events, and, returning to New-York, was kindly and respectfully received by Finch, as well as by his early friend Brudenel. Harriet's will was punctually executed, and gratitude, joined to the removal of so many inconveniences of poverty and persecution which had hitherto beset him, induced him to tender himself in marriage to Anna Brudenel, and the happiness of that generous and exalted woman, though so long delayed, was at length completed by union with the object of her most ardent affections."

I thanked my friend for this copious narrative, but expressed much curiosity as to the real character of Arden. His life, in Europe, had not been disclosed; and in this I could not help supposing something very remarkable. Had he ever obtained any knowledge of these transactions?

"Yes," said he, "the truth, in that respect, came at last into mine and my friend Brudenel's possession, and thus it came: While

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Arden was a fugitive, Brudenel was apprized of his sister's correspondence with him, but remonstrated against it in vain. Let what would come, she never would abandon a friend in adversity, and one of whose innocence she had proofs sufficient. These proofs being connected with his exploits in Europe, no menace, no entreaty, no artifice, could prevail on her to disclose.

"After her marriage with Arden she retired to the farm, now called Ardenfield, inherited from Harriet Finch, and there constantly resided. Brudenel did not suffer these concealments to lessen his brotherly attachment, and usually spent some weeks, every summer, at his sister's mansion. When my engagements permitted, I was always willing to accompany him in this excursion, being greatly pleased with the solemn and romantic beauties of this residence, and with the manners of its tenants. Arden's countenance and demeanor were remarkably full of dignity and gracefulness; and his wife was one of whom, in spite of many personal defects, I should have thought it impossible to approach and converse with without being enamoured.

"One evening, about eight years after their marriage, Arden and his wife, her brother and myself, were sitting in a cool piazza, after supper, viewing the effect of moonlight on the cliffs that formed the opposite banks of the river, and discussing any topic that occurred. The discourse insensibly turned upon the past, and particularly on the manner in which Ardenfield came into the hands of the present possessor. These ideas formed a sort of prelude to the following remarks made by our host.

"He adverted to the obscurity which had so long hung over the adventures of his youth, which had created so many inquietudes and doubts in those who loved him, and

so much perplexed their curiosity. Concealment was enjoined for reasons which every dispassionate hearer would allow to be cogent. Time, however, had somewhat lessened their force, and, with regard, at least, to us his friends, he had finally determined to make a full disclosure.

"From the time of his arrival in America, till his settlement at Ardenfield, a period of anguish and suspense, every secret of their hearts had been disclosed to each other by himself and his wife. He had particularly composed for her eye a long narrative of occurrences happening to him in Europe. This correspondence had been carried on in a language and character which made it wholly unintelligible to another.

"After their marriage, their leisure had frequently been employed in reviewing together past scenes, so copiously and vividly portrayed in their numerous letters; and being conscious that a time might come when the knowledge of his history might be published to the world, or, at least, imparted to his chosen friends, without evil consequences, he had lately amused himself with transcribing and translating, compactly and regularly, the whole series of their letters.

"His origin and fate had been extraordinary. That lustre which flows from high birth and high fortune was not wanting to his destiny. He had had no mean agency in transactions that had shaken the world. His motives for withdrawing from the scene, and endeavouring to bury in oblivion all previous events, were of no ordinary kind. They were such as put his life and fame in perpetual hazard.

"His fears of an untimely end had every day grown less; but they were not wholly at an end; and he now saw the propriety of leaving some memorial behind him, in case of an unfortunate catastrophe, by

which his memory might be justified. This was an additional reason to make the compilation which he had just finished, and which he now offered for our perusal.

"This offer, you may suppose, was eagerly accepted; but so great was our impatience, that we besought him to give us his story immediately, and from his own lips. After a little hesitation he complied with our request."

"And pray," said I, with great vehemence, "what was the story?"

"It is too long for me to recount at present: besides, I have not satisfied myself that the relation would be proper."

I endeavoured to remove his objections, but in vain. He said, that he would take some time to consider of it, and let me know his mind on my next visit.

Desisting from this entreaty, therefore, for the present, I called his attention to other objects, and inquired into the sequel of Arden's history.

"He lived twelve years in great felicity, amidst a family of three children, one son and two daughters. While riding along the river bank, in the autumn of 1777, in the height of the revolutionary war, he was shot, as was conjectured, by a refugee, who lurked in the woods,

"His wife found consolation in attending to the education of her children, to whom she performed every maternal office, with great success. I never beheld a finer lad than the son, who inherited his father's countenance and mind. He received a mercantile education, and went to Europe, at twenty years old, as agent to a company of land-dealers. He has since settled in London, and sent for his sisters at the death of his mother, whose eyes were closed by them, at Ardenfield, in the spring of 1795. Their uncle lately died on a spacious farm, sur-

rounded by his family, in the new settlements on *Tennessee*."

"And what," said I, "has become of the manuscript? It is to be hoped that it has not also perished."

"No, not yet. It is in my possession. To gratify my curiosity anew, I borrowed it of Arden, a few months before his death. Mrs. Arden frequently requested it to be returned; but design or accident has always stood in the way. I was the more willing to retain it, as Mrs. Arden had determined to destroy it. Their father's origin and history had always been carefully concealed from the children, and she was desirous that every monument of his misfortunes should perish."

"And have you the manuscript still?"

"I have. I have several times resolved to throw it into the fire, but something held my hand. Methought it was a pity to let a story, so highly curious, so circumstantial, and so authentic, sink into oblivion. Sometimes I have had thoughts of sending it to Arden and his sisters. In fact, it is their incontestible property. Whatever I do, I must do speedily, for a man at my age cannot expect to live long, and I know not who may come after."

All my curiosity was in arms at this intelligence. I besought him to entrust the manuscript into my hands. I would take good care of it. I would return it on demand; but he would unspeakably oblige me, by permitting me the perusal.

The old gentleman was refractory to all my pleadings. It would be troublesome to find the book. It was buried at the bottom of a trunk overwhelmed with papers. He must take time to consider. He doubted I should make no good use of it. Perhaps he might oblige me; perhaps, and more probably, not; but he would make up his mind,



and let me know his resolution against my next visit, a fortnight or month hence.

I was obliged to endure my disappointment, and entreated that the desired boon might not be

withheld on my next visit. I withdrew, and have beguiled some part of my impatience, by drawing up the foregoing summary of what my friend thought proper to communicate.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE substance of what is contained in the enclosed letter, was related by the writer, in an accidental conversation on the disappearance of swallows. As he had preserved a memorandum of the facts, and the utmost reliance could be placed on the accuracy of the statement, I thought it of too much importance, in relation to a much agitated question in natural history, to be withheld from the public. More particularly as, from its coincidence in time, it may serve to confirm a similar fact, stated in the Medical Repository, vol. ii. p. 178, as observed by Mr. Peter Cole, in this city; the truth of which is questioned by an anonymous writer in the 3d vol. p. 241, of the same work, who regards the opinion of the submersion of swallows as exploded. Mr. Pollock has obligingly complied with my request to make the fact known, by sending me the enclosed, with liberty to insert it, with his name, in your useful Magazine. That the swallows could descend, in spite of their specific levity, to the bottom of so deep and rapid a river as the Hudson, or remain there during the winter, is not, perhaps, to be supposed.\* Yet the fact of their *submersion*, after the testimony

of Mr. P. and Mr. S. men of undoubted veracity, cannot be questioned. Their continuance in a torpid state, and re-appearance, are different questions, which remain to be decided. The apparent impossibility of their existence under water, arising from their peculiar organization, should make us very doubtful, but not absolutely to reject the utter possibility of the fact. For "natural history," says Kalm, who, with the rest of the Swedish naturalists, defends the *hibernation* of swallows, in lakes, ponds, marshes, and caverns, "as all other histories, depends not always on the intrinsic degree of probability, but upon facts founded on the testimony of people of noted veracity." Reasonings and conjectures on the fact here stated, I leave to naturalists. It is to be hoped, that it may not be thought unworthy of the notice of the learned, candid, and ingenious Dr. BARTON, who has already bestowed so much attention on the subject.

I am, &c.

W. J.

"On the afternoon of the 24th of August, 1798, I was sitting in my parlour which looks towards the North River, about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our at-

\* The house of Mr. Pollock is situated near the margin of the Hudson, about two hundred yards from the Battery. The river is about a mile and an half wide, and from seven to nine fathoms deep, and runs with a strong and rapid tide. Mr. P. does not recollect the species of swallow which then disappeared. The Barn Swallow (*Hirundo rustica*), Chimney Swallow (*Hirundo pelagica*), the Sand or Bank Martin (*Hirundo riparia*), and the Purple Martin (*Hirundo purpurea*), all frequent and build their habitations in this city and its neighbourhood.

attention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come across the town from the eastward, and descend immediately into the river. So singular an appearance excited our particular observation. We went out and stood close to the bank, and then perceived that what we at first imagined to be black-birds, were actually swallows; and that, as soon as the various flock had cleared the houses, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and disappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we stood, but was the case as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and continued without cessation for nearly two hours, when the closing of the evening prevented our further observation.

"Aware of the importance of affording any additional information on this long disputed question in the natural history of the swallow, I procured a telescope, and watched attentively many of the flocks from their first appearance until their immersion, continuing my eye fixed upon the spot long enough to be fully convinced that not one of the birds returned to the surface again. Indeed, one flock of about two hundred birds plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and instantly disappeared, without the least appearance of opposition that might be expected to arise from their natural buoyancy, and, at the same time, the evening was so serene, and the river so unruffled, that no deception of our sight could possibly have occurred.

"When the birds first came in view, after crossing the town, their flight was easy and natural; but when they descended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and distressed, flying in a confused manner against each other, as if the love of life, common to all

animals, impelled them to revolt against this law of nature imposed upon their species.

"As some time has elapsed since the above mentioned facts occurred, I thought it proper, before I gave you Mr. Sebor's name, as having been a witness to them, to consult his recollection on the subject, and I have pleasure in assuring you he distinctly remembers every circumstance I have recited, and of which I made a memorandum at the time.

"It may be worthy of remark, that as far as my observation went, the swallows totally disappeared on the 24th of August, 1798; for, during the remainder of that year I did not see one.

"H. POLLOCK.

"New-York, 18th July, 1800."

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*Friendship: An original Letter.*

LET me thank you, my beloved friend, with tears of true pleasure, for this letter. How happy am I in your love and confidence! How zealous shall I be, and how proud to deserve it!

You cannot think, for I cannot describe my feelings when you first made advances to me, and offered me your friendship. Your first visit—how unlooked for! and your manners so affectionate and affable! your inquiries so tender and free, to me, that was so absolute a stranger to the world and to you! While you staid I was in a constant flutter of surprise. This made me awkward in accepting and returning all your kindnesses. To be sure, thought I, when you were gone, this is some freak of the charming girl; or she has some inquiry to make, or some end to serve, which she found no opportunity of making on this visit; but she will not surely repeat it, especially if it were

made for my own sake; for how coldly and ambiguously have I behaved?

But you came again, very soon; the very next evening, gay, charming, and blithsome as ever. Do you love, Julia, to give pleasure to the lonely and forlorn heart? You do. Then how much have you been gratified by your intercourse with me? A generous, a disinterested delight has been yours. Your efforts have been amply rewarded by their own success.

What a change have I experienced since I gained your love! A warmth, grateful and delicious, a softness which I am not rich enough in words to call by its true name, has come back again to my heart. *Come back again*, I say, for I once had it, or something very like it—so much so that I cannot tell where lies the difference. 'Twas not the emotion that I felt for Marianne or Sally. In this there is something more ecstatic, more of gratitude, I think, and admiration. *Their* love, you know, was due to me. It began at my birth, and grew as *I* grew. Besides, though very good, they had no remarkable or dazzling excellence about them. Such they were as we usually meet with—plain in person, and untutored minds.

No; what I feel for you I have not felt since I was sixteen; yet it cannot, you know, be love. Yet is there such a difference brought about by mere sex? My Julia's qualities were such as I would doat upon in man. Just the same would win my whole heart. Where, then, is the difference? On my word, Julia, I see none; but that's no proof that none exists. A million of truths there are, no doubt, that thy unsagacious friend has never seen, and never will see.

How cold was once my heart! how dreary was my loneliness! Yet I was not conscious of it. I was not discontented. The change which

your friendship has made is not by pains removed, but by pleasures added—and pleasures, how ineffable!

Ignorance, I believe, my Julia, is the mother of some kinds of happiness; at least, of quietude. How can we regret what we have never lost? and to lose it we must have it; and by having it only can we know its value? I am now, in all external respects, just as if I never had a sister; but how different would my feelings be, if, in truth, they never had been born!

How my mother shrieked over a breathless son who died in childhood! But suppose the boy had never been born; then, as now, she would have had but four children, and she would not have lamented that they were but four.

Pleasure and pain, my Julia, strangely run into and mingle with each other. Ignorance, I said, is the mother of content; but I would not, for all that, be ignorant. Contentment, methinks, is no desirable thing. Pleasure, indeed, cannot be had without the risk, at least, of accompanying or ensuing pain; but this mixture of bitter and sweet is better than the utterly insipid; better than the limpid, tasteless potion of indifference.

But why do I call the broken bonds of sympathy pain? Why, indeed, do I call them *broken*? Death severs us not from those we love. They still exist, not in our remembrance only, but with true existence; and, if good, their being is an happy one. What more should we wish, and why should life, with all its cares and malades, be prayed for, either for ourselves or our friends?

My friend removes to the next village, or he crosses the sea—but I am not much unhappy, even at parting, and that sadness is succeeded soon by sweet tranquillity. He is living, and is prosperous, and forgets me not; and some time I

shall see him again, and that consoles me in his absence; but how blind is my sagacity!

How know I that he lives! that he is virtuous and happy! that he gives me still a place in his remembrance. Is he not a mortal creature, and encompassed, therefore, by the causes of sickness and death; beset by temptations, and liable to new affections, that exclude the old?

But intelligence is brought that he is dead, and why should I weep? Am I grieved that he has gone, from perishable, feverish life, to that eternity, where maladies of mind, and ills of body, betide him no more?

"But I have lost him!"

No; while he lived I had lost him indeed, for the space between us was so wide that I saw him never, and heard from him but rarely; but now has he not come home to me? and do I not hourly commune with him? Am I not sure of his existence and safety, for my friend was good? And is he not more present to my thoughts, and more the guardian of my virtue, and partaker of my sympathy, than ever?

"But I shall never see him more!"

Indeed! and whose fault will be that? I must die like him. It is uncertain when; but *then* we shall meet. And what, then, but my own unworthiness, my own misdeeds, shall sever us? Nothing but guilt will divide us from each other dead, though virtue itself was unable to unite us living. And how invigorating to my fortitude, what barrier against temptation is that belief!

No, my Julia, death is no calamity to virtue, to dead or to living worth. Our wailings for the dead are breathed only by thoughtless or erring sensibility. Is it not so? I would not affirm too positively, or too much, I know so little. Yet I

can't but think that many of our woes are selfish woes.

Yet I mourned for my sisters, but rebuked myself while I mourned. Such reflections as those comforted me; but they would not come at first, nor would they stay long, till time had soothed me into some composure. Now and then, at thoughtful moments, when taken, if I may say so, unaware, my tears gushed anew, and my breast was agonized by sobs.

Still have I, as I long have had, something that may be called sorrow; but a sweet, a chastening, an heart-improving sorrow. Most dearly do I prize it. For the world I would not part with my sorrow: Glad am I that I once had sisters, and I have them still; but I would not have them any where on earth.

It seems to be, Julia, that the only true grief is connected with guilt. Every other has so many gleams and respites, and is so transient, and carries in its train so many after joys! But remorse! the sense of scorn deserved—the weight of indignation, human and divine—that must be agony indeed.

But how have I been thus led on! When I sat down I designed a very different letter; but one is carried forward insensibly when the heart knows no restraint; and to thee, Julia, mine knows none. 'Tis now too late to say all that I meant to say; but another packet will serve as well. Adieu.

ON JACK.

COME, my friend, I want to write. Give me a theme. What shall it be?

My friend paused, stroked his chin, and looked up. "Why, Jack," said he at length—

Ay, ay, interrupted I, Jack

let it be: I will write a dissertation on *Jack*, and thus will I begin:—

I will leave to philosophers to say how the name of individuals came to be applied to the species; how *horse* and *tree*, from being distinctions of a single animal and vegetable, came to be appropriated to millions of things of the same kind, and will merely endeavour to point out a specimen of this process, in a few of what are called christian names of men and women.

It is no wonder that in bestowing names upon our children, we should be governed by an imagined dignity or sanctity connected with them. If I am called upon to guess the name of a Turk or an Arab, I shall of course light upon that of Mahomet. If I be introduced to a Jew, 'tis a hundred to one that his name is Abraham or Moses. If my companion be a christian, the most plausible conjecture will be that his name is *John*.

Among the founders of our religion, it is difficult, perhaps, to discover in whose favour popular veneration ought to decide, whether for Peter or for Paul. Among Catholics, however, the preference will, for obvious reasons, be given to Peter; while the antipathies of Protestants have degraded Peter into something of a ludicrous and vulgar appellation, and Paul seems to be in vogue with neither party. The harbinger, and one of the disciples of the great teacher, had the same name; and this coincidence, perhaps, it is that has given such unbounded popularity to *John*. Among christian names, John is by far more prevalent than any other.

Among other profound topics of inquiry, I would humbly propose to the sagacity of etymologists, the finding out why John, a sound of such rapid and easy utterability, should be familiarly changed into

*Jack*, with which it has such slight analogy, and the sound of which is so much more difficult and harsh. Tom, Dick, and Harry, are formed by a very natural and obvious process from Thomas, Richard, and Henry, but Jack is a roughening of what was soft, a change of easy into difficult, and is formed upon no ordinary maxims of analogy. It is one of those freaks, caprices, and contempts of rule which human affairs continually present to us.

It is curious to observe the metamorphoses which John and *Jack* have undergone, and the transitions which they have experienced from denoting individuals, to designating the species. When the great satyrst thought proper to personify the British nation, and to christen this creature of his fancy, no name more suitable could occur to him than *John Bull*. The French are used to fright their children into quietness, by saying they will call *John Englishman*.

On the same principle it is, that professions like nations have acquired the general name of Jack, in addition to a surname either accidental or descriptive. Every sailor, for example, is nothing else than a *Jack Tar*. Every conjurer who shews slight-of-hand tricks, and who chiefly signalizes his dexterity by swallowing and disgorging immense puddings, has become, with every talker of English, a *Jack Pudding*. The superintendent of the gallows has been, time out of mind, denominated *Jack Ketch*; and he whose dexterity or versatility has made him a proficient in more crafts than one, is well known by the name of a *Jack-of-all-trades*.

I should like to know the origin of *Jack-a-Dandy*. It seems to denote the class of frivolous impertinents, and to be near a kin to *Tom Fool*.

It is amusing to mark the popularity which *Jack* has acquired even among children. Every one of us remembers the little dramas in which *Jack* has been personated. What bursts of laughter have accompanied the comical grimaces and affected complaints of *Lame Jack*? Which of us but has rehearsed the doleful case of *Jack-in-the-corner*; listened to the memorable achievements of *Jack-the-Giant-Killer*, and related all the marvellous incidents that took place in the *House that Jack built*? A shingle split into similar pieces, and formed into a bundle, is forthwith transformed into *Jack-straws*, and pebbles, thrown into the air and caught alternately on the back and palm of the hand, become *Jack-stones*.

*Jack* being the name of males among men, has become, in many cases, the denomination of sex in general, not only among men, but among quadrupeds and birds. Thus, in the old adage, it is said that every *Jack has his Gill*; and nothing is more common than to hear of a *Jack-ape* (or *Jack-an-apes*), *Jack-ass*, and *Jack-daw*.

Even vegetables have been sometimes christened with this useful name. The most popular and common of all fruits, is the apple, and hence the well known appellation of a certain species is *John-Apple*. In the West-Indies it was once the fashion for every man to arm himself with a cane or cudgel of wood, which, from its elasticity, obtained the name of *Supple-Jack*.

There are but few arts in which some ordinary tool is not a namesake of mine. Carpenters, if I mistake not, place great confidence in a *Jack-plane*. Cooks would be

sadly puzzled in their vocation without the assistance of either a *Flying*, a *Steam*, or a *Smoke-Jack*. No horseman ever went forth to battle without *Jack-boots*, or to bed without first being accommodated with a *Boot-Jack*. Even that mysterious and mischievous elf who trepans the unsuspecting traveller into pits and quagmires, is, in general, no body but *Jack with a lanthorn*. Sometimes he appears in a different form, and his instrument of fraud is not a lanthorn, but a *wisp* of burning straw, and *Jack*, with his lanthorn, is not a more arch deceiver than *Will with a wisp*.

We may observe that *Jack* is always applied in a familiar and contemptuous manner, whether in relation to the individual or species. John has undergone the fate of many things originally celebrated or sacred. Its celebrity and sanctity made it frequent, and its frequency has made it vulgar and contemptible. Hence, in plays and novels, the fine gentleman, or captivating youth, is always a Charles, or a George; whereas the clown or the valet is only *plain John*.

John, by means I need not now stop to explain, has been the ground work of many surnames, all of which are nearly as common as the christian name. Hence have arisen Jacks, Jackson, Johnson, Johnstone, and Jones. The latter prevails most, and if it were allowable to denominate a nation by the name most common to the individuals of it, the English would find their only adequate representative in

Your humble servant,  
JOHN JONES.

# American Review.

## ART. I.

*Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1799. 8vo. pp. 288. Boston. Hall. 1800.*

A FEW years ago several gentlemen of the town of Boston, regretting that the rich materials for the natural and civil history of the United States were lying in so scattered and perishable a condition, formed a plan of an institution, the principal object of which should be to collect these materials, ascertain their value, multiply their copies, and adopt methods for their preservation. Among these gentlemen no one deserves to be mentioned with more respect than the late Rev. Dr. BELKNAP (whose character has been long known to the public as the historian of New-Hampshire, and the author of the American Biography); then residing in Boston; and who, perhaps, more than any other individual, is entitled to the honour of being considered the founder of this institution. He, with his enlightened and patriotic associates, soon brought the proposed society into a state of organization and efficiency; and it was incorporated, by an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the month of February, 1794.

This society has published five volumes of its "COLLECTIONS" previously to the appearance of the volume which is the subject of the present article. In these the student of American history will find a great variety, and most valuable aggregate of documents. Some of them are copies of old and precious manuscripts, which were hastening to destruction, by time; and others consisting of papers drawn up ex-

pressly for the use of the society, and containing much useful and interesting information, concerning the settlement, progress, territorial disputes, ecclesiastical history, and Indian affairs, of different parts of our country. But to form a judgment of the value of these volumes, they must be perused and studied with care.

The volume before us affords an additional testimony of the learning and industry of the gentlemen who compose this important association. It contains upwards of fifty articles; many of which are highly important, and some invaluable. We hope the following sketch of the contents will excite the reader to procure the work, and seek the same pleasure in its perusal that we have enjoyed.

1. *Sketch of the life and character of the late Rev. Dr. Clarke.*

This is supposed to have been written by the Rev. Dr. BELKNAP, and is extracted from the Columbian Centinel of April 7, 1798. It is short, but comprehensive and well written; and is followed by a character of Dr. Clarke, drawn by President WILLARD, which our readers will remember was spoken of respectfully, and inserted at large, in our Review for July last.

2. *Sketch of the life and character of the late Rev. Dr. Belknap.*

This concise and interesting view of the life and character of one of our distinguished American literati is anonymous, but has been ascribed to the Rev. Dr. ELIOT, of Boston. Subjoined to it is a list of Dr. Belknap's publications;—and, also, an extract from a sermon, by the Rev. Mr. KIRKLAND, on occasion of his death.

We think the Society have done

honour to their feelings, and to their publication, by introducing these memorials of their much respected and lamented associates. To preserve the memory of such characters, is a duty which all good men owe to the world.

3. *Remarks made during a residence at Stabroek Rio Demary, (lat. 6° 10' N.) in the latter part of the year 1798.* By Thomas Pieronet.

This paper contains some useful information.

4. *Specimen of the Mountaineer, or Sheeshatapooshoish, Skoffie, and Mitmac languages.*

Those who have a taste for investigations respecting the aboriginals of our country, will set a high value on this specimen. The Indian words which it exhibits are numerous; and the author (whose name is not mentioned) appears to have stated them with fidelity and care.

5. *General John Winslow's letter to the Earl of Halifax, relative to his conduct, and that of the troops under his command, on the Ticonderoga expedition in 1756.*

6. *Secretary Willard's letter to Mr. Bollen, agent for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, relative to the failure of the Crown-Point expedition, and reimbursement from Great-Britain, dated Boston, March 10, 1756.*

7. *Letter from William Bollen, agent for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, to the Speaker of the House of Assembly of that colony, dated Leicester-street, April 12, 1759.*

8. *A memorandum of divers particulars, showing the exhausted state of the Massachusetts province, and the necessity of a considerable Parliamentary grant, referred to in the preceding letter.*

The four last papers are very important documents respecting the objects to which they relate.

9. *A brief state of the province of Quebec, as to its constitution, number of inhabitants, laws, commerce, population, circulating property, tenure of real property, science, &c. Written in the year 1787.*

This article is anonymous, but is supposed to have been written by the Rev. J. FREEMAN, of Boston. We have perused it with great pleasure and instruction; and although it was drawn up thirteen years ago, we should still be at a loss to recommend to our readers any thing on the same subject more concise, comprehensive and satisfactory.

10. *Continuation of the narrative of newspapers published in New-England, from the year 1704, to the Revolution; in a letter from one of the members to the president of the society.*

This article is continued from the preceding volume, and concluded. It is a very valuable and interesting narrative, and by the literary historian of our country, especially, must be considered a precious document. We wish an account, equally perfect, respecting the other States, could be obtained. The author's name is not mentioned, but we have heard it ascribed to the Rev. Dr. ELIOT.

11. *Mr. Dummer's letters to Mr. Flint.*

12. *James Cudworth's letter to Gov. Josiah Winslow, declining his appointment to a military command.*

We fully concur with the society in opinion, that this letter affords a very amusing exhibition of the character of the author, and represents, in a very striking manner, the simplicity and modes of thinking which then prevailed.

13. *Jams Cudworth's letter to Gov. Josiah Winslow.*

This is a letter from the same gentleman who is mentioned in the preceding article. It is dated more than two years after the date of the former: at which time the writer



had the command of the Plymouth forces, on an expedition against the Indians, which he appears to have conducted with approved bravery and discretion.

14. *Letter from John Easton to Gov. Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth colony, dated in 1675.*

15. *Letter from Nathaniel Thomas, on the expedition against Philip, to Governor Winslow, dated June 25, 1675.*

16. *A letter from Secretary Rawson to Governor Winslow, to be communicated to the council.*

17. *Letter from Governor Leverett to Governor Winslow.*

18. *Letter from Edward Palmer to Governor Josiah Winslow, dated January 16, 1675.*

19. *Letter from John Freeman to Governor Winslow, dated 1675.*

20. *Return of the loss in Scituate, in Philip's war. In a letter from the Deletemen of that town to Governor Winslow, dated 26 January, 1676.*

The seven last articles chiefly relate to disputes and wars with the Indians, which were carried on, about that time, with great spirit and success, by the colonists, but with considerable loss. The above letters afford much important information concerning the expeditions and enterprizes to which they relate.

21. *Edward Randolph's letter to Governor Josiah Winslow, relative to his proceedings at Piscataqua, dated Boston, January 29, 1679.*

22. *Sachem Philip, his answer to the letter brought to him from the Governor of New-Plymouth.*

23. *Edward Rawson's letter to the Governor of New-Plymouth, soliciting aid for the College of Cambridge.*

24. *Letter of instructions, from the Massachusetts General Court, to William Bolla, their agent at the Court of Great-Britain, given in 1756.*

The nature of the four last papers, respectively, is sufficiently explained in their titles. Though short, they contain important facts, and are abundantly worthy of being preserved.

25. *Letter from Leonard Hoar, M.D. to Josiah Flint.*

This is a curious article. It is a communication from a gentleman, who was afterwards President of Harvard College, to his nephew, while a student in that institution. —The writer, after a solemn reproof and exhortation respecting some youthful foibles in his nephew, proceeds to give him some hints respecting the objects of his studies, and the proper mode of pursuing them.

26. *Some memoirs for the continuation of the history of the troubles of New-England, from the barbarous and perfidious Indians, instigated by the more savage and inhuman French, of Canada and Nova-Scotia. Began November 3, 1726, by Benjamin Colman, D. D.*

This is a valuable paper. It contains many important facts, and is written in a plain, perspicuous, and popular style.

27. *Letter from Henry Newman, Esq. to the Rev. Henry Flynt, dated Middle Temple, 10th September, 1723.*

28. *Letter from Paul Mascarene to Governor Shirley, dated Annapolis-Royal, 6th April, 1748.*

29. *Prince and Bosworth's petition to the government of Plymouth, relative to the mackarel fishery, dated Plymouth, June 8, 1671.*

30. *Letter from William Bolla, agent for the Massachusetts General Court, at the Court of Great-Britain, to Josiah Willard, secretary of that province, respecting an intention of governing the colonies like Ireland, dated March 5, 1755.*

31. *Mr. Bolla's Petition to the Duke of Bedford, relative to French encroachments, 1748.*

These four articles relate to different objects, and are of different degrees of value. They are all, however, abundantly worthy of the room which they occupy in this volume.

32. *Governor Hamilton's letter to Governor Shirley*, dated Philadelphia, May 6, 1754.

33. *Major Washington's letter to Governor Hamilton*.

34. *A summons from a French officer to the commander of the troops of the King of Great-Britain, at the mouth of the river Monongahela*.

35. *Speech from the Half King to the Governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania, referred to in Major Washington's letter*.

These papers refer to the events of an expedition, on which Major Washington was sent, to the westward, against the French and Indians, in 1754. The letter from this hero at that early period, and the documents accompanying it, afford a specimen of that penetration, firmness, and prudence, which afterward shone with such distinguished lustre in the Commander in Chief of the American armies, and in the President of the United States.

36. *A list of the Presidents of the Colony of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, under the first Charter, and of the Governors under the second Charter. Collected from the public records*.

37. *Letter from his Excellency Governor Jay, corresponding member of the Historical Society, to its corresponding Secretary*, dated Albany, October 8, 1799.

This communication is designed to correct a mistake which had been made in one of the papers of the "historical collection," for 1798, respecting some transactions between the State of New-York and the Brothertown Indians. We wish that every reader of historical

documents, were equally attentive and careful, and disposed to correct such mistakes as he may discover, with the same candour, urbanity, and regard to truth, which are displayed in this letter.

38. *A letter from the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Col. Tudor), to the President, on the propriety and expediency of an appropriate national name, designatory of the citizens of the United States, as a distinct people from the other inhabitants of the two vast American Peninsulas*.

We agree with the writer of this letter that "an appropriate national name" is highly desirable. We also agree with him in the statement which he gives of the inconveniences and evils which result from the want of such an one. But his ingenious speculations leave the subject, in our minds, where they found it. The name which he, with diffidence suggests, appears to us, on several accounts, objectionable.

39. *Letter from his Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Esq. to Baron J. D. Vander Capellan, Seigneur du Pot, membres des "nobles de la Province D'Overyssel," dated Lebanon, August 31, 1779*.

This letter is long and interesting. It contains some brief sketches of the settlement and progress of the New-England States, and of the principal events of the revolutionary war, prior to its date. It was addressed to a very respectable correspondent in Europe, and appears to have been designed to counteract some false and unfavourable impressions which had been made on the minds of foreigners, with regard to American affairs. It is a communication worthy of its author, whose distinguished character in his day, and opportunities for obtaining correct information, are well known.

40. *The Petition of the Earl of Stirling, William Philips Lee, and Mary Trumbull, praying to be put in possession of some lands, called the county of Canada, granted to William, Earl of Stirling, in 1635, by the council of the affairs of New-England.*

41. *Letter from Jasper Mauduit, Esq. to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, relative to a reimbursement from Parliament, for the expense of supporting the French neutrals from Nova-Scotia, dated London, December 10, 1763.*

42. *Letter from Jasper Mauduit, Esq. to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, relative to the duty laid by Parliament on foreign molasses, dated December 30, 1763.*

43. *Letter from Jasper Mauduit, Esq. to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the province of Massachusetts Bay, relative to the duty on foreign molasses, the keeping up ten thousand troops in America, &c. dated Feb. 11, 1764.*

44. *Letter from Thomas Mayhew to Governor Prince.*

45. *Letter from James Walker to Governor Prince.*

46. *Letter from Daniel Gookin to Governor Prince.*

47. *Letter from Governor Prince to Daniel Gookin.*

48. *Instructions from the church at Natick to William and Anthony.*

49. *Letter from Governor Prince to Roger Williams.*

50. *James Quannahong's information.*

51. *Letter from Governor Stuyvesant, of New-York, to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts.*

52. *Deposition of Hugh Cole, at Plymouth court, A. D. 1670.*

The above thirteen articles relate to different subjects. Some of them are sufficiently explained by their titles. They are all valuable, and

contain important materials for the historian.

53. *Description and History of Salem, by the Rev. William Bentley.*

This communication occupies sixty-five pages in the present volume, and is yet to be continued. It does honour to the industry and talents of the writer. If the history of every town in the United States were drawn up with the same ability, faithfulness, and minute care which seem to be displayed in this (so far as it goes), we should be furnished with the materials for a complete history of our country. Perhaps Mr. B. will be thought, in some instances, to discover the fond partiality of a resident in the place which he describes; but this is pardonable, especially when his "description" is, in other respects, so valuable.

We are sorry that the limits to which we are confined prevent our giving extracts from some of the foregoing papers. They would afford entertainment and instruction to the reader.

We take our leave of this collection, by expressing a wish that the respectable association which produced it, may continue their useful labours, and may meet with that encouragement and assistance which they deserve. We observe that a large portion of the papers which have been recited, relate to the history of New-England. This was naturally to be expected, on several accounts; nor do we suppose that the fact arises from any improper partiality in favour of their own portion of the United States, among the gentlemen who compose the society. But are not the corresponding members, and other gentlemen of character in the different States, culpably delinquent in contributing so little as they have hitherto done to this important collection? Either let us consider the society at Boston

a national one, and make it the grand repository of our historical treasures, or else let societies of a similar kind be formed in other States, to co-operate with, and assist the enlightened body of gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the volume which has been presented to the reader.

ART. II.

*An Address, in Latin, by Joseph Willard, S. T. D. LL. D. President; and a Discourse in English, by David Tappan, S. T. D. Hollis Professor of Divinity, delivered before the University in Cambridge, February 21, 1800, in solemn commemoration of General George Washington. 8vo. pp. 44. Etheldredge. 1800.*

THIS pamphlet exhibits a view of the proceedings of the University of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, "in solemn and pious commemoration of the singular talents, eminent virtues, and unparalleled services of General Washington." So far as we have been informed, or can now recollect, this University has the honour of being the only one in the United States, which, as a Seminary of learning, has joined in the public expression of mourning, so generally and fervently offered to the memory of the departed chief of America.

The part of this pamphlet which first claims our attention, is the "Introductory Address in Latin," by the President, Dr. Willard. We were never disposed to join in the cant of the present day, against the study of the *dead* languages, as a part of a modern liberal education. On the contrary, we believe classic learning to be highly important and useful; and we should be extremely sorry to see it discard-

ed or discouraged in the Colleges and Universities of America. That this, like every other literary acquisition may be abused, or erected into an object of too much relative importance, is undeniable. But to infer from the possibility, or even the frequency of such abuse, the inutility of this branch of education, is, in our opinion, neither candid nor wise. It gives us pleasure, therefore, to see any thing which has a tendency to cultivate the taste, and to countenance the fashion of studying those languages, in seminaries of learning, especially when coming from gentlemen whose character and official station give weight to their opinions, and authority to their example.

We are sensible, that, in modern times, to speak and write such latinity as will stand the test of even indulgent criticism, among those who have the works of *Cicero* and of *Cæsar* in their hands, is no easy task. We should be sorry, however, to suppose that the republic of letters is fallen so low, even in America, as not to furnish many who are able to express themselves in this language with purity and correctness, if not with all the elegance and refinement of the Augustian age. And we would fain hope that the heads and instructors of our seminaries of learning, are among the number. Ardently wishing to have this hope confirmed, we acknowledge we took up this specimen of academic literature with no small interest.

The President's Latin address fills only a few pages of the pamphlet before us. But even within this small compass, we discover so many defects and errors, that we much doubt whether it will do any honour either to its worthy author, or to the institution over which he presides. There being nothing remarkable in the sentiments of this

composition, it will only be considered with reference to the language in which it appears.

The address is entitled *Concio brevis a Præside*. Is this agreeable to the Latin idiom? Would not a Roman have said—*Præsidis concio brevis*—or *Concio brevis a Præside habita*—or *Concio brevis quam Præses habuit*? The phrase *eventum acerbissimum*, in the second sentence, is, perhaps, still more exceptionable. *Eventum* signifies a result or issue of a train of causes; and, therefore, cannot express what we presume to be the author's meaning. Some word should undoubtedly have been chosen which corresponds with *occurrence* in English. *Casus acerbissimus* would have been a more correct expression of the idea intended to be conveyed.

In the same page we find "pro juribus bonisque suis," &c. We recollect no authority for this use of the word *bonis*, excepting in the jargon of the law-books. *Pro aris et focis* is so familiar and established a mode of expressing the idea here intended, that we wonder the President thought of substituting so strange an *anglicism* in its place. The phrase "*nostræ regioni*," in a subsequent branch of the same sentence, is, if we mistake not, liable to a similar criticism. This phrase might have been proper if the author had only designed to refer to the town in which he resides, or to *Massachusetts* in general; but if, as we take for granted, he meant to speak of our country at large, we believe some modification of the word *patria* should have been used. There is so appropriate a meaning and force in this word, which cannot be expressed in our language but by circumlocution, that we are surprised it escaped his choice.

In the sixth page the following sentence occurs: "Et causas rerum et consecutiones tam clare perspexit, ut rempublicam sapientissime, feli-

cissimeque gessit atque administravit; a patria quidem, oculos nunquam deiecit," &c. This sentence is full of errors. Is the word *consecutiones* used, by correct writers, to express *consequences*? We believe not. Should not some other word have been used in place of *ut*, or else *gessit* and *administravit* been put in the subjunctive mood? *Deiecit* is undoubtedly improper. It should have been *deflexit*, or *avertit*. *Constantis, perturbati, and capti*, should all have been in the nominative (instead of the genitive case), agreeing with *fortis*, also in the nominative. This branch of the sentence would then have stood thus—"fortis animi et constans, nequaquam in rebus asperis perturbatus, minimeque dolis insidiosus captus," &c. With respect to *liberalibus*, there is no such word. *Liberalis* makes *liberalibus* in the dative and ablative cases plural. We expected to find this error mentioned in the table of *errata*, which appears to have been made out with great care; but it is not noticed.

The greater part of the criticisms which have been already offered (to say nothing of as many more which might have been made), relate to a single sentence—a sentence so long, so perplexed, and, consequently, so obscure, as to strike the most careless reader unpleasantly. Do not the arguments which have been used by rhetoricians against long and involved sentences, equally apply to all languages? It is true, indeed, *Cicero* abounds with periods constructed with some intricacy, and lengthened out beyond the usual limits; but still they are flowing and lucid. We can call to mind no sentence of the Roman orator which, in point of length and tediousness, can be compared with the one in question. We mention this illustrious name among the list of classic authors, because, if we mistake not, he is a writer whom Dr. W. regards

as a particular favourite, and whom he has attempted to follow—we are sorry we are compelled to add—

—*hand passibus æquis.*

In the seventh page we meet with the following passage—"Te autem ad tempus modò divino munere donatum terræ—Te non tam diebus quam existimatione eximia longè latèque diffusa, fama insolita, gloriaque rarissima," &c. We know of no authority for the phrase *ad tempus*, as it is here used. *Gloria rarissima* is equally faulty. A writer who understood the Latin idiom would have expressed the word *extraordinary* or *singular*, here intended, by a circumlocution, such as *paucis potiss.*, &c. In the next sentence, President W. says, "Dum autem hanc derelictionem tristissimam defleamus," &c. *Derelictio* signifies a *forsaking*, *deserting*, or *abandoning*. But we presume there could have been no intention to convey such an idea here. The separation between Washington and his countrymen which we deplore, was not, surely, a *desertion* or *abandonment* on his part. He was removed by the sovereign will of an higher Power. With respect to us, it was a *bereavement* or *deprivation*. The Latins, indeed, sometimes said *relinquere vitam*; but the propriety of this phrase obviously results from *vitam* being connected with the verb. The expression *ne simus negligentes*, in a subsequent branch of the same sentence, is a gross *anglicism*.

Page eighth contains the following sentences: "Hujus concionis meæ (si concio dicatur) non fuit propositum, ut omnes virtutes varias ac sublimas, resque gestas insignes, quæ per vitam eximiam nostri Washington egregii præstantissimique splenduerunt, panegyri tractarem atque celebrarem. Si propositum vero, tamen debilitata salus mea, infractæque vires," &c. We

are at a loss to conjecture from what source the President derived the word *sublimas*. He will readily recollect that *sublimis* makes *sublimas* in the plural. We are aware, indeed, that *sublimus* is to be found in some dictionaries, among the obsolete or corrupt words, and that it may be met with in such writers as *Plautus* and others, who sustain no character for classic purity; but we should not have expected to meet with it in the composition of one who had access to better models. A little farther on, in the same sentence, we find the word *panegyri*. This, in the list of errors, we are directed to read *panegyri*. But we do not see that this correction removes the difficulty. *Modo panegyrico*, or *oratione panegyrica*, might have been proper; but *panegyri*, taken alone, we believe, is wholly inadmissible. Immediately following the last, there is another mistake, still more singular. We refer to the phrase *debilitata salus*. This certainly is not Latin. The President seems to have supposed, that the Roman idiom admitted of a literal translation of the English expression *good* or *bad health*. But this is by no means the case. The word *salus* is never used to signify any thing else than a perfectly *sound*, or *healthful* condition. It appears to us, therefore, that to speak of *timid fortitude*, *modest impudence*, or *ingenious stupidity*, would be quite as defensible in our language, as *debilitata salus* is in the Latin.

In page ninth, the President says—"Persuasissimum est mihi totius literariæ Societatis," &c. *Literariæ Societatis* has not a classic sound to our ears. We believe it is not a Latin phrase. If he meant to speak of *the whole republic of letters*, he might have expressed it much better, by *omnes literis addicti*, or *literis dediti*, or in some such manner. A similar remark

may be made on a branch of the next sentence. We refer to the phrase *conspicua fama*. We presume the slightest attention to the passage will be sufficient to convince any one, that this expression is not agreeable to the structure of the Latin language. *Fama celebres*, or *laudibus insignes*, might have conveyed what we suppose to be the author's meaning; but *conspicua fama* must, we think, on several accounts, be pronounced incorrect, and inadmissible.

In addressing the Professor of Divinity, (p. 9), the President speaks thus—"Nos omnes tuis suggestis, idoneis et appositis," &c. The word *suggestum* signifies a *chair*, or *pulpit*, from which orations or sermons are delivered. Did our author mean, by a bold figure, to speak of the *seat* from which the professor of divinity delivered his suitable and instructive addresses? Or does he refer to the addresses themselves? If the former, we can only say, the figure is not very skilfully conducted. If the latter, he has been singularly unfortunate in the selection of a word to express his meaning. There is, we know, such a word as *suggestio*; but it is scarcely necessary to say, that no inflection of this noun, hitherto practised, can give *suggestis*.

We shall only take the liberty to remark on one passage more. In speaking of heaven (p. 10), President W. calls it—"Regnum illum beatum ubi—mors amplius non existabit." Where did he find the word *existabit*? Did he mean to derive it from *existo*? If we do not mistake, the third person singular, of the future tense, indicative mood of that verb, is *existet*. Did he mean to derive it from *exto* or *exsto*, it should then have been *evanabit*.

On the whole, we have seldom seen a specimen of Latin composition

which had so little claim to the character of purity and correctness, to say nothing of elegance. One prominent fault continually meets our eyes in glancing over the pages of this short address; which is an excessive predilection for English idiom. Like the President, we admire our mother-tongue, for its energy, expressiveness, and copiousness; but the intrusion even of our best phrases, drawn from "English fountains, pure and undefiled," into the polished language of the Augustan age, seems to us to savour of the incongruity and violence of literary anachronism.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,  
Spectatum admitti, risum teneatis, amici?*

The "Discourse in English," by Dr. TAPPAN, Professor of Divinity, remains to be considered.—Though this occupies more than three-fourths of the pamphlet; yet, not being of such a nature as to require the verbal criticism bestowed on the former part, it may be dismissed in a few words. We think it deserves to be mentioned among the most respectable productions which have appeared on the same subject. Professor T. indeed, displays but little of the overpowering fire of the orator. He discovers no disposition to attempt bold and daring flights. Nor has he, that we can discover, in his account of General Washington, taken any new ground, or drawn his character in a manner which can be pronounced original. But in simplicity, and general correctness of style; in seriousness, good sense, and dignity; in the moral application which he makes of his subject, and in the tendency of the whole to *do good*—the most worthy object of every one, and especially of a christian divine—we believe he has been exceeded by very few.

## ART. III.

*An Appendix to the Notes on Virginia, relative to the Murder of Logan's Family.* By Thomas Jefferson. 8vo. pp. 52. Philadelphia. Smith. 1800.

WE presume the most of our readers recollect the passage in Mr. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," which this pamphlet is designed to elucidate and defend. Some philosophers of Europe had advanced an opinion, that there is something in the soil, climate, and other circumstances of America, which occasions animal nature to degenerate. They extended this opinion to the men as well as to the brutal tribes of our western world. Mr. Jefferson, in the above-mentioned work, thought proper to examine and controvert a theory, which he considered "so unfounded and degrading to one third of the globe;" and among other proofs adduced in opposition to it, he mentions the speech of *Logan*, an Indian chief, as a specimen of the talents, and particularly of the eloquence of the aboriginals of this country. In 1797, the authenticity of this speech, and the truth of the transaction related in connection with it, were, for the first time, called in question, by a gentleman in the State of Maryland, in some newspaper publications; who charged Mr. Jefferson with forging the whole, to answer his own purposes. These charges passed, for more than two years, without any public notice by Mr. J. But he at length deemed it proper to give the subject a new examination, and to lay before the public the evidence on which his account of the murder of *Logan's* family by *Crasap*, and of the speech of that eloquent savage, rested.

Such is the design of this Appendix. It is made up of letters, certificates, and depositions, which, we think, abundantly prove, that the

speech of *Logan*, as given by Mr. J. in his "Notes," was really delivered by that celebrated chief;—that the account of *Crasap's* murders, on which the speech was founded, was substantially true;—and that Mr. J. ought to be considered as standing completely exculpated both from the charge of forgery and of injuring *Crasap*.

We have no doubt that the simplicity, candour, dignity, and moderation of the following letter from Mr. J. to Governor HENRY, of Maryland, will give pleasure to the reader.—

"Philadelphia, Dec. 31, 1797;

"DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Tazewell has communicated to me the inquiries you have been so kind as to make, relative to a passage in the Notes on Virginia, which has lately excited some newspaper publications. I feel, with great sensibility, the interest you take in this business, and, with pleasure, go into explanations with one whose objects I know to be truth and justice alone. Had Mr. Martin thought proper to suggest to me, that doubts might be entertained of the transaction respecting *Logan*, as stated in the Notes on Virginia, and to inquire on what grounds that statement was founded, I should have felt myself obliged, by the inquiry, to have informed him candidly of the grounds, and cordially have co-operated in every means of investigating the fact, and correcting whatsoever in it should be found to have been erroneous. But he chose to step at once into the newspapers, and in his publications there, and the letters he wrote to me, adopted a style which forbade the respect of an answer. Sensible, however, that no act of his could absolve me from the justice due to others, as soon as I found that the story of *Logan* could be



doubted, I determined to inquire into it as accurately as the testimony remaining, after a lapse of twenty odd years, would permit; and that the result should be made known, either in the first new edition which should be printed of the Notes on Virginia, or by publishing an appendix. I thought that so far as that work had contributed to impeach the memory of Cresap, by handing on an erroneous charge, it was proper it should be made the vehicle of retribution. Not that I was at all the author of the injury. I had only concurred, with thousands and thousands of others, in believing a transaction on authority which merited respect. For the story of Logan is only repeated in the Notes on Virginia, precisely as it had been current for more than a dozen years before they were published. When Lord Dunmore returned from the expedition against the Indians, in 1774, he and his officers brought the speech of Logan, and related the circumstances connected with it. These were so affecting, and the speech itself so fine a morsel of eloquence, that it became the theme of every conversation, in Williamsburgh particularly, and, generally, indeed, wheresoever any of the officers resided or resorted. I learned it in Williamsburgh; I believe at Lord Dunmore's; and I find in my pocket-book of that year (1774), an entry of the narrative, as taken from the mouth of some person, whose name, however, is not noted, nor recollected, precisely in the words stated in the Notes on Virginia. The speech was published in the Virginia Gazette of that time (I have it myself in the volume of Gazettes of that year), and though in a style by no means elegant, yet it was so admired, that it flew through all the public papers of the continent, and through the Magazines and other periodical

publications of Great Britain; and those who were boys at that day will now attest, that the speech of Logan used to be given them as a school exercise for repetition. It was not till about thirteen or fourteen years after the newspaper publications, that the Notes on Virginia were published in America. Combatting, in these, the contumelious theory of certain European writers, whose celebrity gave currency and weight to their opinions, that our country, from the combined effects of soil and climate, degenerated animal nature, in the general, and particularly the moral faculties of man; I considered the speech of Logan as an apt proof of the contrary, and used it as such; and I copied, verbatim, the narrative I had taken down in 1774, and the speech as it had been given us in a better translation by Lord Dunmore. I knew nothing of the Cresaps, and could not possibly have a motive to do them any injury with design. I repeated what thousands had done before, on as good authority as we have for most of the facts we learn through life, and such as, to this moment, I have seen no reason to doubt. That any body questioned it, was never suspected by me, till I saw the letter of Mr. Martin, in the Baltimore paper. I endeavoured then to recollect who, among my contemporaries, of the same circle of society, and consequently of the same recollections, might still be alive. Three and twenty years of death and dispersion had left very few. I remembered, however, that General Gibson was still living, and knew that he had been the translator of the speech. I wrote to him immediately. He, in answer, declares to me that he was the very person sent by Lord Dunmore to the Indian town; that, after he had delivered his message there, Logan took him out to a neighbouring

wood; sat down with him, and rehearsing, with tears, the catastrophe of his family, gave him that speech for Lord Dunmore; that he carried it to Lord Dunmore; translated it for him; has turned to it in the *Encyclopædia*, as taken from the Notes on Virginia, and finds that it was his translation I had used, with only two or three verbal variations, of no importance. These, I suppose, had arisen in the course of successive copies. I cite General Gibson's letter by memory, not having it with me; but I am sure I cite it substantially right. It establishes, unquestionably, that the speech of Logan is genuine; and that being established, it is Logan himself who is author of all the important facts. "Colonel Cresap," says he, "in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The person and the fact, in all its material circumstances, are here given by Logan himself. General Gibson, indeed, says that the title was mistaken; that Cresap was a captain, and not a colonel. This was Logan's mistake. He also observes, that it was on the Ohio, and not on the Kanaway itself, that his family was killed. This is an error which has crept into the traditionary account; but surely of little moment in the moral view of the subject. The material question is, Was Logan's family murdered, and by whom? That it was murdered, has not, I believe, been denied; that it was by one of the Cresaps, Logan affirms. This is a question which concerns the memories of Logan and Cresap; to the issue of which, I am as indifferent as if I had never heard the name of either. I have begun and shall continue to inquire into the evidence additional to Logan's, on which the fact

was founded. Little, indeed, can now be heard of, and that little dispersed and distant. If it shall appear on inquiry, that Logan has been wrong in charging Cresap with the murder of his family, I will do justice to the memory of Cresap, as far as I have contributed to the injury, by believing and repeating what others had believed and repeated before me. If, on the other hand, I find that Logan was right in his charge, I will vindicate, as far as my suffrage may go, the truth of a Chief, whose talents and misfortunes have attached to him the respect and commiseration of the world.

"I have gone, my dear Sir, into this lengthy detail, to satisfy a mind, in the candour and rectitude of which I have the highest confidence. So far as you may incline to use the communication for rectifying the judgments of those who are willing to see things truly as they are, you are free to use it. But I pray that no confidence which you may repose in any one, may induce you to let it go out of your hands, so as to get into a newspaper. Against a contest in that field I am entirely decided. I feel extraordinary gratification, indeed, in addressing this letter to you, with whom shades of difference in political sentiment have not prevented the interchange of good opinion, nor cut off the friendly offices of society and good correspondence. This political tolerance is the more valued by me, who consider social harmony as the first of human felicities, and the happiest moments, those which are given to the effusions of the heart. Accept them sincerely, I pray you, from one who has the honour to be, with sentiments of high respect and attachment,

"Dear Sir, your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

The following is the testimony of General Gibson, referred to in the preceding letter:—

"Allegheny County, }  
"State of Pennsylvania. } ss.

"Before me the subscriber, a justice of the peace in and for said county, personally appeared John Gibson, Esq. an associate Judge of same county, who, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that he traded with the Shawnese and other tribes of Indians then settled on the Siota, in the year 1773, and in the beginning of the year 1774, and that in the month of April of the same year, he left the same Indian towns, and came to this place, in order to procure some goods and provisions; that he remained here only a few days, and then set out, in company with a certain Alexander Blaine and Mr. Elliot, by water, to return to the towns on Siota; and that one evening as they were drifting in their canoes near the Long Reach on the Ohio, they were hailed by a number of white men on the south-west shore, who requested them to put ashore, as they had disagreeable news to inform them of; that we then landed on shore, and found amongst the party a Major Angus M'Donald, from West Chester, a Doctor Woods, from same place, and a party, as they said, of one hundred and fifty men. We then asked the news. They informed us that some of the party who had been taking up, and improving lands near the Big Kan-hawa river, had seen another party of white men, who informed them that they and some others had fell in with a party of Shawnese, who had been hunting on the south-west side of the Ohio; that they had killed the whole of the Indian party, and that the others had gone across the country to Cheat river with the horses and plunder, the consequence of which they apprehended would be an Indian

war, and that they were flying away. On making inquiry of them when this murder should have happened, we found that it must have been some considerable time before we left the Indian towns, and that there was not the smallest foundation for the report, as there was not a single man of the Shawnese, but what returned from hunting long before this should have happened.

"We then informed them, that if they would agree to remain at the place we then were, one of us would go to Hock Hocking river with some of their party, where we should find some of our people making canoes, and that if we did not find them there, we might conclude that every thing was not right. Doctor Woods and another person then proposed going with me; the rest of the party seemed to agree, but said they would send and consult Captain Cresap, who was about two miles from that place. They sent off for him, and during the greatest part of the night they behaved in the most disorderly manner, threatening to kill us, and saying, the damned traders were worse than the Indians, and ought to be killed. In the morning Captain Michael Cresap came to the camp. I then gave him the information as above related. They then met in Council, and, after an hour or more, Captain Cresap returned to me, and informed that he could not prevail on them to adopt the proposal I had made to them; that as he had a great regard for Captain R. Callender, a brother-in-law of mine, with whom I was connected in trade, he advised me by no means to think of proceeding any further, as he was convinced the present party would fall on and kill every Indian they met on the river; that for his part he should not continue with them, but go right across the country to

Red Stone, to avoid the consequences. That we then proceeded to Hocking, and went up the same to the canoe place, where we found our people at work; and, after some days, we proceeded to the towns on Siota by land. On our arrival there, we heard of the different murders committed by the party on their way up the Ohio.

"This Deponent further saith, that in the year 1774, he accompanied Lord Dunmore on the expedition against the Shawnese and other Indians on the Siota; that on their arrival within fifteen miles of the towns, they were met by a flag, and a white man of the name of Elliot, who informed Lord Dunmore that the Chiefs of the Shawnese had sent to request his Lordship to halt his army, and send in some person who understood their language; that this Deponent, at the request of Lord Dunmore, and the whole of the officers with him, went in; that on his arrival at the towns, Logan, the Indian, came to where this Deponent was sitting with the Corn-Stalk, and the other Chiefs of the Shawnese, and asked him to walk out with him; that they went into a copse of wood, where they sat down, when Logan, after shedding abundance of tears, delivered to him the speech, nearly as related by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on the State of Virginia; that he, the Deponent, told him then, that it was not Col. Cresap who had murdered his relations; and that although his son, Captain Michael Cresap, was with the party who killed a Shawnese Chief and other Indians, yet he was not present when his relations were killed at Barker's, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio; that this Deponent, on his return to camp, delivered the speech to Lord Dunmore; and that the murders perpetrated as above, were considered as ultimately the cause of

the war of 1774, commonly called Cresap's war.

"JOHN GIBSON,

*"Sworn and subscribed the 4th April, 1800, at Pittsburgh, before me,*

*"JER. BARKER."*

After a number of other letters and affidavits, from different persons, Mr. J. concludes his remarks on the mass of testimony adduced, with the following paragraphs:—

"Of the genuineness of that speech, nothing need be said. It was known to the camp where it was delivered; it was given out by Lord Dunmore and his officers; it ran through the public papers of these States; was rehearsed as an exercise at schools; published in the papers and periodical works of Europe; and all this, a dozen years before it was copied into the Notes on Virginia. In fine, General Gibson concludes the question forever, by declaring that he received it from Logan's hand; delivered it to Lord Dunmore; translated it for him, and that the copy in the Notes on Virginia, is a faithful copy.

"The popular account of these transactions, as stated in the Notes on Virginia, appears, on collecting exact information, imperfect and erroneous in its details. It was the belief of the day; but how far its errors were to the prejudice of Cresap, the reader will now judge. That he, and those under him, murdered two Indians above Wheeling; that they murdered a larger number at Grave Creek, among whom were a part of the family and relations of Logan, cannot be questioned; and as little, that this led to the massacre of the rest of the family at Yellow Creek. Logan imputed the whole to Cresap, in his war-note, and peace-speech; the Indians generally imputed it to Cresap; Lord Dunmore and his officers imputed it to Cresap.

tap; the country with one accord imputed it to him; and, whether he were innocent, let the universal verdict now declare."

We conclude our remarks on this pamphlet by observing, that the speech, the authenticity of which it is intended to establish, is, indeed, a most wonderful specimen of simple, unaffected eloquence. And to establish the fact, that it really came from a savage, is a point, in our opinion, so interesting, that it was abundantly worth the pains taken to collect and publish this mass of testimony, independent of the proof which is thereby furnished of Mr. J.'s integrity in the affair.

#### ART. IV.

*Poems, by Samuel Low. In two volumes. 12mo. Vol. i. pp. 147. New-York. T. & J. Swords. 1800.*

THAT author is much to be envied who not only derives self-gratification from the exercise of his pen in the recesses of study, but enjoys the sweet satisfaction of hearing hundreds acknowledge, that they have received pleasure and instruction from the compositions of his genius. But it seems there are some writers so careless, or rather so diffident of acquiring literary renown, that they are contented with the retired and spontaneous exercise of their faculties, without exposing themselves to the inquisition of criticism, by coming forward as candidates for public applause: and that man may surely be deemed fortunate, who possesses the art of amusing his leisure with the elegant occupations of taste and literature, without toiling to promote the entertainment of others. The author of the work before us appears to have been a character of the last description, for he tells us in his preface, that he wrote for his own

amusement and improvement. But his friends, it seems, requested a publication; and thus a volume (the prelude of a second) comes forth to invite the public regard, and to solicit a station on the shelf of the Muses. He did not, perhaps, recollect, that good friends may sometimes be bad critics, or that complaisance may yield approbation, while taste and judgment are silently entering a protest against the claim.

As the Poems appear to be nothing more than occasional effusions, relating principally to local incidents, and personal circumstances of the author, they can scarcely be considered as fit subjects of separate and regular criticism. From a general survey of the style and structure of the verse, we can very readily decide on his pretensions to poetical merit, and unless a nicer scrutiny leads us to the discovery of some beauties that have not yet disclosed themselves, we may venture to predict that Mr. L.'s book will not

"Last eternal, thro' the length of days."

General terms of disapprobation may not, however, be considered by all as decisive of the character of the work; and they whose partiality or courtesy may incline them to praise, will require some striking instances of poetical deficiency before they consent to be persuaded that the author is not one of the inspired.

It was the observation of the poet Simonides, that "Poetry is a speaking picture, and painting mute poetry." Our author, we presume, was no stranger to this idea—his pictures, however, are not always eloquent, and they sometimes speak without melody of voice, or elegance of diction. Thus, in representing the rise of our seminaries, and the literary advancement of our youth,

Another theme I now attempt to sing,  
And try to stretch a more adventurous  
wing;  
Our intellectual progress claims my lay;  
To sing the growth of Science I assay;  
Whose fruits, delectable to mental taste,  
Now bless these regions, late a savage  
waste;  
For, lo! where thorns and thistles lately  
grew,  
A thousand seminaries rise to view;  
And as the number grows, transporting  
truth!  
In literary fame advance our youth."

A thousand seminaries springing  
up at once, and usurping the terri-  
tory of the thorns and thistles, may,  
in the conception of some, be very  
beautiful and picturesque. Such,  
probably, will feel equal admiration  
at the following picture—

"Hush'd be the din of arms;  
Henceforth the olive's charms  
Shall war preclude;  
These spoils a bead shall own,  
Unfully'd by a throne,  
Our much lov'd WASHINGTON,  
The great, the good!"

Every poet well knows how hard  
it is to climb up the hill of Subli-  
mity, and how liable are the most  
cautious to tumble backwards, like  
the rock of Sisyphus, into that great  
gulf called the *Bathos*. The last  
line in the following quotation evin-  
ces that our bard was not proof  
against the common disaster.

"Death stalks insatiate, thund'ring can-  
non roars,  
And loud re-bellow from the distant  
shore:  
Each lab'ring ship the dire concussion  
feels,  
With death-fraught balls her hull con-  
vulsive reels:  
Beneath the mighty shock old Ocean  
shakes,  
And Neptune wonders what such uproar  
makes!"

The introduction of the spirit of  
Washington into heaven, and its  
coming up to its Maker and mak-  
ing a bow, is neither awfully grand,  
nor *elegantly* little.

VOL. III. No. 1.

"The heavenly minstrels loud hosannas  
sing,  
And his pure spirit to its Maker bring;  
In God's effulgent presence, lo! he bows;  
A crown of well-earn'd glory decks his  
brow!"

The extent of Milton's ken is  
thus described; and surely the dig-  
nity of the style is not below the  
elevation of the idea.

"From heav'n to Tartarus profound,  
Could compass vast creation round:  
Eternity, infinitude,  
With more than mortal eyes he view'd;  
Or saw as clear as mortal cou'd."

It seems to be the prerogative of  
the poet to levy contributions on all  
the departments of creation. His  
despotic fancy exacts obedience  
even from the elements; he imparts  
to them his joys and his sorrows,  
commands their sympathy, and  
makes them "pipe whatever tune  
he pleases." When death robs him  
of his friend, he prescribes a gene-  
ral mourning through all the realms  
of nature; the face of heaven is  
overspread with gloom, and all the  
flowers of the field droop with des-  
pondence; he imposes silence on  
the merry songsters of the grove,  
and allows none to speak save faith-  
ful Echo, whose airy voice grows  
hoarse with repetition of his plaints.

Our author, not forgetful of his  
privilege, has taken occasion to ex-  
ercise his authority with a pretty  
high hand. Hark! how nature  
sighs, and the winds groan under  
the tyranny of his imagination:

"Nature, convuls'd with sympathetic  
throes,  
Sighs sad responses to the Muse's moan;  
And the loud storm expresses as it blows,  
In dismal strains—the Muse's friend is  
gone!"

Of his talent at Elegiac compo-  
sition we give a specimen:

"First thou, the instructor of these  
Whom nature hath giv'n me to raise,  
A life of much value didst clove,  
Its value transcends my weak praise."

H

"Oh! let me not, impious, repine,  
That now fewer friends are my lot;  
But see the hand equally thine,  
Which spar'd my companions or not!"

His lines addressed to Kotzebue exhibit a just portrait of that author, and convey remarks that bespeak a good portion of taste and discrimination in Mr. L. as an admirer of the drama. When viewed, however, in a poetical light, we do not perceive those delicate touches, and vivid tints, that we expect of him who ventures to handle the pencil of the Muses. We are not thrown into surprise by the richness of imagery, nor captivated by the beauty of expression. Of a great part of this address, we may remark, in the language of Dr. Johnson, "it is so much like prose, that we scorn it for pretending to be verse."

If there are any passages in this book of Poems entitled to positive commendation, we imagine the following lines will have the fairest claim to selection:

"Great is the power of Mem'ry's magic  
spell;  
Flood of long departed joys to tell:  
When thy strong arm, oh Health! the  
stripling brac'd,  
And ev'ry limb with pliant action grac'd,  
Oft have I clim'd the mountain's giddy  
height,  
And, eagle-ey'd, beheld thy visage bright;  
Thine energies before me went,  
And made me mock the perilous ascent:  
Swift as the rein-deer was my flight.  
Sublimely bending o'er the craggy brink,  
Thy power forbade th' advent'rous youth  
to shrink,  
Prompting to deeds of valour and of  
might:  
Upborne by thee, he gain'd yon lofty  
brow;—  
Thro' Mem'ry's prism I there behold  
thee now;  
I know thy steady, firm, majestic gait;  
I see the mountain nymphs around thee  
wait;  
I see thy lib'ral hand among them drop  
Its choicest gifts, and now I hear them  
hail  
Thee patron of the forest and the vale;  
But chief, thee, Goddess of the mountain  
top!"

We will not deny that Mr. L. possesses some powers of fancy, and discovers, in several instances, a faculty for poetical embellishment. His compositions might appear to some advantage in the Poet's corner of a gazette, or acquire popularity by choosing for their vehicle a pamphlet or hand-bill. But when they embody themselves in volumes, and march to our libraries, to "*hawk and size*," to use a military phrase, with Gray, Goldsmith, and Campbell, they then become the subjects of rigid inspection, and must not pass, unless they display the vigour of genius, united with the correctness of poetic discipline.

In an extensive poem, either of the epic or didactic kind, slight defects may be compensated by the prevalence of superior beauties. Genius diffuses a splendor that renders us almost regardless, if not insensible, of incidental blemishes. But in short occasional compositions, like those of the present volume, we expect almost uniformity of excellence; at all events, neatness and elegance are indispensable: destitute of these qualities, they will never be favoured with a second perusal. Some of the pieces are correct, without point or strength; but none of them conspicuous for originality of idea, beauty of simile, ingenuity of description, or harmony of verse. In their greatest efforts they hardly show themselves above the level of mediocrity; and it has been declared by the bard of Venusia, that

"*Mediocribus esse potius,  
Non domine, non Di, non concessisse columnas*"

#### ART. V.

*A Discourse on the death of General WASHINGTON, late President of the United States: Delivered on the 22d day of February, 1800, in the Church in Williamsburg. By*

James Madison, *D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, and President of William and Mary College. The 2d edition—corrected. 8vo. pp. 42. Printed in New-York, by T. & J. Swords, for W. Prichard, Richmond. 1800.*

**I** Have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," (2 Tim. iv. 7.) is the text prefixed to this discourse. After some very pertinent and judicious observations on the interesting spectacle of public mourning for the death of Washington, and the presage of future virtue and patriotism, which this spirit of national gratitude and admiration for his eminent talents and services affords, Dr. M. proceeds to consider the character of the illustrious deceased in three points of view—as a military commander—as the first civil magistrate—and as a private citizen.

Of the early exercises and preparation of Washington for the great part which he afterwards performed, Dr. M. thus speaks:

"The fatal battle in which Braddock fell was only the prelude to those torrents of blood, which flowed from the contest of two vast but rival powers. Washington, now commander of all the forces raised in Virginia, continued the career of military glory, which he had so happily commenced, until his constitution, naturally strong and robust, became debilitated, by incessant fatigue, and the unusual hardship to which he was exposed. He was thus compelled to retire from the service of his country, attended with the sincere regret of all his companions in arms. But this retirement was only a preparation for the august theatre upon which he was afterwards to appear. It would be delightful could we attend him in this retirement—could we here trace out the steps which his philosophic

mind pursued in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Hitherto Turenne, Marlborough, and Eugene, had been his preceptors. I know with what ardency, in the early stage of his life, he followed them through every campaign, retraced their battles, and thus served under those illustrious men. Washington has often been supposed to have made a Camillus, a Fabius, or an Emilius, his prototype. I believe that he was himself destined to be a high example to mankind, and that the native strength of his own mind soared above imitation; but still it is probable, that his knowledge in tactics was greatly perfected during this period of retirement, by cultivating an acquaintance with the most distinguished commanders of ancient and modern times. Nor can it be doubted, that politics, the true principles of all lawful governments, and especially the rights and interests of America, often occupied his active and penetrating mind. No one had a firmer hold of the chain of causes and effects. No one saw with more clearness the astonishing progress of America, in population and in wealth, or better knew how to estimate the operating causes. Perhaps his eagle-eye saw, that *this vast continent could not long revolve round a small spot in the ocean.* But, whatever may have been the presentiment of his mind, it is certain that in this retirement he cultivated all those social virtues which attach man to man, and faithfully discharged those duties which a good citizen owes to his country; nor is it less certain, that he continued, without interruption, the active friend of religion, and at no time forgetful of his God."

Dr. M. presents, in a rapid and eloquent narrative, the principal events of the war in which the American hero appeared with so much glory and success. These events are familiar to our readers—



but some circumstances, which relate to the last great achievement of the army, give additional lustre to the character of Washington. That last scene was reserved for Virginia. Her favourite son was destined, in her bosom, to receive the reward of all his toils; and to finish, in her sight, his career of military glory. I will not open wounds which are but just healed; I will not awake the feelings of the friend, the orphan, or the parent; nor will I call to mind the accumulated distress which mourned throughout this land. Suffice it to say, that a superior and a gallant foe, the conqueror of India, spread terror and desolation on every side. Washington saw the decisive moment; he saw that Providence had, at length, presented the opportunity of closing the sufferings of his country. With a decision, a profoundness of judgment, which astonishes, he projected, and formed, with his brave and generous allies, a plan apparently the most difficult in its execution, and which, to common apprehension, would have indicated only the feebleness of vanity and folly. A powerful enemy in New-York was to be kept in a state of alarm for his safety; allied troops were to be assembled at the same moment, not only from a distant quarter on the Continent, but from Islands still more remote; a fleet, which gallantry aided in the great design, was to second every movement; and to assume its place at the appointed time; his own troops, by rapid marches, were to ensure their arrival at the period affixed; the militia of Virginia, provisions of all kinds, were to be collected. How many powers were here to be combined! What difficulty in their arrangement! What prudence in adjusting means so discordant! What secrecy in the execution! The mind of Washington was superior to every difficulty. The hostile army beheld

themselves surrounded by a force, which ensured their captivity before they suspected the design. Nothing more clearly evinces the strength of mind which this extraordinary man possessed, than the sure calculation which he had made of the result of all his measures, and also of the consequences which would attend the success of this bold but well-concerted enterprise. Weak minds, ever vacillating, find their emblem in the aspin's leaf. They have no centre of repose. That of Washington was self-poised; it felt its own weight, and rested upon its own determinations. The Admiral of the allied forces hesitated whether he should keep the station assigned to him. America should often review the letter which Washington wrote to him from this city. Hear it, fellow-citizens:—"I am unable to describe the painful anxiety under which I have laboured since the reception of your letters. It obliges me warmly to urge a perseverance in the plan agreed upon. The attempt upon York, under the protection of your shipping, is as certain of success as a superior force, and a superiority of measures, can render any military operation. The capture of the British army is a matter so important in itself, and in its consequences, that it must greatly tend to put an end to the war."—After pointing out the certain and fatal event which would follow the removal of the allied fleet, he adds, "I earnestly beg your Excellency to consider, that, if by moving your fleet from the situation agreed upon, we lose the present opportunity, we shall never hereafter have it in our power to strike so decisive a blow, and the period of an honourable peace will be farther distant than ever." He then assures the Admiral, that he had nothing to fear from the fleet of the enemy, however superior, stationed as he was; and then concludes,

"I am to press your Excellency to persevere in the scheme so happily concerted between us."—This letter was the anchor of victory. Washington, with his brave allies, advanced to York. They came, they saw, they conquered!"

The character of Washington, as a statesman and civil magistrate, is, in the opinion of Dr. M. no less deserving of our admiration than that which belongs to him as a commander of armies. His system of national policy, and the means of securing our national happiness and prosperity, which he recommended and pursued, receives high and merited commendation.

"Was, then, Washington exempt from error? This," says Dr. M. "I do not say. He was a man; and, consequently, had the infirmities of man. But this I do believe, and think the whole tenor of his life justifies the belief—that, if he did err, his errors were never intentional. Human wisdom and human virtue claim no higher prerogative. To heaven only infallibility belongs. But though Washington may have erred, he had the merit of extracting glory even from his errors."

As a patriotic citizen, and in the shade of retirement, he is thus described by this eulogist:

"Humane, charitable, wise and just, in every situation, he was always consistent, always equal to himself, always evincing that rectitude of conduct was his sovereign good. The poor found, in him, a guardian; genius a patron; the honest and the meritorious a friend; the dissolute, the impious, and the profane, always an enemy. Sincerely religious, his attendance upon the service of his God was the dictate of real piety. Such his modesty, that whilst he was the admiration of all, he alone, like Moses, descended from the mount, seemed ignorant of the light which shone around him. Such his prudence; that not a word, not

an action escaped him, which would not admit of a rational justification. This singular character of reason accompanied him through life. Yes, brethren, it was in Washington that those four cardinal virtues, justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude, formed an union so rare and so complete. To these virtues was added an understanding the most clear and extensive. His various official communications, his addresses to his countrymen, his answers to the innumerable congratulations which he received, all of which are sufficient to form volumes; whatever came from his pen, whilst it was always distinguished by a style the most perspicuous, the most strong and manly, evinced, at the same time, a vast mind, a superior intellect, which could grasp every thing, and which laboured incessantly to promote public and private felicity."

Of the style of this discourse the reader will be enabled to judge from the extracts we have made. Its structure and arrangement are skillful and judicious, and the sentiments it contains such as will find an advocate in the bosom of every American.

The eloquence of Dr. M. is easy, animated, and flowing.—Often figurative and impassioned, he may be thought, by the cool observer, in a few instances, to transcend the bounds of metaphorical propriety.

His performance will, doubtless, be ranked among the few which merit to be preserved, as having done honour to the memory of the great patriot of America.

#### ART. VI.

*Report of the trial of Levi Weeks, on an indictment for the murder of Guilielma Sands, on Monday, March 31, and Tuesday, April 1, 1866.*

*Taken in short-hand by the Clerk of the Court. 8vo. pp. 98. New-York. J. Furman. 1800.*

**L**ITTLE need be said of this performance, besides announcing it. On the nature of the evidence, and the propriety of the verdict of the jury, we must not assume the province of judging. The fidelity of this narrative can be fully known to, and nicely estimated only by those who were present, and attentive to the trial. To us, as far as we can judge, it seems to be accurately taken.

Performances of this kind are of great value to those who delight to survey or to depict the genuine face of human affairs, and the scenery of humble and domestic life. Their importance is, perhaps, enhanced, in our own country, by their rarity; and this importance will be still greater if this trial should prove, as is predicted by some warm admirers of the reformed system of punish-

ment, the last that shall take place for a capital offence, in the State of New-York.

Many will scarcely flatter themselves that its non-occurrence, in future, will flow from the purity of our manners. The best foundation will be, the persuasion that mankind will come shortly to discover that murder does not deserve a capital punishment any more than other crimes.

#### ART. VII.

*Report of the trial of Richard D. Croucher, on an indictment for a rape, on Margaretta Miller, July 8, 1800. Taken in short-hand. 8vo. pp. 28. New-York. G. Forman. 1800.*

**T**HE above remarks are nearly as applicable to this as to the foregoing publication. The subject is a shocking one, and we were glad to get through the story.

### SELECTIONS.

*Remarks on various Causes which seem to affect the Climate of North-America, in those level Countries which are less influenced by Frost than the more Mountainous parts; by Col. Tatham.*

**I**N the first part of these remarks (inserted in the last month's Magazine), I have endeavoured to take a view of such phenomena of frost as occurred to me in North-America, in hopes to obtain some degree of information concerning the means whereby it may be supposed to influence the climate of that continent: I did not deem it pertinent to involve wholly the cause of agriculture, by considering, in the same paper, what various effects are

produced by frost, which have a tendency to ameliorate the soil.

It seems proper to notice other, and various causes which seem to affect the climate of the low and level countries in the southern parts of the United States; and which have a tendency to enervate the human frame, and to sap the constitution of man. Indeed, in the latter view, it is somewhat requisite to distinguish the *absolute* effects which govern the climate, from the *relative* effects of our own imprudence; for we frequently ascribe evils to climate which are imputable to others, because the imputation affords a kind of apology for the pleasure which we take in deceiving ourselves,

Taking thus a double view of the subject, we may class the causes which influence the climate, and which concern the health of man, under the terms *absolute* and *relative*.

In considering the local and permanent causes, which I conceive to be the chief agents which govern the climate, I venture to rank the following under the head of

*Absolute causes which affect the Climate.*

1. An extensive scope of level country which is subjected to the vehement heat of the sun, in consequence of a fair and open southern exposure; which is sheltered by an immense chain of mountains on the north-west, by means whereof it is prevented from enjoying those cool and purifying winds which are appropriate to higher regions on the one hand; while the course of the sea-breezes is intercepted on the other by the elevated part of the country, on which account such winds become faint and exhausted, before any considerable rarefaction of the atmosphere is produced.

2. The powerful influence of the sun, reflected vehemently by a sandy soil, which prevails throughout the greater proportion of the level countries.

3. A great extent of low and swampy country, retaining much stagnant water, from whence noxious vapours are continually exhaled by the rays of the sun; to which cause we may chiefly ascribe the principal intermittents, tertian, and epidemic disorders, with which the inhabitants are afflicted.

4. The hot and disagreeable effluvia which are emitted by noxious trees and weeds; and which exhale more universally from the abundant mass of decaying leaves and vegetables, during the season of autumn.

Such appear to me to be the most powerful of self-acting causes, which may be properly said to affect the climate; it follows, to view the distinction which I have drawn under the head of

*Relative causes which affect the health of man.*

1. An inordinate use of impure water, often charged with earthy particles, animalcula both living and dead, noxious vegetable substances, mineral and poisonous impregnations, &c.

2. A too frequent and mistaken use of ardent spirits, both imported and home-distilled; and a neglect to promote that more nourishing beverage which is to be found in malt and fermented liquors, which prove so beneficial to the health of Europeans, and which every part of America has a capacity to produce at certain seasons.

3. An incautious exposure to alternate heats and colds, wet and dry, dews, &c.

4. The attraction of the leaves, which are said, in wood-land parts, to injure the human colour; and which as reasonably may be supposed to inhale the animal juices.

5. The customary diet of salted meat, hot bread, and cold water, which is used inordinately in every possible state of the blood.

6. A common residence in their weather-boarded and single-built houses, exposed as much as possible to the heat of the sun.

It will be recollected that, in my first number on this subject, I have hinted at our mistaken habit of subscribing to the limited principles laid down by early discoverers, who have adopted an uniform mode of judging the American climates by the degrees of latitude in which places are respectively situated; without regard to the regulations of altitude, or the more mo-

dern observations of those who have become intimately acquainted with the interior position of the land. I flatter myself that new ideas will from hence arise, and that we shall be enabled, by inquiry, to give a due weight to certain absolute agents, whose co-operation adds an inherent quality or two which it is impossible to disengage, until the whole country becomes improved by a more adult state of cultivation.

To understand this topic more clearly, it will be found convenient to analyze the topography which concerns it; for, although navigators and historians have informed us that the more northern latitudes of the American coast afford the most agreeable climate, and that such as is most suitable to European constitutions, yet they have left us much to learn in respect to the multitude of principles which combine in the composition of such a climate; and have given us no clue to decide whether a climate of equal salubrity does not exist in the *more elevated* regions of a southern latitude. Now, whosoever casts his eye upon a tolerable map of the American continent, will readily perceive certain circumstances in the interior of the country which cannot fail to give a salubrious air to the eastern States, if the philosophical principles which I have heretofore adduced are to be depended upon: the coasts of the continent, for instance, from the mouth of the river St. Lawrence to Sandy-Hook, southwardly, are respectively near to high land, and at no great distance from the main ridge of dividing mountains which separate the streams of the Atlantic Ocean from the waters of the river St. Lawrence: this grand sewer of the whole Canadian countries, again, is still nearer to these dividing moun-

tains; and Lake Erie (which is the *lowest* water of the upper country) cannot be much less than three hundred feet perpendicular above the level of Lake Ontario, which is at the very head of the great river St. Lawrence. Hence it is exceedingly clear to me, that nothing impedes the free circulation of the winds, nor the action of cold, in the purification of the atmosphere.

But when we take our departure, southwardly, from the highlands of Neversink, and those of Staten-Island, we bid adieu to an elevated country, and pursue a level coast from hence to the gulf of Mexico; for the entrance to New-York is the last southern latitude where the high lands approach the sea; and from hence they take a south-western direction, in broken hills and continued high chains, until they join the Allegheny and Appalaches, and terminate among the sources of the Tombigbe and Alabama rivers on the one hand, approaching the Mississippi on the other, not very far below its confluence with the Ohio.

Now, for the better elucidation of the degrees of climate which prevail through this vast extent of level country, which is greatly sheltered from the dissipating blast by a lofty chain of hills, which describe its boundary on the one side, while the ocean adjusts its limits upon the opposite extreme, I will endeavour to give a scale of distances, as nearly as my recollection of the premises will permit me to ascertain the longitudinal admeasurements and direct lines to the sources of the respective rivers, and between the banks of the ocean and the *little* mountains, or first highland countries, which these respective lines will approach in their transit over the level lands.

*a Table of direct lines, from given points upon the ocean, to the first high-land intersections; and from the mouths of the chief rivers to their sources in the principal mountains.*

Places upon the coast.	N. Latitude.	Longitudinal miles to high land.	River line to high land.	Miles to the Source.	Remarks.
Never sink	40 0 25	0	miles.		High land at sea.
Cape Henlopen	38 0 46	125	100	200	Up Delaware river.
Cape Henry	36 0 57	200	200	250	Up James river.
Albemarle Sound	36 0 0	200	200	230	Up Roanoke river.
Cape Hatteras	35 7 50	300	150	Hills.	Up Neuse river.
Cape Fear river	34 0 0	300	200	250	Up Cape Fear river.

From the latitude of Cape Fear to the southward; the country falls off still more level, and the lines of latitude nearly miss the highlands (a degree or two excepted); but in respect to the width of the level country, a line drawn from the mouths of the several principal rivers to their sources, may be computed at about the following distances, viz.

From the mouth of Pee Dee river to its source, 200 miles.—

From the mouth of Santee river to its source, 200.—From the mouth of Savannah river to its source, 200.

From the mouth of Alatamah river to its source, 250.—From the mouth of (in the gulf of Mexico) Appalachicola river to its source, 300.—From the mouth of (in the gulf of Mexico) Alabama river to its source, 300.—From the mouth of (in the gulf of Mexico) Mississippi river, following its general course to the falls, say 1000.

Ditto to its source, say 1500.

The greatest part of all these respective distances may be classed as level country; and much contained in it (without estimating the peninsula of East-Florida, which covers six degrees of latitude, from 25 to 31 inclusive), is interspersed with mountains, swamps, and lagoons, retaining many stagnant waters.

It will be hence perceived among the absolute causes which may be supposed to influence a climate, Vol. III. No. I.

that in such a vast scope of low-situated country as I have described, it is not easy for any wind to make so permanent an impression as would be demanded for a complete purification of the atmosphere for when a sea-breeze blows, it meets the resistance of the solid mass of the mountains, and must become exhausted for want of sufficient vacuum (if I may so term it) to increase its velocity, as would happen in crossing an island; and if the more elevated north-west wind blows, it must either pass over in too high an altitude to dispel the noxious vapours, or become expended in the heated atmosphere at so great a distance from the summit of frigidity, which is described in my former essay.

I apprehend the powerful influence of the sun, when reflected vehemently by the sandy soil, which composes the greater proportion of these territories, to be an agent which has no small share in the governance of the climate. Those whose heated blood has been often exposed (like mine) to journeys through its mid-day splendour, will be able to testify what is the probable effect by the experience of their own sensations.

When to this effect on the atmosphere we add the pestilential influence of noxious vapours, which continually arise from those swampy parts which are highly loaded with

stagnant impurities, I apprehend we may find other causes than a mere solstitial predominance, unto which we may venture to assign the imputation of these unwholesome climates; and, when we take into the estimate the noxious effluvia which must arise from poisonous weeds and trees, which doubtless exist abundantly amidst such innumerable variety in these extensive forests, and the quantity of vegetable matter which undergoes the annual fermentations of autumn, we shall be less surprised at the prevalence of the ague, and of those periodical fevers which make their annual appearance with the fall of the leaf, and vanish at the presence of frost.

It is however a great consolation to the inhabitants of the southern States, that the climate is found to improve with the progress of cultivation, and that a capacity for a perfect drainage, by an easy system, gives an assurance that a purification of the atmosphere will keep pace with the axe and plough.

In such a country as this, and where the middle and upper region of what I have termed the level country of the southern States, are blessed with a mild degree of temperature, and abundant streams of pure water in its natural condition, what may not be expected when the lower lands become drained, and the stagnant ponds are converted into verdant meadows?

Under all these flattering prospects is it not still to be lamented that man should remain subject to the dominion of inattention and evil habits; or that relative causes should still exist to affect his health,

and that these should be mistakenly ascribed to the banefulness of the climate? There is nothing more striking to reflection, than an inattentive, inordinate use of impure water; yet nothing is more generally used to allay the thirst of the common labourers;\* and this often in a very heated condition of the body. This element may, however, be easily cleansed and rendered salubrious, if people will but attend to it. The Chinese† put a small piece of alum in the hollow tube of a cane, which is perforated with several holes; with this instrument the muddy water is stirred a few minutes, and the earthy particles being speedily precipitated, leave the water above them pure and clear.

A more effectual method has lately been invented by Mr. Peacock, at Guildhall, for purifying water by filtration *per ascensum*; the medium made use of is approximate to that by which nature operates; and the capacity of a machine of twenty guineas price, is certified, by a committee of Captains, to whom Admiral Sir Peter Parker has lately referred the subject, to have proved capable, upon experiment, of clarifying at the rate of seven hundred gallons of turbid water in twenty-four hours. It is to be wished that such an invention as this may meet with general notice; and, particularly, in such climates as the one we are describing.

This inconvenience, however, to which the poorer people are often necessarily subjected, is no palliative for the opposite error, which is too frequently committed by those who

\* Drinking cold water imprudently, is often fatal in America: even those who are *seasoned to the country*, are frequently, by this means, carried off with a *cholera morbus*; and the poorer class of emigrants, from Ireland and other parts of Europe, are still greater sufferers by it. In Philadelphia, where the wells are deep and cold, and the pumps stationary along the streets, these instances are frequent. In 1794, I saw several die in the streets by the pumps; and I have been told, that not less than fifty fell there, in one hot day, by this imprudence.

† Staunton's Embassy to China, Vol. ii. p. 68.

can better afford a mixture of ardent spirits; and who, too often, suffer the bewitching habit to precipitate them into bilious complaints, which are not less fatal than those which proceed from the last-mentioned impurities; yet each of them falsely and equally ascribed to the malignancy of the climate.

When it is considered that the greater part of the southern States are covered with woods, and that, in many instances, the tall grass and abundant foliage of the bushes render these almost impervious, it will be easily perceived that they afford an ample harbour for the dews; and that these, being collected in greater quantities than in the open countries of Europe, and being retained by the bushes and trees in successive heights from the ground, and bending the bushes over the roads and paths which pass from one plantation to another, whereby they wet and draggle both those on foot and upon horseback, whose occasions call them early out of doors: and when we subjoin the irregular exposures to heat and cold, wet and dry, as it may happen, to which those whose active avocations stir them much abroad must be continually subjected, we shall readily conceive a more pernicious condition than that to which the English farmer is accustomed, and may add one more relative cause to the impressions of climate. It is said further, that the frequent shade of the trees, to which the southern people are constantly subjected in passing about, produces a very visible alteration in their complexion: certain it is, that the inhabitants of those latitudes who are thus exposed, are of a more pale and delicate complexion than those who reside more northwardly; but certain it is, also, that the difference is so great between the narrow strip of land which is confined between the ocean and the river St. Lawrence,

and the vast expanse between the ocean and the Mississippi, that a difference in population and improvement will be easily accounted for: I myself, who have at this day as florid a complexion as most natives of the north of England, although I have been twenty-five years exposed to continual vicissitudes in that climate, have often discovered a wonderful difference in my own countenance, while I lived in the habits and country which I have described. Added to these relations, the general mode of living is, perhaps, less natural to the human constitution, than that which is practised in England. The planters live generally upon salted meat, chiefly bacon, *hot* bread, and drink much cold spring water: those who assume a style of dissipation, make equally free with ardent spirits and Madeira wine. The national economy would, perhaps, find it turn to good account, if these fashionable foreign luxuries were bartered for home-brewed beer, and cyder, with which the country abounds; and I am persuaded this alteration would sound to the credit of the climate.

There remains yet one circumstance which has made a very forcible impression upon my mind, in regard to the imputations against the climate, although it seems to escape common observation: I mean the preference which is given to single-built wooden houses; and particularly those which are under, or do not exceed the pitch of dormant windows. These houses are constructed of weather-board plank, or of clap-boards (which are a thin kind split by malling), and nailed upon the outside of the frame, frequently without any inner ceiling or wainscoating at all; and, when the heat of the sun has made a full day's impression upon them, which the length of the night is insufficient to cool, they become a perfect



oven for the purpose of baking living animals gradually; and, so far as my experience of many restless years goes, I conceive the tossing and tumbling throughout the night to be a satisfactory proof, that a child who is destined by habit to spend his life in a clap-board house, begins to die, by inches as it were, from the moment in which he is born.

On the contrary, I have no doubt that life may be greatly prolonged in these climates by the adoption of double houses, with thick walls of brick or stone, which will thus resist the impression of the sun, and leave always a cool part to retire to. I have had a satisfactory proof of this fact, by two years residence in the building called the capitol, at Richmond in Virginia, where I have known the thermometer at one hundred and eight degrees; and, what gives an advantage to this kind of building is, that they are free from those damps which are experienced in England.

*Account of the Swedish Island of St. Bartholomew, in the West-Indies.*

ST. Bartholomew is a small island, belonging to Sweden, in the West Indies, lying at a little distance from St. Eustatia and St. Christopher. A Swedish writer gives the following account of it, in a publication entitled, "*A Voyage to the Islands of St. Martin, St. Eustatia, and St. Christopher; undertaken at the expense of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm.*"

The island of St. Bartholomew is about four leagues in length, and a league in breadth. Although it abounds with mountains, it is entirely destitute, not only of lakes and rivers, but even of springs. The inhabitants preserve the rain-water in cisterns; but are neverthe-

less obliged to procure water from St. Christopher, for which they often pay twelve livres per ton.

The only port in the island, is *Le Carenage*, near which stands *Gustavia*, the sole town in the colony. This port is situated on the western side, and has excellent moorings. Vessels, indeed, that draw more than nine feet, cannot enter it; but it will contain a hundred vessels, an advantage that is not to be found either at St. Eustatia, or St. Christopher. The bay of *Colombier* is deep enough for large ships; but it has no town on its banks. *Le Carenage* had no town belonging to it before the island was in possession of Sweden.

The climate is in general healthy; but, at certain times of the year, the weather is variable. During nine months it is very pleasant; for, though the sun is burning, there is generally a breeze that cools and purifies the air, and is extremely refreshing. If it were not for this almost constant breeze, the climate would be unhealthy. Hurricanes prevail from the middle of July, till the middle of October, during which time the wind changes so rapidly as to visit every point of the compass within ten or twelve minutes.

The population of the island is much increased since it belonged to Sweden. At *Gustavia* are to be found Swedes, English, French, Danes, Americans, and Jews.—With the exception of a very few, the planters are French. The food of the negroes here is so scanty as, in many cases, to be insufficient for nourishment; and their clothing is wretched, indeed it can scarcely be called such, leaving the body exposed to all the evils it can encounter from nakedness, and, among the rest, to the juice of the *mancemillier*, which corrodes and burns the flesh like *aqua-fortis*.

The stature of the inhabitants varies according to the different nations from which they are sprung. The natives of the country are strong and robust, but more especially the men. The women are comparatively slight and feeble, which is the effect of the indolent lives they lead. They are never employed in any kind of labour, and remain in a sitting posture during the greater part of the day. If any thing happens to fall from their hand, they call a slave to take it up; and slaves are constantly employed to keep off the flies and insects that would incommode them. The natives are very little subject to illness, and generally live to an old age.

Fresh provisions, flour, dried fish, and salted meat are brought from the continent of America to this island; and the sea furnishes it with fish of various kinds. They have wheaten bread here, besides a kind of bread peculiar to the country.

The houses are made of wood, and there are but a few that have the lower part of stone. Some of them are raised upon four stone pillars, so that the wind can pass underneath. The windows are simply openings in the wall, with window-shutters, or lattices.

St. Bartholomew, as well as the neighbouring islands, is a magazine for American and European merchandize. Vessels arrive daily to deliver their cargoes, and take in others. The plantations that abound the most there, are those of cotton, which succeed very well. The practice of the planters is, to sow four or five grains of the seed in a hole, and when the plants appear, they pluck all up but the strongest. After the first crop they cut down the branches, and the plant pushes out new shoots which bear like the original stem; but, after the second crop, the seeds must be again sown. Aloes are

planted round the plantations for fences; they are placed in a straight line, and as close together as possible. When these fences have arrived at maturity, they are impenetrable, either by men or animals. The aloe grows to a great height, and spreads very much, the leaves being often from four to five feet in length. When the aloe has blossomed and borne fruit, it dies; but the planters take care to prevent any void in the fence.

Law-suits, in general, are determined in this island according to the Swedish code. There are cases, however, in which the custom of India is followed. As to the punishments inflicted on slaves, almost every proprietor has a different method. The slaves, scarcely receiving nourishment to keep them alive, overburdened with labour, and daily receiving strokes of the whip, frequently desert; in which case, the proprietor has a right to inflict discretionary punishment on the slave he recovers. On ordinary occasions, the culprit is laid upon his face on the ground, stripped quite naked, with his hands tied to the wheels of a cannon, and his feet extended and bound to two posts. He who inflicts the punishment, is armed with a whip from twelve to fourteen feet in length, but with a very short handle: he places himself at some distance, and, at every stroke, produces a noise like the report of a pistol; and long stripes of skin, and frequently of the flesh itself, are torn off by the whip. The punishment extends to thirty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred lashes.

The Negroes excel in dances, which consist of a great variety of figures and movements of the body, that it is difficult, and almost impossible, for Europeans to imitate; even Creoles attain them with great difficulty, while the Negroes easily learn European dances. On the last

Sunday of every month battles are fought with cocks, which occasion considerable betting.

The coins used in this island are the moidore and the piastre; they have also a fictitious money, called the pisovett, which is worth something more than two thirds of a piastre, and a small silver coin called a dogg, and a coin called a bitt, of the value of six doggs. The piastres are the most in use. The inhabitants frequently cut them into two or four parts. When they are divided into four pieces, two of them are always larger than the others; the larger are of the value of three bitts, and the smaller of two bitts and a half.

The author finishes his account with a very long and circumstantial catalogue of the natural productions of the island, which are much more numerous than would be imagined,

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*On the Method of extracting the different kinds of Turpentine, Galipot, Colophony, &c. By M. Monenglane.*

THE pine from which these substances are extracted, is never fit for this operation till it be thirty years of age. The extraction is begun in February, and continued to the end of October. Incisions are made with an hatchet, beginning at the foot of the tree on one side, and rising successively: they are repeated once or twice a week, the size about one finger's breadth across, and three or four inches long. During the four years in which it is continued, the incisions have risen to about eight or nine feet. Then the incisions are begun on the other side, and during this time the old ones fill up, and may be again opened after some years, so that a tree on a good soil, and well managed, may yield turpen-

tine for a century. At the bottom of the tree, under the incision, a hole is dug in the ground to receive the resin which flows from the tree. This resin is called *terebinthine brut*, is of a milky colour, and is that which flows during the three summer months; it requires further purification.

The winter crop is called *harras galipot*, or white resin: it sticks to the bark of the tree, when the heat has not been strong enough to let it flow into the trough in the ground. It is scraped off with iron knives.

*Purification of the Turpentine.*

This is done in two methods: that at Bayonne is to have a copper cauldron which will hold 300lb. of materials fixed over a fire, and the flame circulating at the bottom of the copper. The turpentine is put in, melted with a gentle heat, and, when liquid, it is strained through a straw basket, made for the purpose, and stretched over a barrel, which receives the strained turpentine. This purification gives it a golden colour, and may be performed at all times of the year.

The second manner, which is practised only in the mountain of De Buch, near Bordeaux, consists in having a large tub, seven or eight feet square, and pierced with small holes at the bottom, set upon another tub to catch the liquor. This is exposed to the hottest sun for the whole day, filled two-thirds with turpentine, which, as it melts, falls through the holes, and leaves the impurities behind. This pure turpentine is less golden coloured, and is much more esteemed than the other. This process can only be done in the summer.

*Oil of Turpentine. (Huile essentielle de Terebinthine.)*

An alembic, with a worm like what is used by the distillers, is employed here. It generally contains

250lb. of turpentine, which is boiled gently, and kept at the boiling point till no more oil passes, when the fire is damped. This generally gives 60lb. of oil, and the operation lasts one day.

*Residue of this Distillation.*

The boiling turpentine, when it will give no more oil, is tapped off from the still and flows into a tub, and from thence into a mould of sand, which it fills, and is suffered to cool for at least two days without disturbing it. This residue is known under the name of *bray-sec*, or *colophony*, *colophonie*. It is of a brown colour and very dry. It may be made clearer and nearer in colour to that of the resin, by adding hot water to it before it is tapped off the still, and still boiling and stirring the water well with it, which is done with a besom of wet straw; and it is then sold for rosin, but is little esteemed, as it contains no essential oil.

*Purification of the Galipot.*

This is purified in the same manner as the turpentine, *i. e.* by liquefying in a copper boiler by a gentle heat, and filtering through straw. As the essential oil is not distilled from it afterwards, it remains constantly of a thick consistence, and then takes the name of Yellow or Burgundy Pitch, *Poix Jaune*, *Poix de Bourgogne*.

*Yellow Rosin. (Resin Jaune.)*

This is made with galipot, and in the same vessel. It is liquified with a gentle heat, being often stirred to prevent burning, and evaporated to the requisite consistence, and passed through a straw filter. It is then black, but this colour is taken away by adding to it eight or ten pints of boiling water, and stirring it constantly till cold. It acquires, by this operation, the fine yellow colour for which

it is so much esteemed. It is then cast into moulds for sale.

*Black Pitch. (Poix Noire.)*

This is made out of the refuse of rosin and turpentine, such as will not pass through the straw filter, and the cuttings around the incision on the tree. These materials are put into a boiler, six or seven feet in circumference, and eight or ten high. Fuel is laid around the top, and the materials, as they melt, flow through a channel cut in the fire-place into a tub half filled with water. It is at that time very red, and almost liquid. To give this a proper consistence, it is put in a cauldron placed in a furnace, and boiled down in the same manner as rosin, but it requires much less precaution, and double the time. It is then poured into moulds of earth, and forms the best kind of black pitch, *poix noire*.

*Bray Gras and Bastard Pitch. (Poix batarde.)*

Bray Gras is a mixture of equal parts of *bray sec*, or *colophony* of black pitch and tar, (*goudron*.) They are boiled down together and put into barrels of pine wood, forming a substance of a very liquid consistence, and called *bray gras*. If, on the contrary, it is desired of a thicker consistence, a greater proportion of *colophony* is added, and it is cast in moulds. It is then called *poix batarde*.

Hence it appears that there are three kinds of pitch in commerce, of which the first (*poix noire*) should be preferred for pharmacy, being blacker and more brittle.

*Tar. (Gourdon.)*

To make tar, trees already exhausted by incisions are taken, the wood is cut in small pieces and suffered to dry. They are generally cut in the winter and not used till the summer, that season being the

best for making tar. The wood thus prepared, is put on the hearth of a furnace of the shape of a truncated cone, and piled up in a conical heap, and on the outside of the centre cone another heap, inclosing the former, and so on till the fire-place is full, when the top is covered with turf, and the wood kindled on all sides. As it heats, its resin filters downwards upon the hearth of the fire-place, and is collected in a hollow in the middle, whence a subterranean passage leads to an external reservoir. This tar is called *goudron de Chalosse*, because it is packed up in barrels made of chesnut wood, which come from that place.

Seven or eight days are required for each operation.

Tar is also procured, and with more advantage, from the roots and suckers of the same trees. It is made in the same manner, and is more esteemed, but it requires that these roots should lie exposed to the air for ten or twelve years after they are cut.

There is also another way of making tar from larger pieces of wood, about five or six feet long. The pitch-furnace is filled with them, and they are then set on fire, but this tar is less esteemed than the other, being harder. This method is, therefore, only used when there is not wood enough to fill the tar-furnace.

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*Method of preparing Cheese in the Lodesan, commonly called Parmesan Cheese. Annales de Chimie.*

THE size of these cheeses varies from sixty to one hundred and eighty pounds, depending considerably on the number of cows in each dairy.

During the heat of summer, cheese is made every day; but, in

the cooler months, milk will keep longer, and cheese is made every other day. The summer cheese, which is the best, is made of the evening milk, after having been skimmed in the morning and at noon; mixed with the morning milk after having been skimmed at noon. Both kinds of milk are poured together into a copper cauldron, capable of holding about one hundred and thirty gallons, of the shape of an inverted bell, and suspended on the arm of a lever, so as to be moved off and on the fire at pleasure. In this cauldron the milk is gradually heated to the temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees; it is now removed from the fire, and kept quiet for five or six minutes. When all internal motion has ceased, the *rennet* is added; this substance is composed of the stomach of a calf, fermented together with wheaten meal and salt; and the method of using it is to tie a piece of the size of a hazle-nut in a rag, and steep it in the milk, squeezing it from time to time. In a short time a sufficient quantity of rennet passes through the rag into the milk, which is now to be well stirred, and afterwards left at rest to coagulate.

In about an hour the coagulation is complete, and then the milk is again put over the fire, and raised to a temperature of about one hundred and forty-five degrees. During all the time it is heating, the mass is briskly agitated till the curd separates in small lumps; part of the whey is then taken out, and a few pinches of saffron are added to the remainder, in order to colour it. When the curd is thus broken sufficiently small, nearly the whole of the whey is taken out, and two pails full of cold water are poured in; the temperature is thus lowered, so as to enable the dairy-man to collect the curd by passing a cloth beneath it, and gathering it up at

the corners; the curd is now pressed into a frame of wood, like a bushel without a bottom, placed on a solid table, and covered by a round piece of wood with a great stone at the top. In the course of the night it cools, assumes a firm consistence, and parts with the whey: the next day one side is rubbed with salt, and the succeeding day the cheese is turned, and the other side rubbed in the same manner: this alternate salting of each side is practised for about forty days. After this period, the outer crust of the cheese is pared off, the fresh surface is varnished with linseed oil, the convex side is coloured red, and the cheese is fit for sale.

*Private life of WASHINGTON.*

**I**T was his custom to rise at dawn of day, and to read or write until breakfast; which he usually made on three small hoe cakes, and as many dishes of tea: From breakfast until his hour of dressing for dinner, he usually employed in visiting his different farms. He commonly dined on a single dish, and drank five or six glasses of wine; this, with a glass of punch or beer, and tea before sun-down, constituted his whole sustenance until next day. His table was daily prepared for company, whether he had them or not.—After dinner, it was his custom to pass an hour at table in convivial conversation. He perfectly relished a sally of wit, or a pleasant story, and after this sociable and innocent relaxation, he applied himself to business until about nine o'clock, when he retired to rest. This was his family routine; but when company were present, he politely attended them until they wished to withdraw. Much of his time was necessarily devoted to the literary characters

both in Europe and America, who were ambitious of his correspondence, as well as to the perusal of newspapers, periodical publications, and other literary productions, sent him by the authors on both sides of the Atlantic; and to the investigation of natural curiosities and mechanical inventions, submitted for his approbation: with the utmost benignity did he take notice of this vast variety of subjects, which claimed his attention.

*The following curious Account was given by Lyman Spalding, the Chemical Professor at Dartmouth College, to the Editor of a Gazette. He vouches for the truth of every particular, and adds, that this strangely assorted Family has since been sold for 118 dollars, and been sent to Europe.*

THE RAT.

*"The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb, and Nations learn war no more."*

**A** FEW weeks since, a Mr. Shortridge, of Dartmouth, (N. H.) found a nest of young rats, four of which were milk white, the others of the common colour. Two of the white ones are now kept in a cage; they very much resemble the weasel; their eyes are of the garnet red, but whether this be owing to disease, from their unnatural situation and aliment, I cannot say—they are now nearly half grown, very sprightly, and really beautiful.

One from the same nest, but of the common colour, was given to a cat with young kittens; she took it up very carefully in her mouth, and carried it into her box; the young rat, allured to the breast by the scent of the milk, partook of nourishment from its natural enemy the cat, whose ferocious heart

was melted by the innocent and helpless orphan, to foster it as one of her natural offspring. She now takes the utmost care of it, washing, playing with, and suckling it as one of her kittens; the rat acknowledges her, and flees to her for refuge and protection; when taken from the box she follows, takes it up in her mouth, carrying it in again. The young rat and kittens

play together in the greatest harmony, shewing no inimical disposition, though they sometimes quarrel for their birth-right; the young rat sets on your hand, washes itself, and adjusts its hair with the utmost familiarity. But still it is the rat, he looks and peeps about for small holes and crevices, in which he is very fond of skulking.

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DOMESTIC.

WE learn that proposals are issued, by Mr. Woodward, of Philadelphia, for publishing a fourth volume, as a supplement to the third volume of the works of Dr. Witherspoon, already printed, agreeable to his original proposal. This supplementary volume will contain Dr. W.'s "Lectures on Theology," and several pieces never before published.

Dr. Barton has published his "Memoir concerning the Disease of the Goitre, as it prevails in different parts of North-America," in a pamphlet containing about ninety pages 8vo.

### *Culture of the Vine in the U. States.*

During fifteen years, Peter Legaux, of Springmill, thirteen miles N. N. W. of Philadelphia, has been engaged in cultivating vines. He propagates the kinds which, in France, produce the Champagne, Burgundy, and Bourdeaux wines; and that which, at the Cape of Good Hope, affords the Constantia wine. In the year 1793, he had his first vintage from the three former, which are now naturalized to the American soil. Mr. Legaux declares it as the result of his experience, that the 40th degree of

latitude N. on the atlantic side of America, in point of vegetation and general temperature, is like the 48th or 49th in Europe. His vines have so thriven and increased, that they have afforded not only liquors to drink, but, at this time, they abound with shoots for cuttings, to plant and rear other vineyards. For the purpose of encouraging the cultivation of vines, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on the 7th of March, 1800, passed an act, appointing fifteen Commissioners to procure subscriptions for raising a capital in shares, to be applied to the furtherance of this object. After one thousand shares are subscribed, the company is to be incorporated. Each share is fixed at twenty dollars. The Commissioners express their conviction, that the Americans have it in their power to supply themselves with wine of their own growth, equal in strength and flavour, and superior in wholesomeness and purity, to any which they can import. The means by which they are attempting to accomplish this are, first, by raising in their own vineyards a constant supply of the plants, of the best species of vines, to be distributed abundantly, and on easy terms, throughout the country. Secondly, by training

a number of vine-dressers, who, having acquired the necessary skill, shall be capable of attending to, and teaching the cultivation of the vine, in any part of the country to which they may be called; and giving instruction in the arts of making wine, brandy, and vinegar, from the juice of the grape.

*Perpetual Sea-Log, for determining, with greater certainty, the Longitude.*

A machine has been invented, by Mr. Gould, for measuring, with more correctness than by the common log, the velocity of a ship's passage through the water. It is constructed entirely of brass, and consists of a hollow cylinder, thro' which the water can flow with the greatest ease; in the centre of which is hung an axis, with three arms and wings, fixed to such a degree of obliquity, that they are made to revolve by the pressure of the water on their sides as it passes through. The motion thus produced is communicated to a connection of wheels and pinions, turning slower and slower, in rates so proportioned, that one revolution of the first measures 1-10th of a sea-mile—of the second, one whole mile—of the third, ten miles—and of the fourth, one hundred miles, &c. in a decimal ratio. This invention is said to obviate all objections made to the common log, except as to the measurement of currents, and to be little liable to get out of order. As it is kept continually overboard, all that is necessary is to take it in for inspection at every new course. A patent has been obtained for it.

*Patent for diminishing Expense and Friction in Machines, by means of Lead.*

Letters patent have been recently obtained by William Shotwell, of Bridgetown, New-Jersey, for his discovery of a repulsive power in

lead, and in alloys of lead and tin, whereby they are less subjected to wear and waste by friction than iron and the harder metals are. The patentee proposes to avail himself of this repellant quality of lead, to lessen attrition and cost in the blocks of pulleys, in the boxes of carriage-wheels, in the supports for mill-gudgeons, and in similar cases. Experiments which have been made, warrant the belief that Mr. Shotwell's discovery may be applied to a multitude of useful purposes.

*Peculiarity of the Male Parent manifesting itself in his Offspring.*

A man lately resided in New-York, who, besides the four fingers belonging to the human hand, possessed, on each hand, a fifth, which was connected with the hand at the junction of the little-finger to the metacarpal bone. From this spot it grew out laterally at about a right angle from the outside of the hand and from the little-finger. It was smaller than that finger, but was furnished with a nail. The wife of this man was a healthy woman, without any bodily peculiarity; yet, the children she bore, though healthy and well-made in other respects, had the monstrous appendages to their hands, in the same places, and after the same manner, that their father had.

*Specimen of Sulphureous Minerals from the Solfatarra.*

The Mineralogical Society of New-York has received several specimens from Italy, which illustrate the formation of strata of gypsum.

1. Amorphous native brimstone.
2. Crystallized sulphur.
3. Brimstone mingled with calcareous earth, in the form of a sulphure of lime, or calcareous hepar.
4. Oxygenated sulphur combined with lime into a true plaster-stone, or gypsum.

In this latter are still to be seen bits



of sulphur in their native state, not yet acidified, and filling up the holes of the plaster of Paris. Thus, in this series of specimens, can it be seen how strata of *carbonate of lime*, or common limestone, in the Sol-faterra, shall, by the oxygenation of the sulphur in its immediate vicinity, part with its fixed air by the powerful attraction of another acid, and turn to a *sulphate of lime*, or plaster of Paris.

*Facts in Natural History—*noted during the Summer and Autumn of 1799, by S. L. M.

1. *A Locust-Tree putting forth Blossoms a second time, after having been struck with Lightning.*

A locust-tree (*robinia pseud-acacia*), after flowering-time, was struck with lightning. The stroke was very violent, and, apparently, deprived it of life. The leaves withered, and the foot-stalks dropped off. After some days, however, the tree shewed tokens of returning animation, and new buds began to unfold. From these buds a fresh crop of leaves proceeded; and, what was exceedingly remarkable, such was the peculiar condition of this tree, *that a second set of blossoms made their appearance, many weeks after the first had withered and been shed by this and the neighbouring ones.* Since this second exertion, which, it was apprehended, would have exhausted the remaining powers of the tree, it continued to sprout and grow annually, and was in a thrifty condition three years after the accident.

2. *Regeneration of the Bark of Apple-Trees.*

In general, to strip off the bark of trees is to kill them: and yet there is a time of the year when apple-trees (*pyrus malus*) may be peeled from their roots to their boughs, on all sides, without sus-

taining any damage from the operation. The experiment was made this season (1799), upon one of my apple-trees, whose whole body was deprived of its covering of bark, and whose branches, nevertheless, retained all their leaves and fruit. It is now two months since the tree was laid bare; and an entire new coat of bark has been formed, which invests the wood on every side; and it appears as healthy and vigorous as ever. The season for doing this, is when the days are longest—that is, towards the end of June. A tree, peeled last summer, has lived over the long and severe winter of 1798-9, and is in no respect injured. Another, which was denuded in June, this year, has re-produced its bark completely (September), and is as full of fruit and leaves as if nothing had been done to it. There is no doubt that an orchard might be treated in this manner with perfect safety, if the operation was well-timed. The farmers say it will make old trees young again. But I own, though I have several times been witness of the harmlessness of the practice, it looks to me still like a very violent and hazardous remedy. The experiment, however, demonstrates a most remarkable power in the vegetable economy. Whether other trees may be thus decorticated with safety, I have not yet learned.

3. *Retrograde Motion of Sap in a Wild Cherry-Tree.*

On my farm, two wild cherry-trees (*prunus virginiana*) grew within two feet of each other. The body of one of these trees was forked, and a branch of the other grew between the ramifications. In the progress of vegetation the three boughs came into contact, and grew fast together. The inosculation was so complete, that the foreign branch appeared to have united firmly with the tree by

which it was embraced at the bifurcation. To show whether or not this was truly the case, the tree with which the branch of the other had formed this connection, was girdled, or deprived of a ring of bark near its root. The part of the tree below the girdle died, and the roots soon became juiceless; but the top continued to grow, and to bear leaves and fruit for several years after; its nourishment being furnished wholly from the foster-branch deriving sap from its own neighbouring trunk, and supplying the tree with which it was now consolidated. But this was not all: the distance from the place of the branch's insertion in the body of the tree to the place where it was girdled, was about eight feet; yet, down to that place, or a little above it, the body continued to live and grow, and to put forth shoots. This must have been caused by a retrograde motion of the sap, through all that distance from the point of the union between the branches above. Something of the same kind has been known to happen in other trees.

g. *On the Multiplicative Power of Fishes.*

In 1790, Uriah Mitchill, Esq. High Sheriff of Queen's County, and myself, went to Rockkonkoma Pond, in Suffolk County, a distance of about forty miles, in a waggon. The object of our journey was to transport, alive, some of the *yellow perch*, with which this body of water abounds, to Success Pond, in the town of North-Hempstead. We took about three dozen of those which had been wounded most superficially by the hook, and were so fortunate as to dismiss all of them but two, into Success Pond, in a condition vigorous enough to swim away. We were enabled to do this by filling a very large churn with the water of Rockkonkoma

Pond, and putting so few fishes into it, that there was no necessity of changing it on the road, and afterwards driving steadily on a walk the whole distance, without stopping to refresh either man or horse. In two years these few fishes multiplied so fast, and became so numerous, that they might be caught with the hook in any part of the water, which is about a mile in circumference! What prodigious increase in their new situation! Whereas, if they had remained in the water of their nativity, already stocked very full, their offspring would have been comparatively inconsiderable. So true it is of these, as well as of human and other animals, that nothing limits their increase and multiplication but the want of subsistence. When Success Pond is supplied with as many yellow perch as it can feed, either there will be fewer eggs spawned and hatched, or, of these little creatures, a smaller proportion will become grown fishes. A vast number of them, like the children of the Chinese and other fully-stocked nations, must perish for want of food, and thereby their multiplication must be limited.

Professor Rush has lately succeeded in curing a boy of epilepsy, by giving him two grains of *saccharum saturni* (acetate of lead) three times a day. He has, besides, suspended the fits for several weeks, by the same dose of that medicine, in two patients in the Pennsylvania Hospital. By creating some disorder in the bowels, the remedy was prevented from being increased in the latter cases, and the ultimate success of it was thereby, in all probability, disappointed.

Mr. Lindley Murray, a native of this city, now a resident at York, in Great-Britain, has published several elementary works, which have re-

ceived very merited commendation from the British reviewers. Among these we particularly notice his "English Grammar," which is well calculated to aid those in the study of the English language who have not acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin; and is useful to all who wish to possess an accurate knowledge of the English tongue. For the use of younger classes, Mr. Murray has published "An Abridgement of the English Grammar." Connected with his scheme of instruction, Mr. M. has also published a book of "Exercises," and a key or explanation of the same, and a very judicious and useful compilation, entitled, "The English Reader," or Pieces in Prose and Poetry, &c.

These useful performances we should be glad to see introduced into the schools of the United States, and generally used in the instruction of youth.

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#### FOREIGN.

**P**ROFESSOR Ebeling, of Hamburg, has lately published a Map of the State of New-York. Though it is in some respects defective, owing to the want of correct materials, yet great industry and care, in making the best use of what he had, are manifest in every part. This learned and indefatigable gentleman, we understand, is going on with his great work, the "Geography and History of the American States." We lament that this work, so judiciously and ably executed, and containing such a fund of information respecting our country, should be, in a great

measure, lost to a large portion of our citizens for want of being translated. Professor E. in this work, began with the eastern States, and has reached, in his course, as far southward as the State of Maryland. We believe he has published a number of maps, designed to accompany his Geography and History; but we have seen only two, that of New-York, above-mentioned, and another of the Province of Maine.

In France, as in England, there have been disputes, without end, as to the commencement of the 18th century. Lalande, the astronomer, has been applied to on the occasion, by a number of persons. He endeavours, in the following manner, to put an end to the question, which he says was equally agitated at the end of the last century. "Many persons," says he, "imagine that, because after having counted seventeen they count eighteen, that the century must be changed; but this is an illusion: for, when a hundred pounds are to be counted, we must pass from ninety-nine and we arrive at a hundred; we have changed the ten before we have finished the hundred." "Whatever kind of calculation," he adds, "is to be made, we commence by one, and finish by one hundred: nobody has ever thought of beginning at 0 and finishing by 99:" thus he concludes the year 1800 to belong incontestably to the eighteenth, or old century. In the year 1700, several pamphlets were published on a similar contest: the astronomer observes that he has four of them in his library, and they are, most probably, not all that were written upon it.

# POETRY.

## SONNET to JOHN DAVIS.

By CHICK-WILLOW.

**W**HENCE, and what art thou, solitary wight?  
Skulking sweet Coosohatchie's grooves  
among,

When eve drags down the curtain of the night,

And every little chirper holds his tongue.

Haply some bard, who, hopeless of renown,

Since men to praise thy rhymes will not subscribe,

Most wisely shun'st the tuneless, tasteless town,

To chaunt thy sonnets to the owling tribe.

Oh! how Chick-Willow loves to hear thee sing,

Yet weeps to think he can no longer stay,

For hark! the humming beetle's on the wing,

And hunger calls me to the chase away;

For I, this live-long day, as I'm a finner,  
Like thee, perchance, poor bard! have eat no dinner.

## SONG of ROLAND.

From the Norman French.

By Dr. BURNEY.

**L**ET ev'ry valiant son of Gaul  
Sing Roland's deeds, her greatest glory,

Whose name will stoutest foes appal,  
And feats inspire for future story.

Roland in childhood had no fears,

Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,

Which, tho' it cost his mother tears,

His father cried, "So much the better:

"We'll have him for a soldier bred,

"His strength and courage let us nourish,

"If bold the heart, though wild the head,

"In war he'll but the better flourish."

Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland, arriv'd at man's estate,  
Prov'd that his father well admonish'd;

For then his prowess was so great,  
That all the world became astonish'd.  
Battalions, squadrons, he could break,  
And singly give them such a beating,  
That, seeing him, whole armies quake,  
And nothing think of but retreating.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

In single combat 'twas the same:  
To him all foes were on a level;  
For ev'ry one he overcame,  
If giant, forc'er, monster, devil.  
His arm no danger e'er could stay,  
Nor was the goddess Fortune fickle;  
For if his foe he did not slay,  
He left him in a rueful pickle.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

In scaling walls, with highest glee,  
He first the ladder fixt, then mounted;  
Let him, my boys, our model be,  
Who men or perils never counted.  
At night, with scouts he watch would keep,  
With heart more gay than one in million,  
Or else on knapsack sounder sleep  
Than general in his proud pavilion.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,  
And laid about him like a Tartar,  
But if for mercy once they squeak'd,  
He was the first to grant them quarter.  
The battle won, of Roland's soul  
Each milder virtue took possession;  
To vanquish'd foes he o'er a bowl  
His heart surrender'd at discretion.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

When ask'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,  
And dangers new each day solicit,  
He said, 'tis Charlemagne's command,  
To whom our duty is implicit:  
His ministers and chosen few,  
No doubt have weigh'd these things in private,  
Let us his enemies subdue,  
'Tis all that soldiers e'er should drive at.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland like Christian true would live,  
Was seen at mass and in procession;  
And freely to the poor would give,  
Nor did he always shun confession.

But Bishop Turpin had decreed  
(His counsel in each weighty matter)  
That 'twas a good and pious deed  
His country's foes to drub and scatter.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

At table Roland ever gay,  
Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and  
rattle,  
But all was in a prudent way  
On days of guard, or eve of battle.  
Nor still to king and country true  
He held himself their constant debtor,  
And only drank in season due,  
When to transact he'd nothing better.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

To captious blades he ne'er would bend,  
Who quarrels fought on slight pretences;  
Though he, to social joys a friend,  
Was slow to give or take offences.  
None e'er had cause his arm to dread  
But those who wrong'd his prince or  
nation,  
On whom whence'er to combat led  
He dealt out death and devastation.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland too much ador'd the fair,  
From whom e'en heroes are defenceless,  
And by a queen of beauty rare  
He all at once was render'd senseless.  
One hapless morn she left the knight,  
Who, when he mis'd her, grew quite  
frantic:  
Our pattern let him be in fight;  
His love was somewhat too romantic.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,  
Who Rome's imperial sceptre wielded,  
Both early dignity and state  
With high command to Roland yielded.  
Yet though a Gen'ral, Count, and Peer,  
Roland's kind heart all pride could  
smother,  
For each brave man from van to rear  
He treated like a friend and brother.  
Let ev'ry, &c.

#### SONNET.

By Miss SEWARD.

IN sultry noon, when youthful Milton lay,  
Supinely stretch'd beneath the poplar shade,

Lur'd by his form, a fair Italian maid  
Steals from her loitering chariot to  
survey  
The slumbering charms, that all her soul  
Betray.  
Then, as coy fears th' admiring gaze  
upbraid,  
Starts;—and these lines, with hurried  
pen pourtray'd  
Slides in his half-clos'd hand;—and  
speeds away.—  
"Ye eyes, ye human stars!—if, thus  
conceal'd  
By Sleep's soft veil, ye agitate my  
heart,  
Ah! what had been its conflict if re-  
veal'd  
Your rays had shone!"—Bright Nymph,  
thy strains impart  
Hopes, that impel the graceful Bard  
to rove,  
Seeking thro' Tuscan Vales his vision-  
ary Love.

#### SONNET

To the Insect of the Gossamer.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SMALL, viewless acronant, that by  
the line  
Of Gossamer suspended, in mid air  
Float'st on a sun beam—Living atom  
where,  
Ends thy breeze-guided voyage;—with  
what design  
In æther dost thou launch thy form mi-  
nute,  
Mocking the eye?—Alas! before the  
veil  
Of denser clouds shall hide thee, the  
pursuit  
Of the keen swift may end thy fairy  
fall!—  
Thus on the golden thread that Fancy  
weaves  
Buoyant, as Hope's illusive flattery  
breathes,  
The young and visionary poet leaves  
Life's dull realities, while sevenfold  
wreaths  
Of rainbow-light around his head revolve.  
Ah! soon at Sorrow's touch the radiant  
dreams dissolve!

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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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VOL. III.]

AUGUST, 1800.

[No. 2.]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*The HOUSEHOLD. A Fragment.*

AN odd request this, yet I have nothing but alacrity in answering it. I will give you, but very briefly—just now I cannot, if I would, be prolix—I will give you the history of them all, and so, to begin:

My family consists of four persons besides myself. At the head of it is Mrs. Elgar, a grave and sedate person, upwards of forty.

She was the daughter of a shoemaker at Bath, who carried on large business; an only daughter. She married, at an early age, Thomas Elgar, originally a parish boy, charitably taken by her father, and gratuitously trained to his business. The lad behaved so well that when of age, his master transferred to him the superintendence of the workmen, and finally gave him his daughter, together with all his business, while he himself, growing into years and infirmity, withdrew from the cares of his profession.

For a few years after marriage Elgar did very well, but gradually he became inspired with insuitable ambition, left off his trade, became a malcontent politician, launched

out into expensive living, by which his character and fortune were impaired, and, indeed, his personal safety endangered.

On leaving business he removed to London, and became a revolutionist and demagogue. Finally, he thought proper to remove to America.

Instead of profitably employing the remains of his fortune in establishing himself in some trade in the city, or on some farm in the western country, he idled months and years away in strolling through the streets, reading newspapers, and discussing the merits of ambassadors and treaties. At last, in 1795, the yellow fever overtook him, and he died, leaving his wife with a slender pittance, which, in a twelve month, was consumed. She also was sick, and her recovery was tedious and expensive.

She is an uneducated woman, but has good sense and lively feelings, and very skilful in household management. I knew her first at Bath, and heard a very favourable account of her domestic qualities. Her husband's character and situation were known to me at that time, and I had great compassion

for her. I saw and heard nothing more of them, from my leaving England for Italy, till the winter after my coming hither. I wanted some sewing done, and inquired for a suitable person of Mrs. Wemyss, who directed me to Mrs. Elgar. I went to see her forthwith, and you may think I was surprised on meeting with my old acquaintance in an obscure street and very mean lodging. I soon found her situation to be inconvenient, if not distressful, and did all in my power to alleviate it.

When I came to this house, I invited her to take charge of it, on terms which she gratefully accepted. I have no reason to regret my proceeding, for I have found in her a sweet, placid, and modest disposition; neat, diligent, methodical, of strict integrity, fully mistress of the household science, and studious to oblige me.

She is not one whom I should seek for a companion. She has little curiosity, and few ideas in common with me. She is sensible, too much so, of inferiority and obligation, and is, therefore, never forward or talkative. She has her own apartments, in which, when I want her, I must seek her; and she receives my advances not ungracefully.

I hope I behave to her in no improper manner. Her own proprieties of conduct, as well as my justice, preserve us from all cavillings and disguests. I respect her much, and my behaviour indicates it. There are different apartments, and occupations, and tastes, but, strictly speaking, there is no inequality between us.

She oversees the chamber and the kitchen. She directs and notes the execution of every duty within doors, and goes to market, and takes care that there is a seasonable supply of all kinds of provision. She carefully preserves an account

of all expenses, and renders it to me every fortnight, at which time I give her the sum necessary for the ensuing fortnight, and pay off every bill, undischarged by her at the time.

She contrives to be busy through the day, has very few acquaintances, and seldom visits oftener than twice or thrice a year. No curiosity or love of recreation leads her abroad. She goes only when business calls; at other times is always at home.

She is never idle. If not stirring about, she is at her needle, where lies her great skill, and which she plies with diligence. She works for herself and for me. She takes great pleasure in it, and having time enough, thinks herself obliged by the permission to be my seamstress. In adjusting her wages, however, I take this service into the account.

She wants no remuneration but what, in addition to lodging and board, will defray the expenses of dress. However, I give her three hundred dollars a year, nine tenths of which she insists upon my keeping for her. I take care that, should any accident happen, my debt to her shall be easily established; but, whether I die or live, indeed, I have so managed that she shall never want.

Under her are two girls, one of whom attends the kitchen, and the other the chambers. One bakes, and boils, and keeps the kettles and the hearth in order; the other makes beds, sweeps, and rubs; and both together, with a good woman from abroad, are my laundresses.

They are sisters. Jane and Hannah, one about twenty-two, and the other a year and an half younger. Plain, as you know, in face, but of aspects not vulgar, and genteel in person. I have much concern for them, and am at some pains to keep them within discreet bounds.

They are emigrants, like Mrs.

Elgar. Their father was a taylor, who lived a good while on the hard and scanty earnings of a journeyman, at Manchester. At length he scraped enough together to bring him, his wife, and two daughters to this land of golden promise to the poor.

He still pursued his old vocation, and, though meanly, was able to live much better than at home. Staunton mentioned the family first to me, at a time when an autumnal fever had made lamentable havock on the constitution and purse of poor Knowles. He described the wife as modest, well-looking, and neat; and the daughters as grown-up girls, whose mode of life could not be favourable to the formation of good habits. They added to the burthen already too heavy for their father.

I went to see them. I found their house indigent, but clean. The girls not unprepossessing in their countenance and guise, and, as yet, evidently unspoilt by evil communication. I was very earnest to benefit this family in some way, but hardly knew how.

The mother was enured to laborious habits, and wanted to do something; so I made her my laundress. I could think of nothing better for the girls, but to get them service in some liberal and decent family.

While looking out for some such family, the plague of 1798 invaded us, so that I could do nothing then but help them to leave the city. I provided them a cottage a few miles from the Jersey shore, and took care that they should not want while obliged to be idle.

On my return, having to provide an household of my own, I thought of Hannah and Jenny, and determined to take them under my own care. My mode of living, and the duties of my house, had little resemblance to the life they had al-

ways led, but I hoped to find them docile. I confided in my house-keeper's patience and skill; and believed, that under her and my direction, they would soon be qualified to do as I would have them.

Their conduct has not been faultless, and has given me some uneasiness and trouble; but it has been much less faulty, and their intellects are less torpid than their early education had taught me to expect. I looked to find in them a spirit more unmanagable, and tempers far more volatile and stubborn than I have found.

I expect not wonders from any system of treatment which I can adopt, but I do not question my power to make them ultimately worthy and respectable women.

At least, I have great delight in seeing the advantages of their present situation over their former one. Their security from vice, their personal ease, their vivacity are absolute under this roof, and they know that my kindness will not be confined to them merely while living with me.

It was easy to make up such a fund among my friends as has changed Knowles from a journeyman into a master workman. You, as well as many others, have had experience of his punctuality and skill, and I doubt not, but that, in time, he will become a useful and substantial citizen. The honest couple have much confidence in my discreet government, and are very anxious that their girls should remain with me, till they find husbands to their minds; and I hope they may, for they suit me better than one in an hundred others would be likely to do.

Lucy Franks has no stated employment of an household nature. Her duty is to take care of my little girl; to dress and undress her; to sleep with her; to walk with her; to sleep with her; and, in some



sort, to instruct her in a thousand things useful to be known.

Lucy's history is not an ordinary tale. Her father was a Frenchman by descent, but being born and naturalized in Tuscany, changed his name from François, to Franchini. His trade was that of a musician, and his dwelling place was Leghorn. He married a Sienese girl, and quickly had a family of five daughters.

He played at operas and private concerts, and made out to live. He was thoughtless and imprudent, and the gains of the year were generally consumed at the end of it. As to his children, he treated them with good nature, but had neither the will nor the power to provide them a proper education. Hearing nothing but their father's Oboe at home, they insensibly contracted musical inclinations, and as soon as their fingers became flexible enough, were seated, all day long, at the harp and the *cembalo*.

He died in the vigour of his age, and left his wife to support a burthen, in the maintenance of his family, to which she was wholly unequal. At this time, Lucia, the eldest daughter, was thirteen years of age, tall and extremely beautiful.

This girl had been the pride of her father, and he built great hopes upon her beauty and accomplishments. His notions, however, of what was desirable and fitting for his daughter, were such as are only to be found in Italy.

Her parents wanted her to be skilled in dancing, music, and the theatrical art; not merely for the sake of gaining riches and fame upon the stage, but to secure a gainful establishment of a different kind. I mean not marriage. The passions of the other sex they wished to be subservient to their girl's views, but they cared not whether marriage sanctioned the intercourse or not. Such are Italian morals.

The mother's necessities made her look out for a purchaser of the daughter's beauty earlier than she would otherwise have done. A young and dissolute traveller from England, having seen the victim, and discovering the mother's character, hastened to strike a bargain.

I was, at that time, on a visit to Leghorn, to the family of an English merchant. We were sometimes visited by this English youth, and others of his countrymen. The frequency of such bargains as I have described, and the little disgrace annexed to them by the customs of the country, made the parties very little solicitous for secrecy, so that the intended transfer was easily discovered.

I confess my indignation and my pity were greatly excited by this discovery. These emotions were enhanced by a private visit which I made to the *signorella*. I found her just rising into youth, lovely, innocent, and void of apprehension as of guilt, a fancy sprightly and active, and an heart confiding and affectionate, and evidently formed for a sphere different from that in which she seemed destined to move. I was determined to save her from the ruin that threatened her, yet the suitable means did not readily occur to me. I was a good deal perplexed in what manner to act.

I told the story, and disclosed my wishes and perplexities in a letter to my father, who was then at Pisa. He applauded my resolutions, and directed me in what manner to proceed to effect them.

By his advice, I again visited the mother and daughter, and professing to have formed a great attachment for the girl, expressed my anxious wishes that she might be allowed to take up her abode with me. To enforce this request, I offered, in order to compensate the mother for the absence of her child,

a sum, not considerable in itself, but much larger than she had bargained to receive from another quarter.

This unhappy woman listened eagerly to my proposal, professed much love for her child, and much gratitude to one who offered thus to take charge of the girl's future welfare and subsistence, but declined an immediate determination. This delay I soon found to arise from the view of raising the price of her daughter's honour to the Englishman, by mentioning it to him, and, perhaps, exaggerating my proposals.

By dint of importunity, however, by raising my offers, and by remonstrating with her on the guilt of her designs, and the misery to which her child might be reserved by accompanying a foreigner to an unknown land, and particularly to a land of heretics, where her religious faith would be in extreme danger of perversion, I at length prevailed with her. I had previously won the heart of the pliant and simple girl, and made her a warm advocate of my scheme. I immediately carried her away with me to Florence.

This girl's accomplishments were such as to set her on a level with females of her age of any rank. Few daughters, perhaps, of Dukes and Marquisses, had a mind more elevated above meanness; but I did not receive her as my equal or my friend. Her birth and poverty were supposed not to place her higher than a decent service in an affluent family; and it was as my personal or favourite attendant merely that I received her from the hands of her mother.

In this situation she was now placed. Few of its toils were allotted to her, but every familiarity on my side was to be regarded as a condescension, and every liberal or pleasurable pursuit in her, was to

be numbered among occasional indulgences.

She found in me a solicitude and fondness little short of what a mother might feel. I was then new to the Italian language, and found great profit in conversing with one who had been taught elocution as an art, and who was mistress of all the Tuscan graces. Useful knowledge I imagined to be no wise inconsistent with any business or station in life; and I endeavoured, by talk and by books, to endow her mind with right principles.

She is now nineteen years of age, and time has not fulfilled all the promises of beauty which appeared at thirteen; but still, she is a charming creature. My age, and my treatment of her, make her regard me with as much reverence as love. Her attachment cannot, I think, be exceeded; and long habit, as well as her intrinsic merit, has made her indispensable to my happiness. My little girl has been her charge ever since its birth, and any mishap befalling it, I verily believe, would cost Lucy a sharper pang than it would cost me.

The child and she are always together; of course, she is frequently in my company. When without visitants, she eats and drinks with me. She is frequently my amanuensis and my reader, and I talk and sew with her.

Her dress is much less costly and shewy than mine, but, if custom did not require this difference from us, my taste would never have suggested it. I delight to see her native graces set off with elegant simplicity, and I make her dress just as I would dress myself did I not think some regard proper to be paid to custom and general opinion.

You have asked me what I wish or expect to be the future destiny of Lucy, and I scarcely know how to answer. There can be but one

event which can separate us, and that is her marriage; but her perfect artlessness, her shyness and timidity to all persons of your sex, seems an insuperable bar to the forming of that kind of connection. She is so accustomed to regard herself as nothing in society, and shrinks so much into herself and into a corner when visitants enter, that she is not likely to be known beyond the family.

She has an excellent acquaintance with English, and understands all that is said in her hearing; but she will seldom dare to speak English to a stranger. She has a trembling consciousness of imperfection in this respect, which hinders her from making the attempt.

I confess that I am not displeased with these timorous reserves. She is not unhappy with them. They concenter, as it were, her thoughts and affections to me and to my child. They maintain that spotless and untarnished purity of mind, that almost infantile innocence which has ever distinguished her.

To me she has no reserves. Her heart is always open to my scrutiny; open to its innermost recesses. We talk together very much, all in her own charming dialect, in whose praise you know how much of an enthusiast I am. In itself, but especially from her lips, it is only well regulated music.

I talk with no other as I talk with her. There is a set of objects and ideas limited to us alone. It is not narrative or reasoning. It is pure talk; the uttering all that comes, be it coherent or vague, doubtful or true. It answers more perfectly than any thing else I ever met with, to what may be called thinking aloud; partly owing to our having shared together the adventures and afflictions of so many past years; partly to the sympathy of feelings in the same object, for my child knows no difference be-

tween its mother and its nurse, but that one talks English, and the other Siennese to her; but partly too, it rises, I imagine, from that flexible and fluid language that we always use.

So long residence in Italy, has made me know it better than my native English; at least, I utter it more promptly. 'Tis a vocal lapse, whose celerity, like that of a downward stream, needs no foreign impulse to enable it to keep its tenour. In talking it, I seem to feed on thoughts that voluntary move to the lips.

But the chief delights of this intercourse flow from her exertions, and not mine. She is my only and my favourite musician; but that is not all; she is also my rehearser. When I want poetry, I find it in her voice or her memory. Like Italians, educated as she has been, she has most of the popular epics and dramas by rote; and these she sings or says to me just as my humour directs. I can image to myself no gratification of the senses or fancy greater than what her music and her recitations afford me.

I love her—but I want the words to say how much. I am proud of her, and of myself, when I think of my relation to her. O, my friend! this creature is a precious deposit, intrusted to my charge by heaven, and never shall I prove faithless to the trust.

Such is my family. All females you perceive. I want no man about me. In that respect, I would have my house to be a convent, and I to be the mistress of it. Here I can reign without scruple; but to govern men was never my province.

You may well believe that I am happy in the midst of such a family, and I am so, but far more than you can imagine. You can only have a glimpse of that delightful spectacle of which I have a full view. Besides, the present scene

is the close of a very long series of turbulences and trials, the contrast of which, to my present safety and repose, contributes to enhance their value.

### ON CONVERSATION.

IT is a pity that the most useful of intellectual exertions is at the same time the most difficult, but such is *definition*. The difficulty, indeed, disposes us to decry the utility, and to call for definitions is, now-a-days, accounted impolite. That readiness and accuracy of conception and command of language requisite to answer such calls, being seldom or never possessed, the call is heard generally with anger and impatience, and he that is used to make it may pass for logician or philosopher, but will never be ranked with polite men; politeness being merely the art of pleasing, directly, by soothing the vanity or banqueting the passions of others, or, indirectly, by avoiding accusation, and helping others to conceal their incapacity or ignorance.

The demand for definitions is part of the Socratic mode of talking; a mode which has gotten its name from one of the wisest and most benevolent of men, but which is looked upon, in most companies, as rude and clownish, or, at least, as domineering and pedantic. It implies, in him that employs it, a belief not only of the error of his associate, but of his own power to rectify the error. Indeed, it implies something still more obnoxious to the pride of man: it implies, in me that uses it, a belief that my companion may be made to *confute himself*.

The true mode of proceeding on those occasions seems very obvious. If my companion be wrong in thinking me in error, and in thinking

me *self-confutable*, let the truth show itself upon experiment. Let him take his own way, and, by putting questions, as many as he wishes, finally detect his own folly.

If he be in the right, why be reluctant to make it appear? Why be ashamed of our credulity or ignorance? Why be so enamoured of our opinions as not willingly to subject them to scrutiny? Do his interrogations prove him to be insolent or self-conceited? Let the promptitude with which we answer them, and adopt the inferences to which they inevitably lead, show our freedom, at least, from the same faults; and our alacrity in search of truth.

When we angrily repulse a Socratic questioner, what kind of temper do we manifest? Resentment, perhaps, at his insolence. The insolence of believing us in an error, and of thinking it possible to make us confute ourselves. A heinous offence truly!

Suppose, however, that we yield way to his humour, and answer freely and ingenuously all his questions; what will be the consequence? Either we shall ultimately be found in the wrong, and be actually made to confute ourselves, or our questioner will himself appear to be deceived, and the humiliation or conviction he designed for us, will redound upon himself.

Suppose the first consequence take place; then it was proper that it should take place; nor will genuine modesty, and the upright love of truth, labour to shun it. Our opinion was, indeed, erroneous, and the questioner was in the right in supposing our error to be demonstrable.

Suppose the latter consequence to take place; our judgment then is effectually vindicated, and the folly or rashness of the questioner is clearly established. Nor can these ends be accomplished any

otherwise. By sullenly declining to answer, or by openly rebuking the questioner, we do not accomplish these ends. At best, we prove nothing but our own disapprobation of the questioner. We show our opinion of his insolence, but we do not convince others of his folly. For aught that appears, it may be that *he* is right, that *we* are wrong, and that *we could* be made to confute ourselves. The other method is so natural, so ingenuous, so effectual, that not to use it, implies, in the strongest manner, that we are doubtful or fearful of the consequences.

The Socratic mode, you say, is always fallacious. A man may appear to conquer in this warfare, who yet does not deserve the victory. Besides, every one has not his ideas and his words at hand. An artful questioner may easily embarrass and confound the diffident, the involuble, the deficient in dexterity, but may not enlighten or convince.

This may be true, but affords no reason for declining the conflict. If he is not, in truth, victorious, your pride is saved: your opinion, for which you have a parent's fondness, is still your own. You have only shown what, if true, it is only a censurable vanity that would labour to hide; that you have not arguments and words by rote; that your conceptions are not clear, prompt, and lucidly arranged; and, to make no secret of this, freely to acknowledge, or clearly evince these defects, is behaviour far more worthy of an honest mind, than to betray resentment at the imputation, and to repay contempt with contempt.

Contempts repaying contempts, and reproaches exchanged for reproaches; what do they prove? Generally nothing: but the utmost which they can possibly prove is, that our contemner deserves himself to be contemned; our re-

proacher to be reproached in his turn. They do not vindicate ourselves. They evince not the falsehood of the charges made against us, and are, therefore, no wise satisfactory to a candid judge. X.

### The FAMILY of LINES.

ALL the knowledge of a science is, perhaps, contained in a knowledge of its terms. At any rate, no knowledge is complete without the knowledge of terms. If the terms be not the *materials* of a science, they are, at least, the *tools* with which these materials are wrought, and without possessing which, the materials are inert and useless.

There is a subordinate, a popular advantage in the knowledge of scientific terms, proportioned to the general use that is made of them, and the frequency to which allusions are made to those ideas or things which they denote. They become parts of the ordinary language, and not to know them, becomes, in some sort, equivalent to ignorance of our native tongue.

This is eminently true with regard to mathematical terms. The things denoted by them so constantly recur to the imagination, and are so often necessary to be mentioned, that there are few who have not accidentally picked up some of them, and no one but who sometimes finds himself bewildered and distressed for want of this knowledge.

*Line, surface, cylinder, polygon*, are words in constant demand; and vague ideas are commonly annexed to them; but few who have not studied geometry, have taken the trouble to familiarize themselves to the true meaning of these terms, though this is a separate and insulated business, and is as easy as necessary to accomplish.

I was led into these thoughts by a late conversation in which there was occasion to use the word *line* with more distinctness and precision than is customary. I then resolved that, though no mathematician, I would at least make haste to be thoroughly acquainted with the first among mathematical elements, and with that which most frequently occurs in books and discourse. It may perhaps be of use to some of your readers, who are not geometers, to know the result of my inquiries; and those who are, may not disdain to have their memories refreshed by a simple and perspicuous, and, perhaps, a somewhat new elucidation of the subject.

Things are hard to be defined in proportion to their simplicity, unless to define a thing be nothing more than to say what *it is not*. Thus it is in answering that necessary question, What is a line?

Every sensible object combines three properties, length, breadth, and thickness.

The union of those three constitutes a *solid*.

The union of length and breadth forms a *surface*.

*Length* alone constitutes a *line*. A *line*, therefore, is nothing more than *length*.

Some have gone further than this; they have subtilized still more, and have asked, what is that which has neither length, breadth, or depth? in other words, what is that which is *nothing*? Their answer is, a *point*. A point, therefore, is a mere negation; a nothing; and a mere nothing is—a point.

According to them, a line is formed by putting many points; that is, many *nothings*, together. *Length* is formed by a series of things, the essence of which, separately, is to have *no length*.

Unlearned minds are greatly puzzled with the definition of a *line*,

as consisting of points. They easily conceive, that many things, of *different kinds*, put together, will make a thing different from either of the separate ingredients, but combining things of the same kind, can, in their opinion, make no difference but that of number or bulk. But a million of things which individually have *no dimensions at all*, cannot constitute a thing which *has* dimension. Many *such* things cannot even make a thing *larger* than a single one. Twenty snow-balls, on the contrary, may make a snow-ball larger than any one of the twenty, but a thousand snow-balls cannot make a piece of charcoal.

A line, as the fluxion of a point, is no less incomprehensible to all but adepts, so that I content myself with considering a line, as one of the three properties of matter called *dimension*, severed by a process of the understanding from the rest.

If a *single* line be offered to our contemplation, we must say—What? That it is a single line. But we may say more, for if two lines be called up singly and successively, we may discover a difference between them, a difference that is variable without end.

This difference will be found to consist in the *direction* of the line.

In reviewing the terms which flow from varieties in the *direction* of a *single* line, we shall be led to distribute them into two classes, into such as arise from the nature of a line's *direction*, considered absolutely and in itself; and, next, into such as flow from considering that direction in relation to the direction of some *adjacent* line. The direction of a *single* line is, therefore, two-fold—*absolute* and *relative*.

The modifications of absolute direction are indefinite in number. One of this number has been called by a proper name; all the rest

are likewise included under a single appellation. A single line, with a certain absolute direction, is called a *straight* line, every other than a straight line is a *curve*.

All the curves are supposed to have some property in common with each other. Cannot we point it out, and cannot we *define* the difference between a straight line and a curve, and between the different sorts of curves?

Let us imagine the parts, of a series or succession of which, every line must consist. The idea of absolute direction arises from the local relation which each of these parts bears to the rest. Where this relation is unvarying, throughout the whole series, where each part has one and the same relation to every other part, the line is a straight line. Where it continually varies, the line is a *curve*, and this varying direction is *curvature*.

Curvature may, perhaps, be described as regular and irregular, and, also, as greater or less.

Curvature is regular when every two contiguous parts bear the same relation to each other throughout the series.

It is irregular, when the relation between contiguous parts is different at different places of the line. There is but one degree of regular curvature, at which, if the line be indefinitely prolonged, both ends will meet and form the periphery of a circle.

From considering the direction of a single line, in relation to that of another line adjacent to it, we gain the idea of what I call its *relative direction*.

If the given line commencing at a certain point, preserves, through its whole extent, the same distance from a line adjacent, its direction is *parallel*. Parallel lines may be straight or curved, but must always be like each other in absolute direction.

Curved parallels must be like each other, not only in absolute direction, but in the portion of space which they may be supposed to comprehend or traverse: thus,

Curved parallels, which are arcs of circles, must be arcs of circles of the same diameter.

A right line, whose distance from a right line adjacent, is not alike in all its parts, is *inclined*.

There are different degrees of *inclination*. The greatest degree is that at which the inclined line, if prolonged, would touch the adjacent one at a less distance than at any other degree of inclination, and this is called a *perpendicular*. Lines, at other degrees of inclination, are said to be *oblique*. Any line, therefore, infected from a parallel direction, is either perpendicular or oblique. Obliquity has an indefinite number of degrees.

From the coincidence or touching of two or more lines, there is generated what is called an *angle*. Several lines are requisite to make an angle, but not as ingredients or parts of a whole. An angle is formed by, but is not composed of several lines. Parallel, perpendicular, and oblique lines, must be *adjacent* to, or in *contact* with others, but they are only the two latter, and only the *contact* of these two that produces angles; an angle being the point at which they touch or meet.

Meeting lines may be perpendicular, or, in different degrees, oblique. Does the meeting of lines thus different create a difference in the angle? No, for if the angle be different, there must be a scale or measure, by which to ascertain that difference.

This is attempted to be done by creating a third line, to be in contact with the two first. Three lines thus disposed, may be regarded as a *figure*, that is, as the outlines or boundaries of a *surface*.

To produce this figure, the angle sought is made a centre of a circle, and the *third* line is made the circumference of the circle. This circumference is divided into a fixed number of parts. The angle, or, in other words, the *quantity* of the angle, is found by observing the number of these parts included between the angle—forming lines as they cross or cut the circumference. Thus an angle is said to be of twenty, thirty, or forty degrees.

An angle is not the portion of a certain curve called the periphery of a circle. Such a portion is denominated an *Arc*. An angle is not the portion of any line whatever. It cannot, then, properly be named, in consequence of measurements applied to a line.

An angle is not a certain kind of line. It cannot then be named from the names of various sorts of lines. We cannot say perpendicular or oblique angles. An angle, indeed, is no line at all. What then is it?

A point; but a point has no dimension; an angle, therefore, cannot be greater or less.

An angle has been called, "the opening or inclination of two lines that meet."

Two lines proceeding from a certain point, may be, frequently, said to *open*; but this term is used in relation to the space or distance between them, that is, in relation to surface. We may conceive a figure of three sides or boundaries. Two of these may be conceived to form the figure, by their *opening* and striking both on a third line.

This *opening* is a trick of fancy, the opening lines being here supposed to *move onward*, and to become, at each moment, further from each other.

*Inclination* is a like creature of the fancy; the lines, in this case, being imagined to approach instead of receding from each other.

Opening or inclining, therefore, though figuratively applied to lines, cannot be applied merely to that point at which the lines meet.

Angles have been said to be *right*, *acute* or *obtuse*.

If *right* be here used in contradiction to a curve, the use of it is vague. The quality of *straightness* in a line, has no analogy with any thing pertaining to an angle. If a right angle were to be an angle formed by right lines, this appellation would include what are now called obtuse and acute angles, since these may likewise be formed by right lines.

Among the names given to angles, two of them, *obtuse* and *acute*, are suitable correlatives, but the third (*right*), is framed upon some singular principle. It does not, as the unlearned might expect, denote a medium between, or a negation of acuteness and *obtundity*.

But the terms acute and obtuse, used on this occasion, do not fully satisfy the mind. They do not imply the exclusive contemplation of the *meeting point* among several lines.

Angles may certainly be formed by different means; by the meeting of lines, straight or curved, oblique or perpendicular; but the angle thus created, is, in all cases, one and the same.

These remarks may, perhaps, be considered as excessive refinements, or as useless cavils, and, in truth, it was the design of this paper merely to define the established uses of words.

The actual names of angles flow from the absolute direction, the relative direction, and the number of the lines whose meeting points they are.

Considering the *absolute* direction: If the lines be right lines, the angle is a rectilinear angle. If the lines be curves, it is a curvilinear angle. If it be formed by



lines of both sorts, it becomes a mixed angle.

Considering the *relative* direction: The meeting of perpendiculars makes a right angle. The meeting of oblique lines produces an acute or an obtuse angle; acute, if the opening be less, and obtuse, if the opening be greater than that of a right angle.

The consideration of *number* will give birth to two denominations.

If the lines be only two, these lines may be regarded as bounding a surface, and as being the two sides of a figure.

Every surface, the outlines only of which are contemplated, is considered as *plane* or *flat*.

The angle formed by two lines

only, is, therefore, called a *plane* angle.

Three or more lines flowing from one point, must produce more surfaces than one; consequently, must pertain to a solid, and hence is called a *solid* angle.

The upper point or apex of a pyramid, is a *solid* angle.

Diameters, radii, diagonals, axes, arcs, tangents, secants, are *lines*; but I have aimed at describing only the primitive and simple lines, considered absolutely or in their relation to other lines, and in doing this, have, I fear, put your reader's patience to an hard trial. I shall, therefore, merely put the terms explained in such a form, that the eye shall easily perceive their mutual relations and their distribution.

Line.	{	Single.	Direction.	{	Absolute.	{	Right line.
	{			{	Relative.	{	Curve.
	{			{		{	Parallel.
	{			{		{	Inclined.
Plural.	{		Coincidence or Angle.	{	Direction.	{	Oblique.
	{			{		{	Perpendicular.
	{			{		{	Rectilinear.
	{			{		{	Curvilinear.
	{			{		{	Mixed.
	{			{		{	Acute.
	{			{		{	Right.
	{			{		{	Obtuse.
	{			{	Number.	{	Plane. Bilineal.
	{			{		{	Solid. Trilineal.
	{			{		{	Quadrilineal, &c.

### Remarks on Short-hand Writing.

**S**HORT-HAND has grown considerably into use of late years. In some schools in Great Britain, it has been adopted as a part of ordinary education, and the authors of schemes of short-hand writing are never tired of dwelling on its excellencies and advantages. It may, therefore, be worth while to reflect a moment upon the possibility and limits of this accomplishment.

Penmanship is an art of the highest value, and, in the instruction of

youth, the utmost stress should be laid upon it. No pains should be spared, at an age when the muscles are pliant and the joints flexible, to create the habits of a skilful penman. This skill, it is obvious to remark, comprehends two things, legibility and swiftness.

It may seem superfluous to dwell upon the importance of *legibility*. No argument seems necessary to prove, that one of the most essential qualities of good writing, is, that it may easily be read; and yet, nothing is more rare than to

find writing that possesses this quality, even in a small degree. The power of comparing and inferring, in the human mind, is so great; and this power, in relation to written characters, is so much improved by exercise, that most penmen place an excessive and unreasonable confidence in it, and neglect almost every rule by which writing is made easily and accurately legible.

This negligence arises from the desire of expedition. In transcribing our own words, or those of others, the movements of the hand are necessarily much more tardy than those of the imagination or the tongue. Having thoughts and words in possession, we are impatient of that dilatory progress which the hand is obliged to make in rendering them permanent and visible. Thus we hasten to the end, at the cost of elegance and perspicuity, and omit, or distort, syllables and letters, so that none but those accustomed to our pen, or those versed in the business of decyphering, can make out our meaning; and he, indeed, must transcend his fellows by a wonderous distance, whose characters not only can be read, but read with absolute facility.

How far may these excellences be attained? In what degree may swift penmanship be united with legible, is a question which every student should be at great pains to decide. There are many whose sole trade is penmanship, and many more whose professions require the very frequent use of it. To such, it is not easy to overrate the importance of this inquiry.

But few questions are harder to decide than this. We see, in numberless instances, the astonishing swiftness and accuracy to which the movements of the hand and fingers can be brought. In managing the bow of a violin, or touching the keys of an harpsichord, the quickness

and exactness of motions are such as to wear, to an unpractised observer, the appearance of something preternatural. There are limits, no doubt, to our powers in all these respects; but these limits are scarcely definable, and, certain it is, that no length of practice, though every hour bring us nearer, will ever, in the longest life, enable us to reach these limits.

In discussing this subject with a friend of mine, who has been long used to the pen, he proposed to reduce the question, in some degree, to the test of experiment, and to try, not what is possible for one, by long practice, to do, but what he or I, by fully or intensely exerting the moderate skill which each possessed, was already qualified to do.

Our first experiment was to ascertain the time in which a given quantity of words could be read. For which end we took, as a book to which most readers have access, the Dublin edition of Gibbon's history. A full page, that is, a page without notes, was found to contain 43 lines, and, on an average, 390 words, and 650 syllables.

This page we found could be read by the eye, without moving the lips, and with the utmost swiftness consistent with the comprehension of its meaning, in *one minute*.

It was then read aloud, with a distinct but very rapid articulation, in *two minutes and an half*.

It was then read deliberately and emphatically, with the due intervals and pauses, in *five minutes*.

We then proceeded to compare the eye and the tongue with the pen. My friend took paper and transcribed the page which had just been read, first, in his swiftest hand, and next, with deliberation and exactness. The first copy was far from being illegible. It was much better than the hand which thousands of merchants, lawyers,

and authors habitually employ. Still, however, it was somewhat indistinct, and could not be read so easily as the printed page. This copy was finished in a very little less than *ten minutes*, and was executed in what I will call a *current hand*. (*Festinate*).

The second copy was extremely regular and fair. All words were separate, and all the letters complete and distinct, and no one could wish to peruse characters more legible. This second copy was finished in a little less than *twenty minutes*, and was done in what may be called a *deliberate hand*. (*Lentè*.)

Allowances must always be made for casual intermissions and diversions of the eye and hand, both in reading and writing, but these allowances cannot be computed in general. Every reader must calculate them for himself. Meanwhile I state, with all its circumstances, what has actually been done. All cannot do this; but all, with slight efforts, may do this; and many there undoubtedly are who can effect much more than this. Now what are the inferences?

It appears that what may be hastily, but *silently* read in one minute, will require a period ten times longer to write it hastily, and twenty times longer to write it at leisure.

A rapid articulation appears to exceed the *current pen* by three-fourths; and the deliberate articulation exceeds the pen *in haste* only by *one-half*, and the pen *at leisure* by *three-fourths*.

Till this experiment was made, I had been far from thinking the pen so dispatchful a tool. I had no previous conception that what was properly spoken or read in twenty minutes, could be adequately transcribed in forty.

Before extraordinary modes of abbreviating writing be sought, we should investigate the powers of the

methods already in use: and it is far more wise to carry known modes to higher perfection, than to invent new ones.

An obvious method of contraction consists in *omission*. For the sake of speed, we may omit letters, syllables, or words. It is manifest that a word may be easily read, notwithstanding the omission of some of its letters or syllables, and that sentences may be intelligible, in which one or more words are omitted. It is difficult to say to what extent these various kinds of omission may be carried without producing difficulty or obscurity. But certainly every hour's practice will lessen the difficulty which at first existed.

The bones and sinews of every language, but especially of our's, are its consonants. Suppose our scheme of writing should entirely drop the use of vowels; or, at least, in all the cases in which, as observation and experience may teach us, the disuse of them will not occasion ambiguity.

We have been told that an English student, who had occasion to make numerous memorandums and copies for his own use, and to maintain an exclusive but voluminous correspondence, adopted the vowel-dropping scheme to very great advantage; but, to judge of this, it will be requisite to consider the proportion of vowels and consonants in the English language.

Without stopping to explain the grounds on which I build my inferences, it will be sufficient to observe, that our consonants are double the number of our vowels, two consonants to one vowel being found to be the usual distribution. If we take away one third of our characters, we shall lessen the toil of penmanship by one third, and the speech or rehearsal of ten minutes, may then be recorded, not in twenty minutes, but in *fourteen*.

In truth, however, the deduction of one third of our letters, is not a diminution of the quantity of writing by one third, our consonants being doubly or trebly more complicated than our vowels. By dropping vowels, therefore, we should not lessen the actual quantity of writing by more than a fifth; the proportions, therefore, even on the vowel-dropping scheme, between reading and writing, would not much vary from that already stated.

The end of short-hand, is to enable the writer to keep pace with the reader or speaker, or, at least, to approach more nearly to the speed of utterance, than is done by the common methods. In what degree is this practicable?

Our written characters are far more complex than is necessary to the purposes of writing. Not one of our letters is the single modification of a line, yet all our alphabet might be exhibited by distinct and single modifications of the line. Few of our alphabetical characters represent elementary sounds, and none of them are elementary lines.

By adopting more simple characters, we might surely greatly expedite the business of writing. I will not mention the use of arbitrary forms, by which, indeed, we may carry abbreviation to an inconceivable extent; but I should adhere merely to the use of characters different from the English ones.

Most stenographical schemes denote the vowels merely by the relative position of a single dot, so that, to exhibit any vowel, a mere touch of the pen is necessary, such as at present is placed above the vowel *i*. The benefits to dispatch of this mode, are manifest.

But how shall we measure the advantages of the simple, over the complex alphabet. Suppose the eye as easily peruses, and the hand as readily delineates the new letter

as the old one (and this faculty will inevitably flow from practice); How many simple forms may be traced in the time requisite to trace the single English letter?

The simple forms are, in this respect, equal to each other; but the complex, having different degrees of complexity, are, of course, unequal to each other.

According to the foregoing experiments, it appears that we can rapidly articulate 650 syllables in two minutes and an half, which is four syllables in a second. A syllable generally contains three characters. Can any stenographical hand trace *twelve* distinct characters in a second? I am afraid it is impossible.

It has likewise appeared that by the current hand, one syllable, or three characters, will demand at least a *second*. To be equal to the speed of rapid utterance, stenography then must be *four times* as rapid as the current hand, a disproportion that cannot be conceived practicable without the abundant use of arbitrary signs.

If we will try the experiment, we shall ascertain this matter clearly, and shall find that a stenographical sign can be traced in the time that a syllable can be uttered, consequently, to keep pace with speech, either the three characters of which every syllable, on an average, consists, must be represented by *one new*, but simple character, or one only of the three must be retained, and the other two be inferred from the context. But one of every three is a vowel, and may prudently be dropped; the difference, therefore, from a third rises to an half, and, consequently, it appears that the *abvocal* stenography is only twice as rapid as the current hand, and that rapid speech is, in like manner, only twice as rapid as the *abvocal* stenography.

Yut though stenography appears

thus unequal to rapid speech, it follows that it is equal to deliberate speaking, since, according to experiment, we find that the *hasty* utterer is twice as rapid as the *leisurely*.

The deliberate and hasty utterers, if their utterance be distinct, differ not in the time employed in enouncing a syllable, but merely in the intervals admitted between their syllables, words and sentences. For stenography to keep pace with any just elocution, the pen must take advantage of the pauses of the tongue, and must, therefore, be unceasingly busy; but this unceasing activity is sufficient for the end.

The deliberate speaker is a being midway between the precipitate, on the one hand, and the dilatory on the other; but men oftener fall into the last excess than into the former, and thus facilitate the task of the short-hand writer.

From all these observations, it appears that there is a mode of writing by which the common utterance of men can be equalled in speed, a truth which few persons are able to understand and believe. They are, indeed, far from gathering it from the practice or the precepts of short-hand writers, for there is seldom any one among them who attempts to keep pace with speaking, or who has practised sufficiently to confer on him the power, or who is not negligent and prone to rely upon his memory.

The great source of improvement in this art, is the doctrine of arbitrary signs. It would be impossible to talk intelligibly on this subject, without exemplifying figures; but it is not necessary, since, in proportion to the use of arbitrary signs, must we reinstate the vowels and omitted characters, and refinements, the adoption of which is consistent with the just use of time,

can do no more than make an *active* pen keep pace with a deliberate speaker.

### *Differences between Prejudice and Prepossession.*

THESE words have differences that are not easily discovered or defined. I offer you my opinion on those differences with no great confidence; but I am a great friend to inquiries of this nature; and as some of your readers appear to resemble me in this respect, I am willing to throw my mite into the common fund of instructive entertainment.

These words may be considered in relation to their origin. They have both the preposition *pre* before them, and therefore imply an act or state *previous* to something else alluded to, or spoken of. *Prejudicium*, or *fore-decision*, is an opinion or decision formed previous to inquiry or direct knowledge. *Prepossession*, or *fore-possession*, is in like manner an affection of the mind, a judgment or opinion, admitted previous to direct knowledge. Thus far, then, the two words agree, but here their agreement seems to stop.

The objects of prejudice are either the *characters* of men, or *abstract opinions*. It may relate to the *character* of the Methodist divine who is my next door neighbour, or to the *doctrines* of John Westley.

Prepossession seems, on the contrary, limited to one only of those objects, and to spring up in relation to the characters of men. This distinction, however, is not universally admitted.

Prejudice is an opinion formed to the disadvantage of a character, or a doctrine: prejudice breeds

hatred or contempt, and gives birth to persecution and reviling. We are always prejudiced *against* a person or thing.

This is so commonly the case, that from being the name of one of the causes of evil or mischief, it has frequently been made to denominate mischief, or evil in general. Thus we say, "I will do nothing to his prejudice. He acted *so*, greatly to the prejudice of his affairs. Such a situation will be prejudicial (injurious or hurtful) to his health.

Prepossessions, on the other hand, operate auspiciously. They are opinions formed of others, favourably to them. Slight associations or rumours have raised such an one in my esteem. I eagerly accept the offer to be introduced to him, for I have many *prepossessions* in his favour.

I am aware that these distinctions will hardly be admitted by the reader. He may think prejudice is, according to circumstances, either favourable or not. Few, however, will object to the following distinctions. Prejudice and prepossession, are kinds of opinion different from each other. Prejudice is strong and regular belief drawn from inadequate sources, but the prejudiced man is not aware of their inadequateness. Its tendency is to preclude further investigation, and likewise to harden the mind against the influence of inquiry. It is formed anterior to examination, but examination does not necessarily destroy it. I thought in a certain manner before I argued or read upon the subject, but I have now read and argued, and yet continue to think as I did at first.

Prepossession is not a regular belief. It is a sort of bias, or mechanical inference, the true nature of which is not concealed from me, and which excites my hopes and

expectations, rather than my formal convictions. I read an eloquent book. This creates a prepossession as to the writer's powers of pleasing or instructing in discourse, or in other compositions. Hence I am anxious to hear and to see him talk, or to peruse his other productions.

Excellent moral reasonings prepossess us in favour of the moral conduct of the reasoner.

But I cannot be said to *believe* one to be a captivating talker, merely because he is eloquent in composition. I will not affirm my approbation of a man's conduct merely because I have heard him reason justly. This has only excited expectation.

Prepossessions excite to inquiry, but do not render our convictions proof against it. I have read the letter of a female to her friend. It contains much groundless, but plausible invective, directed towards a third person. With regard to the person traduced, this letter may instil prejudices against him. With regard to the writer, I may vaguely infer that she is tall, beautiful, and pensive; but this I call a prepossession. The prejudice thus imbibed, is belief; and perhaps I report the evil qualities of the defamed person to others, in consequence of this plausible accusation; but I shall never affirm that the letter-writer is tall of stature and lovely in demeanour, merely because the style of her letter has prepossessed me with such a notion.

Prejudice is frequently made synonymous with error. Whatever inquiry or evidence produces erroneous opinions must be defective. He that decides upon such evidence may, in some sense, be said to decide previous to sufficient examination.

ADDRESS to the Society for the Relief of poor Widows with small Children.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

*As you have favourably noticed "The Society for the Relief of poor Widows with small Children," by inserting in your useful Magazine a sketch of its Constitution,\* I am induced to send you the following ADDRESS, delivered by the Directress of the Society, at their last Semi-annual Meeting. The account it presents of the successful exertions of its Board of Managers to relieve the wants and sufferings of the Widow and the Fatherless, cannot fail to enhance your respect for so useful and benevolent an Institution.*

M.

New-York, August, 1800.

LADIES,

IT is with pleasure that your Managers again meet this benevolent society. With pleasure we announce the success of the institution in the increase of its funds, its usefulness, and its respectability. We have a list of two hundred and seventy-four annual subscribers; thirty-nine more than at the last meeting. The treasurer has received three hundred and thirty-nine dollars in donations from ladies, and six hundred and seventeen dollars from gentlemen, which is nearly double the amount of donations made us the last year. Your managers have expended eight hundred and twenty dollars since the last meeting, a period of not quite five months. Perhaps this may surprise you, but there was no avoiding such an expenditure.

Though the winter has been mild, and the price of wood moderate, the wants of the poor have been more

pressing than in former years. The first year we had not half the number of applicants; the next year we supplied them with work; but our shirts did not sell, and we determined to try to go on without cutting more. By all accounts, employment never was so scarce as during the last winter; and we were obliged to change our plan, and again furnish them with work. We have on our books one hundred and forty-two names of widows, with four hundred and six children under twelve years of age, and by far the greater part under six; besides many boys bound apprentices, for whom their mothers must wash, mend, and provide some portion of cloathing.

Though the sum expended appears great, you will find, on calculation, that it is not quite six dollars to each family. Yet by prudent management, giving it to them by little and little, and in necessities, nourishing, yet cheap, it went farther than twice the sum given in money and at once.

Besides, in cordials for the sick, and for exigencies of different kinds, your managers have begged from others, and taken from their own pockets and pantries, at least to the amount of two hundred dollars more.

Most of our widows have to learn œconomy from necessity. In the days of their husbands they lived not only plentifully, but luxuriously.

Every class of mechanics in New-York could live well, and lay up something for their families were they frugal; but the reverse of this is the case. The evil is general, and, I fear, not to be cured. The change from competence to penury thus occasioned to their widows, greatly aggravates their misery. Well may the guilt of thoughtless prodigality be read in its punish-

ment, when meagre want overtakes them. But God forgives, and so ought we.

*We!* who have so much to be forgiven for; yet have our necessities, our comforts, and even our luxuries spared. With us, our comfortable dwellings, cheerful fires, and convivial parties, give charms to winter.

Alas! for her, the new made widow! to whom all those comforts are forever lost—to her, the approach of winter is as the approach of death. Accustomed to spread the board by a cheerful fire-side; to welcome the companion of her heart from the labours of the day, to bless and share the social meal provided by his industry, drest with neatness and ingenuity, rendered savory by health and appetite, and heightened in its savour by mutual love. The witty sayings of the prattlers are repeated, and the news of the household exchanged for the news of the city. The little ones too have their share; they tell their father the exploits of the day, who forgets his fatigue, and dandles them by turns on his knee, while the mother's eyes glisten with pleasure. Alas, the change! Husband, father, support, provider, is no more! The setting sun, the succeeding twilight, the rattling carts, the train of labourers announce the approach of evening, when many boards are spread, and many husbands return to bless their families. Scarce can she believe that her husband is not in the crowd; fain would she persuade herself that she has been in a dream; fain would she fancy that yonder is he. Darkness pervades the earth. The neighbouring doors shut in the happy families. The beaming fires illumine the windows. Back she staggers to her dreary dwelling, and wakes to all the reality of her widowed state! The once cheerful chimney scarcely emits a taper

blaze. Her children cry for bread, but her empty pantry affords it not. Tired nature soon brings *them* relief—they sleep—they forget. Not so the widowed heart. Busy, cruel memory calls back and doubles her departed joys. Her swollen heart would burst its narrow bounds, but for a gush of tears in mercy sent to give it vent! Time, that sorrow-healing balm, softens at length the pungency of woe. The sympathising neighbours, the unrestrained complaint and tear, render her situation familiar. The wants of her children urge her to exertion for their support. Some sister widow, pensioner on your bounty, consoles her with the news, that many benevolent hearts have united their efforts to relieve wants like her's. Hope steals in—she listens—is comforted—plans schemes of industry, and exerts herself to become father and mother to her orphans.

Many such, dear ladies, have eaten of your bread, been warmed from your wood-yard, cloathed from your web; in sickness, revived by your cordials, consoled and soothed by your managers. Blessed office! they are your agents; they are also the humble agents of your God; the father of the fatherless, the husband of the widow, the stranger's shield, and orphan's stay!

“Blessed, indeed, is he who considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve and keep him alive; he shall be blessed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in sickness. Yes, blessed they who consider the poor, who devise liberal things.”—But more blessed still ye! who, like the good Samaritan, bind up their wounds, pour the oil and wine of consolation into their bursting hearts, bring them to your homes, and share their griefs with them—who are eyes to the blind, feet to



the lame, and make the widow's heart to sing for joy.

May the blessing of them who are ready to perish come upon you! May your persons be accepted in Christ! then shall a reward of grace accompany and follow your labours of love. May you be blessed in your basket, and blessed in your store; blessed in your going out, and blessed in your coming in; blessed in life, blessed in death, and through Christ the purchaser, blessed with the inheritance of his Saints through eternity!

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*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

IN looking over the Review for the last month, my attention was attracted by the remarks on the Latin Address of President Willard, the writer of which has displayed more erudition and parade of criticism, than the occasion demanded. But while he was so intent on the detection of the errors and barbarisms of his author, he should have been careful not to betray his own ignorance of the best writers in that language of which he pretends to be so exquisite a judge. He admits that to speak and write such Latin as will bear the test even of *indulgent* criticism, is no easy task; but thinks, that even in America persons may be found who can express themselves in that language with purity and correctness. That there are many who can write with grammatical correctness, is true; but I doubt if any can be found able to write *pure* Latin. Indeed, the years of study and toil requisite to the attainment of a pure Latinity, would be far more usefully employed in the study and improvement of our mother tongue, or in the acquisition of some science. I do not mean to condemn the study of Latin alto-

gether. To be able to read it with ease, should be the object of early education; and an accurate knowledge of its structure, forms, perhaps, the best basis for the study of modern languages. Every person of liberal education should be familiar with the best authors of Greece and Rome; but to read and to write a language, are very different things, and require different degrees of application.

The *difficulté surmontée* seems to constitute the great charm of this power of writing Latin. But a rational and just estimate of the value of time, would not allow of the waste of it in surmounting this difficulty. It would be far better,

—*Non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis;  
Sed veræ numerosque modoque, ediscere vitæ.*

But to return to your critic; he says he can find no authority for the use of the word *bonis*, in the sense intended by President W. Now, any school-boy would know that *bona* in the plural, is used by the best Latin authors for an estate, or a man's property of any kind, or wealth and riches, which, with the majority of mankind, have always constituted the *summum bonum*: and he would refer your critic for an authority, to *Cornelius Nepos*, in his life of Atticus. If higher authority is demanded, I could quote *Cicero* and *Pliny*, and almost every writer of *elegant Latin*.

From the bias of early education, or from some other cause, I am a great admirer and reader of the Roman writers, though, deeming it of no importance to write a *dead* language when so many living ones are to be learnt, I am not a competent judge of Latin composition; but I do not know why a person who is compelled by the rules of his college to write in that language, should be so severely censured for his *Anglicisms*. If his undertaking was spontaneous, the folly of the

attempt would justify a laugh at its failure. Your critic is disposed not to be over *indulgent*, but evidently chuckles over the precious morsels afforded him by the head of a celebrated university.

The *Concio* of the learned President, like most collegiate specimens which I have seen, strikes me as no more than English *done into Latin*. I doubt whether it be worse than the translations of many *doers* of Latin or German into English, who have been much applauded.

The ambition of writing in a foreign language, and particularly a dead one, always appeared to me singular, and as proceeding more from vanity than good sense. One might exclaim with SENECA, *magno impendio temporum, magna alienarum aurium molestia, laudatio hæc constat*. I quote Latin, not so much to show my learning, or to *patch up* my English, than which nothing is more ridiculous, but to please your learned critic. ANGLICUS.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

*Some of your Readers, who may have been pleased with the simple strain of the Letter published in your last Number, page 29, may not be displeased with the following, by the same hand.*

N. O.

## LETTER I.

June 10, 1764.

HOW well you paint the charms of your situation, my friend! As I laid down your letter, I sighed. I believe it was a sigh of regret that I was not with you. I fancied myself walking arm in arm with you in your meadow-path, sometimes, and sometimes sitting with you on the bench under your wide-spreading elm; but I soon waked and found it far otherwise. The milkman's rap at the kitchen-door put an end to my dream, and I went musefully and mournfully to getting tea.

This is usually the first effect of your letters; but it never lasts very long. "Well, well," say I, "green fields, sweet airs, and my friend's company, are very good things, it must be owned, but they cannot

be had. I can fancy them, and that will be as well." I can recollect many such scenes that I formerly enjoyed; and, by calling them up again while I sit at work, will, in some sort, enjoy them a second time.

How can you ask me to come, and express such earnest wishes? They have given me a great deal of pain. It is hard to deny *myself* this pleasure, but much harder to withhold pleasure from one whom I love. "My visit would gratify you much: your loneliness is irksome: and nothing can cheer you but my presence," you say; but how can you talk in this way, Julia? You that know what it is that keeps me here; that know the impossibility of leaving my mother, even for a few hours; why should you talk as if you desired or expected to prevail with me to leave her? Could I do any thing more wrong? Can you seriously wish me to prefer my own gratification?—But that, indeed, is out of the question. So far from finding any pleasure in my visit, I can think of nothing that would make me more truly unhappy. Indeed, Julia, nothing but force should tear me away; nothing but force should keep me

away from my mother, in her present helpless condition.

Why, Julia, do you know that she could not live a day without me? She cannot leave her bed, nor return to it without my assistance. I lift her up, prepare for her her easy chair, make her tea for her, and do for her a thousand little offices which any but her child would never think of doing, and could never do in the same manner.

But people, you once said, may be hired to do all this, at least for a week or two, while I take a little recreation. My health, you say, requires that I should breathe a little pure air, and my mother, who has my attendance for the rest of the year, might be contented to spare me for so short a time, out of regard to her daughter's happiness; and even, indeed, to her own, for these little absences will only recruit my health and my spirits, and make me fitter to undergo the toils of the kitchen and the confinement of the bed-chamber, on my return from them.

But how, my Julia, can you talk so? People *hired* to be kind, tender, affectionate; to supply the thousand nameless wants of blindness, infirmity, and old age! And even if the disposition to be assiduous and tender could be bought, which, possibly, might be the case, since, methinks, no soul who beheld the pale and patient countenance, the woeful expressiveness of my mother's features, could help being melted into compassion and love; yet, where should we look for the skill, the knowledge of her wants, of what is suited to her taste? I who have been with her so long, and have done nothing but wait upon and cherish her, know every thing that her convenience and comfort require from her nurse. If this could be taught to a stranger, a hireling, the mere teaching

would demand a whole month or more.

But there is another reason still, my Julia, why I cannot adopt such a scheme; that, of itself, alone would be an insurmountable obstacle. We are too poor: yet, that is an ungrateful word; I ought to have said, we are not *rich* enough to hire any more attendance than we have.

You know what are our funds; I had like to have said, in the same ungrateful spirit, our *slender* funds. One girl is all that we can afford to have about us; and to her we pay, and are able to pay—nothing. She is indentured to us, and, therefore, costs us only her clothes and food; and these, though as good as my own, for I take care that her tasks and accommodations shall be, in all respects, my own, are managed as becomes a good economist.

That my mother's wants may be fully, and even luxuriously supplied, I am obliged to stint the rest of us a little; but I should think myself inhuman if I indulged myself at the expense of my Hannah. What superiority has education or age given me to this simple girl, if I cannot endure labour and need with a more cheerful spirit than she?

Hannah is a good girl; thoughtful beyond her years; the most guileless and dependant creature in the world; quite pretty too, as you know; and, let me own the truth, some of my reluctance to leave home, must be traced to her. The girl loves me as her mother. Habit and her own merits have made her dear to me. I should be loath to part with her, even for a month, and she would be still more grieved, and nobody whom I should leave in my place would treat her just as I wished. You see, therefore, that I cannot think of accepting your invitation, kindly as it is made;

and though I cannot deny that my health, supposing my mind to be at ease, would be the better for your society, your country fare, and your evening walks in the woods. Adieu.

## LETTER II.

June 15.

Ah! Julia, lay you so much stress upon these elegant indulgences? Yet, no wonder. Having always been accustomed to them, they must, at this time, have become like the primitive wants of nature.

They were once so with me, but I was younger when they ceased to be mine, and so the spell was broken more easily. Indeed, it went hard with me for a time; harder than perhaps it would, even at this age, and your long-formed habits, with my Julia; and so your merits might far transcend mine in this, as they always do in all other respects. My friend knows not her own virtue, and never will know, till tried by adversity.

But really, my friend, you overrate the ills that have happened to me: yet, that is an error that I hardly know how you could help falling into. Knowing that I want so much, of what you think essential to your own content, you infer, naturally enough, that I must greatly repine at my own lot.

But this, Julia, comes only from your inexperience. Were some disaster to make you as poor as I, and your honoured father should be overtaken, in his old age, like my mother, by infirmity and blindness, would you not cheerfully act just as I do? I am sure you would act much better. You think yourself vain, arrogant, insensible, but you are mistaken. At least, if the prosperity of your family, your father's injudicious fondness, as you call it, health, beauty, youth, and so many

graces and accomplishments have a little tinctured you with pride, how would they disappear when misfortunes should come! How much worse effects would these causes have had upon characters originally less good, upon minds less pure and upright than your own!

Besides, give me leave to say, Julia, the parallel you draw between us is a very incorrect one. I am surprised that you see not how fallacious it is. I fell not, my friend, from your height. My family was less opulent and splendid. For birth and fortune, yours is the highest in the province, but mine were obscure. My father, born in indigence, was enriched, and but in a very moderate degree, by a few lucky adventures. He had no patrimonial estate or hereditary elevation, and, what he got all of a sudden by enterprise and good fortune, he lost as suddenly, and by just the same means.

And then, Julia, do but think upon my age. I was young; not above fifteen. I had not time to form habits corresponding to my situation; yet, thoughtless as I was, the change mortified me not a little. Methinks I blush to remember the little contrivances I used to save my pride. How I turned down or crossed a street, or held my face aside to shun the notice of my former companions, and feigned not to hear them when they called to me. Deaf did sometimes my pride make me. All was pitiful in my behaviour, and had I not been blessed with sisters elder and wiser than myself, I should, I fear, have been to this day the same contemptible creature. They used to chide me for my folly very often. Dear girls! how much I owe to them!

Very improperly do you judge of my condition. Indeed it is not so unhappy as you think. Do you forget that whatever my inconveniences may be, I have suffered

them now many years; and that habit would have done what reason and religion ought to do, make me grateful for the good still possessed, and more prompt, by far, to compare my wants with the greater wants of others equally or more deserving than I; than my scanty comforts with the prodigal indulgences of those richer, though perhaps not wiser or better than myself.

I must break off. You know I am no proficient at the pen. *That*, and the little pleasure that, I own to you, I find in books, I account my only real misfortunes. The pleasures of the mind, methinks, are so cheap, they can be had with so little trouble, with no change of my present mode of life; and are they not, my friend? Yes, they must be very exquisite: but I cannot relish them, stupid and sluggish creature that I am! Tending my mother, arranging matters in our little household, and my needle, are all my businesses; and writing now and then to you, which, indeed, gives me pleasure, yet only, I suppose, because I write without restraint; put down just what comes into my head; what comes unsought for. Not the way, I doubt, to improve one's self in thoughts or words; just as little as to prate incessantly and at random, tends to make us sounder reasoners or correcter speakers than before.

How different, my friend, is your case from mine in every thing, but especially in these respects! If my nature were capable of envy, I should envy you, I think. Not your brocade nor your chariot, not your leisure, your pens, or your books: dress and equipage I want not; leisure I might make; and books I might have, as many as I needed; but what I envy you for, is your knowledge, your taste, your zeal, your finger on the harp, your pencil, your rapid pen, and your delight in study. Those would be

my pride, if I had them; to want them is my chief, nay, it is my only sorrow.

Cannot you lend me a little of all these? Out of so abundant a store, spare me a little. Pry'thee do: much would hardly be missed, and a little will be much to me. Yet, you have often tried to inspire me with some of this ennobling spirit; and I was all alive with impatience to begin the same course. The books you told me of, I got: I opened them: I read: but my mind too soon, alas! began to wander and to droop. Images were all vague, dim; eye-lids heavy, heavier grew, till I fairly dropped asleep at last.

What can be the reason of this deplorable sluggishness? And is there no remedy? So few years younger than my Julia, yet so far behind her in knowledge and taste! I see clearly how pitiable is my ignorance. Surely I do not judge wrongly of the value of knowledge. I want, it seems to me, to know every thing; the cause of all that I see above and below us; all that has happened heretofore, and that will hereafter befall. My curiosity is indiscriminate. It takes in all that I hear, see, or feel, and yet the only means to gratify it I cannot heartily pursue; for the only means are books, and books I cannot read. 'Tis a lamentable case truly!

Yet I delight in instructive conversation. The more rational and grave, and abundant in facts and principles the talk becomes, the more eagerly I listen. Then all languor and drowsiness, so sure to fasten on and stupify my faculties when reading, disappear.

My memory, too, is not bad for things talked about. Every thing I hear becomes my own. It would surprise you to know how retentive I am of what has been mentioned in this way. Young as I was in my father's life-time, how many of

his sayings and stories do I now distinctly recollect! Not the events or even the words merely, but his tone of voice, the time of the day or year, the company present, and the room and chair he sat in. Just now I see him: his ruddy cheeks and sprightly eye, bespeaking much more youth than one would guess from his locks—so venerably gray.

How I love to think of these things! yet, they always set me to weeping. Not that I am grieved neither. It is not grief that calls forth my tears on such occasions: yet, what it is I cannot tell; but it bids me lay down the pen here.

Take it up again, Jessy. Dry thy eyes, and bid thy friend, with a cheerful accent, *good night*.

### LETTER III.

June 18.

And so, you want to know my story. Did I never tell it you? In so many conversations as we have had, have I not told you all that was worth telling?

Yet I have never been a prattler, except at the pen; and that is because I am the only talker. When you are with me, my sole, and my darling employment is to listen, for thou, my Julia, hast an eloquent tongue, and, luckily for me, art never tired of using it.

I have always listened to you with the utmost pleasure. What you say, claims my ear for its own sake, as well as for its relation to you. Some gratification to my vanity I likewise draw from it, for have you not often told me that you are equally communicative to no other person? And yet, will you let me add, in proof of my perverseness, that I have sometimes been a little mortified at finding so little curiosity in you as to myself? Shall I say, that you are sometimes too full of your own concerns? The drama, pleasing as it is, has seldom

more than two persons—I and my father. Forgive me, Julia, you see I can be saucy sometimes. I take more pleasure in hearing you than in talking myself. What you tell me is the story of your own feelings; and incidents that please me by their novelty, while they more than please me by the lessons that they teach; and delight me above all, as being only so many proofs of the happiness; the penetration; or the wit of the speaker.

You have often marked my silence, my reserve as you called it, and in one breath, questioned me as to the cause, and complained of it as disingenuous and unfriendly; but, in the next breath, and before I could do aught but smile at your quick and whimsical transitions, you have added: "But I know the reason; I do not give you time. I love to prate, and so much at ease do I find myself in your company, and such pleasure do I take in talking all I think and feel; and so rarely is that privilege enjoyed; (I enjoy it only in your company) that no wonder not a crack or crevice in our conversation to thrust a word into, should ever occur."

I have always acquiesced in this your mode of accounting for my silence, and yet, that is not the whole truth. There are some things that I do not like to think upon too closely, and the telling them with all their circumstances, would, I am afraid, be very painful. I wish to foster cheerful images, and though many things that happened long ago, do not, as they chance to be occasionally thought upon, greatly disquiet me now, yet I am apprehensive that the whole tissue of my past life, put into words, and with that minuteness and correctness, without which they could not be understood, would revive with too much force, my distressful feelings.

But you make your request with

so much kindness, and are so flatteringly inquisitive into poor Jessy's concerns, that, I believe, I must tell you something. It must be, however, a very general and summary account. So poor a hand am I at pen-work, that I am ashamed to attempt any thing that asks for the least perspicuity and method; but you will excuse my imperfections, as long as I myself am aware of them, and as long as I endeavour to do my best. And now I begin.

My father, you must know, was brought up to the sea, and after many years service, got the rank of Lieutenant in the navy, but not before he grew tired of the public service, and resolved to seek his fortune on his own stock. He purchased a ship, and armed her to cruise in the South seas and the Gulph of Mexico, against the Spaniards. By this means, by great enterprize and valour, he, in a few years, enriched himself and his companions. Habit had made him fonder of water than of land, and he took more delight in danger than in safety; yet he married my mother early, and always proved an affectionate husband.

After he had been sometime engaged in his new way of life, he brought his wife and four small children, of which I was the youngest, to America, some port in this part of the world being more convenient to resort to with his prizes, and to spend his times of leisure, than any in Europe.

Both my parents were generous in their disposition; they loved to maintain splendour and show in their family; and being made sanguine by prosperity, neglected to lay up any of their gains as a store for old age, and a refuge in any change of fortune. All that my father got in what he called his

campaigns, was consumed as fast as it was gained. And this gave neither him nor my mother any uneasiness.

It was always time enough, they said, to *lay up*. He pursued this boisterous life from choice, and no degree of wealth would induce him to relinquish it, till old age should come and unfit him for the glorious calling. As to the chances of capture or death, such continued successes and numberless escapes had befallen him, that these found no place in his calculation. If peace between England and Spain should cut off his present resource, he would betake himself to honest trade, and doubted not, by contraband intercourse with the Spanish colonies, with so much knowledge as he possessed of their wants and habits, and of the rivers and inlets of the coast, to enrich himself more securely than ever.

But, unhappily, my father trusted too much to his good fortune. In the last year of the Spanish war,\* he put all his property on board of two ships, both of them well armed, and set out from New-York to the West-Indies. There he meant to dispose of his commodities, and, shipping his purchases for New-York in different vessels, proceed with his own, new supplied with men and ammunition, to the coasts of Chili and Peru.

His knowledge of the country made him believe that a golden harvest might be reaped by a sudden descent upon these shores. I do not know all the particulars of his scheme, but he boasted to his friends that he would return with half a million, at least, of good Spanish *pesos* in his chests.

He got safe to Jamaica, and turned his cargoes into the staple of the island, and dispatched them home, while he prosecuted his first

design. These were overtaken by an hurricane and lost, and no tidings were ever afterwards received of him or his companions. Whether they were shipwrecked or made prisoners, or destroyed by their enemies, it was never in our power to guess.

The consequence to us was poverty. The eldest of his children was my brother, who was then rising to manhood. He was not designed for any profession, though carefully educated; but now a friend of his, a lawyer, took him into his house, and trained him to the law. He is a good and diligent man, and is now able to maintain his small family in a very frugal manner.

As to my mother, my two sisters, and myself, we left our expensive establishment, came to the little cottage which we now inhabit in the *bowery*, and made shift to subsist upon our earnings by the needle. My sisters, older than I, and, in spite of a very common education, or rather of no education at all, thoughtful and considerate, bore this reverse very well, and we were, for some years, not unhappy.

But the worst was yet to come. Marianne began to droop, and, sinking gradually away, died, no one could scarcely tell by what malady. She was followed in less than a twelve-month by Sally. My sisters were all my society and consolation; and, to lose them thus slowly and successively, was hard. I was sad; truly sad. Day and night, month after month, it was the same. A sense of forlornness was strong; and as much present to my mind at the year's end, as at the day of my Sally's death. I wanted their cheering voice, their help, their sweet looks. The room I worked in, my bed-chamber, had likewise been theirs; and, not to see and hear them as I used to do, made me weep the live-long night, as, at times, I now do. Then my

sobs were heavy, and my tears—not like *these*, which are welcome drops, and pain me not.

I had no companions beyond my own family. I never desired any. Now I desired them less than ever. I sought for nothing but communion with my own thoughts. These were of but one tenour: they always hied away to past scenes, to my sisters' company. I revived their tones, their gestures, their thousand conversations, and little incidents which happened before and after our father's death. We were a family of love, my Julia. You never knew my sisters, Julia, did you? I wish you had known them, for you would have loved them dearly, and I should love you more on their account; yet, not more than now, for that's impossible.

My life, for three years, was without any variety. I retired to my chamber alone. I rose on the morrow, and dispatched the little offices required in the family. I then sat down alone to my needle. I had no visitants. I never saw a human creature but what some domestic business brought to the house. My room looked into a back court, whither, in summer time, I often moved my seat; but only because my sisters, when they were alive, used to do so. My brother went to market for us, and relieved me and my mother of every out-of-door engagement.

I did nothing but sew. This is my trade, you know; but habit had likewise made it my amusement. It was what my sisters used to do. It agreeably employed, without tiring or engrossing my attention. Instead of hindering my favourite reflections, it rather aided and promoted them. And these were favourite reflections.

My dearest brother was uneasy on my account. He sets a great value upon what he calls intelligence, wit, that taste and those ac-



complishments for which my Julia is so much extolled. Often has he tried to instil the same spirit into me; but my perverse temper would not admit them, and especially after my sisters' death. He thought it would divert my melancholy; but, what he called so, was precious to my soul. There was nothing in it peevish, or sullen, or moeiful. It softened my heart; more pliant it made me; more prone to pity; more affectionate than ever. I do not even know, after a time, whether my state of mind ought to be called *suffering*. It was solemn and museful: it endeared to me, it made me cherish my loneliness and my reserve. Often did it make me weep, but never, when a few months had passed, was I visited by any thing that might be called despair or anguish.

My sisters were dead to me, but not to themselves, and to me only for a time; and I looked forward with rapture to the day when I should meet them again, to be severed from their side no more. With these feelings, the books that my brother brought to me and urged me to read, had no charms for me. I opened them and read, because I would oblige my brother; but I quickly laid them aside, or rather they fell from my reluctant hand, in spite of me. So it was with his harp, too. He put himself to great expense to get one for me, and I tried to play, that I might please him; but my sisters had parted with theirs at my father's death, among other costly articles. They continued to sing, and one of my delights was to repeat their songs; but the harp was not musical to me; it was foreign to my feelings. At my persuasion, he sold it again. It was unsuitable for one in my low situation. I had no time for so pompous a pleasure.

In the evening twilight, if the weather allowed, I walked; for this

had always been the custom of my sisters. How mournfully delicious were my walks! How full of rapturous sensations! They all had intimate connection with past enjoyments, with the images of Marianne and Sally. I loved to tread in their very footsteps, to sit upon the same rocks, to make the same characters in the sand, and repeat their observations as they looked upon the rippling waters, the sailing of the fish-hawk, and the rolling of the porpoises.

See, my Julia, into what a theme you have led me. I could write in this strain forever, but must stop here. I will shortly resume again, Adieu.

—  
LETTER IV.

June 21,

And so, it seems you are much interested with my story; and request me, with great earnestness, to proceed with it. You shall not, my beloved friend, ask me twice.

I was describing, I believe, my state of mind for three years after my sisters' death.

One proof I may give of how much I was absorbed in my own thoughts during that time. Would you believe that I was wholly unacquainted with what was passing abroad in the world? I never heard a whisper of the dreaded machinations and encroachments of Indians and French. Braddock's expedition, and Colonel Washington's exploits, were never heard of; or, if heard, were never attended to or understood by me.

A woman, indeed, has little to do with politics; but what woman but myself could fail of hearing, at least, the name of persons and places like these, especially of those in which all the colonies were supposed to have so much concern? The very children, as I now remember to have noticed, were

listing into troops and companies, and one's ears were forever dinning by the homely ditty of  
*"Fire in the mountains! run boys, run!"*

Yet I was no ways curious to know the cause of all these panics and commotions. In truth, I was not fully aware that there were any such abroad in the world.

My mother's indisposition was what chiefly roused my attention at last. Returning from the country, she was caught in a violent rain. A rheumatism was the consequence, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. These, after a long time, she very imperfectly recovered; but, unhappily, her sight failed, and now, alas! she is totally blind.

I had always done my utmost to make my mother's life comfortable; but, while in health, she did not use to require much of my presence and attendance, but now these became almost constantly necessary. She used to prefer attending to family matters, and, as there were only her and myself, the affairs of our little dwelling were easily managed. Our two cups of tea a-piece, morning and night, our hash of veal or stewed pullet at noon, were prepared and despatched with very little trouble; and this trouble it was her choice to take chiefly on herself.

She hated needle-work of any kind, being never brought up to it; and her chief amusement was to sit, with her fan in hand, at the window, and look upon the passengers in the road. She spent many weeks in summer with a friend in the country, when my solitude was perfect and undisturbed. For a long time, her evenings were without amusement; and, as she still kept to the custom of going late to bed and rising late, were very tedious, except when enlivened by the droppings-in of our neighbours. As to me, my evening hours were spent like the noon-day ones, at my

needle, till my mother's infirmities supplied me with a new task.

One evening a neighbour brought in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and read to us a few passages. These pleased my mother so much that she undertook to read the rest of the book herself; the first time, I believe, that she had ever conceived such a design. She always read aloud, and my attention was insensibly and somewhat engaged in that whimsical allegory; but it was at my choice to attend to her or not; and other books of the same kind that she afterwards got and read, had little or no power to please me.

My mother's blindness made some amusement of this kind more necessary than ever, while it hindered her from amusing herself. So I took up the book which she was obliged to lay down. My employments were increased in many ways. All the family offices which she had done while in health, now fell to me, besides many attentions, needful to her personal ease; and my evenings were always spent in reading to her; and this has continued almost just so for four years. You will rightly suppose that I have read a good deal in that time, and will wonder, perhaps, how I have reaped so little improvement from the exercise; but pray, Julia, consider that I do not read to please myself, but my mother, whose taste, and not my own, is to be consulted in the choice of books. These books are not, I suspect, the best suited to awaken the dormant curiosity, and improve the judgment of one like your Jessy.

I was seldom much interested in the page, so I read without attention to it; and at last I got into the habit of uttering words like a parrot, without knowing their meaning. This, you will easily see, must make me a very poor reader, since, without understanding the sentence, no one, I imagine, can lay that

stress and make those pauses that the sense must doubtless require: but well or ill read, it was all one to my mother, and quite the same thing to me, so it was but read.

But a worse consequence than that is, the habit of reading inattentively; that, I fear, I shall never get over; and my indifference to books, and the waste of so many precious hours; waste I call it, but only in one sense were they wasted. As contributing to lighten my mother's cares, I rejoice that my time has been applied so, and that her taste for reading came in time to put it so much in my power to gratify the dear woman.

Did you not ask me, when lately talking on the subject, what kind of reading our's was? Story, Julia, story; nothing else, you may well suppose; and trifling, prolix stories, too, in general; with very few exceptions. Tales of voyages and shipwrecks delighted me most, and, indeed, my mamma was best pleased with such. That was natural, you know, from their resemblance to the often-told adventures of my father; but there were few of those to be had. We borrowed an odd volume of an huge collection by Churchill, and this we always returned to when other things were wanting; and, for my own part, I read it so often, that I have absolutely many parts of it by rote.

Does not this seem a little inconsistent with what I said before as to my ignorance and my aversion to books? Not a *little*, I believe; but reflect, my friend, that I read the book, not for the book's sake, but purely in compliance with my mother's wishes. Among so many impressions thus made, a few must needs remain, but they remain in my memory, and not my understanding. I read, in most cases, without comprehending the sense. What I comprehend, I make haste to forget; and what I remember, I

never recall on purpose to reflect upon it, and if I did, my remembrances are not of the useful kind; not connected with my sex or condition.

This volume of Churchill, for instance; a long account of China, by a Jesuit called Navarette. For one sentence of intelligence respecting China, there are three of quotations from St. Austin, and a certain Cornelius a Lapide, whom I take to be some friar who wrote comments on the bible. Next comes travels of two Missionaries into Congo; then a Dutchman's journey into Egypt and Persia, full of absurd and incredible stories; then a description of the Ukraine; then a voyage of certain Hollanders to Nova-Zembla, where most of them were frozen to death; then an embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to Jehangire, the most instructive of all. But what advantage can a girl like me, who never expect to leave my own fire-side, derive from these long accounts of people that died two hundred years ago, and countries that lie, the Lord knows where?

But how I run on! You have given me a theme on which I can fill quires; but I will have some regard to your convenience, and stop here. Adieu.

#### LETTER V.

June 24.

What a question does my Julia ask! Was I ever in love? You say you do not expect me to answer without some hesitation and faltering; and question, indeed, whether I will condescend to answer you at all.

You are right in some respects. I *do* hesitate a little; yet, no reason have I that I know of for reluctance: it is the novelty, the *unexpected* of your inquiry; that is all, I believe. It was never put to me before, and so I am obliged to pause and recollect.

Was I ever in love? you say. Come; let me try and remember. Why, I think there *was* a time—and yet, can love, any thing deserving of that sacred name, find harbour in the bosom of a girl of fifteen? I suppose so.

The youth was a sweet youth. Shall I describe him? I can if I will—but I won't.

Why, my beloved Julia, touchedst thou this string? It has made my eyes swim in tears already. It is now seven years since—but twice seven years will not suffice to do away the fond remembrance.

The same storm that swallowed up my father, perhaps—My father loved him, and took him on his last expedition. Full of enterprize and courage was he. I saw him last on the quarter-deck, his eyes

sparkling with exultation: so tall! so lovely! an air *so* noble and aspiring, though only eighteen years old! Alas for me! that he went his voyage!

God forgive me. I thought oftener of him than of my father in their absence; and, when hopeless of their ever returning, my sighs oftener attended the image of the lost friend, than the expiring parent.

I sat down, I assure you, to answer your question, in a half-playful mood; but it is gone, I find. I meant, too, as soon as I got the better of my falterings, to tell you a great deal about him, but I find my bravery will not carry me through. Farewell, my Julia; may thy destiny be more fortunate than that of thy Jessica.

*Remarks upon the Project of an American Pantheon; in a Letter from the Author to Dr. S. L. Mitchell.*

August, 1800.

SIR,

IF the subject of this letter does not furnish its apology, I must confess to have none, and have no other resource but in your candour, or suffer the alternative—a consequent mortification.

The *Indian antiquities* of the country are, by a respectable number, still thought an object of attention. Among these antiquities, their *languages* have employed much ingenious speculation. However uncertain and inadequate *language* may be esteemed by some as means for a proper and rational ground of inquiry into the origin of the natives, its claims appear (at least to me) too respectable to be entirely rejected; and, until better can be found, we must use such means as we have, and make the best of them. By collecting specimens, at least, from

various parts of the continent, will better enable future antiquarians and philologers to make a more thorough investigation of the subject than it has yet received, and which more materials may assist in producing: and we know not what light or what knowledge of the aboriginal natives may yet result from the researches of the learned and inquisitive. It may be enough to say that these antiquities form a part of the inquiries of, I believe, all the academies and literary societies in this country, particularly of the Tammany Society of New-York, and the Historical Society of Massachusetts, as well as of several learned and ingenious men on both sides of the atlantic, whose publications you have probably seen. The few of them which I have met with, fortify me in the opinion, that attention to this subject has a higher end than the gratification of an useless curiosity.

It is therefore very desirable that all persons, especially those in any

employment of a public nature, such as Missionaries, Surveyors, and others, as they have opportunity, while they take pains to write Indian words in such a manner, and to use such letters as will give the most full, natural, and distinct sound, according to the Indian pronunciation, would also annex the meaning in English, as often as they can obtain it: and that no more time should be lost in availing ourselves of the knowledge of the oldest people among us; whether by tradition, or in ancient writings of interpreters, hunters, and others who have the most familiar acquaintance with any language or its dialects. Mr. Kirkland could probably do much in his district, and in the language which is there spoken. It would be approaching near to the desired object, if as much should be done in each State as has been done by Dr. Barton of Pennsylvania. To be able to say much to the advantage of the subject, one ought to have a more thorough acquaintance with the language and customs of the natives, and more general knowledge than I possess. It would therefore be impertinent in me, if I were able to expatiate on the utility and pleasure it would afford, in prosecuting these inquiries, as though you needed either information or persuasion. Your literary reputation, Sir, has drawn me to address you on this subject, as I have no acquaintance with Mr. Giles, and am personally unknown to you both. It is therefore left entirely with you, Sir, what use shall be made of this letter; but, I hope, in such a way as that the Marshall may be induced to pay some attention to that part of it which more immediately relates to his official duty in taking the census; and, from your influence, I trust with success.

It is to be regretted that some attention has not been earlier given

to this subject, to have some effect, especially in States having such large portions of newly settled, and much yet unsettled country as New-York and Pennsylvania.

In taking the census of the State of New-York, an occasion now offers to acquire some additional information on this subject, which may confirm us in our former practice, or introduce one more correct and uniform for the future. The progress of the population since the last census, has been so great and extensive, that a great many new settlements, it is probable, will now be added which were not in the last. In places not yet incorporated, which have or have not acquired a popular name, it is a desirable circumstance that this opportunity should be improved by the Marshall to give all these their *Indian name*, if they have ever had one; and, by thus making the first popular impression, time and habit will preserve it until it is made a corporation, when the name, if it is preferred to an English one, as is sometimes the case, may be perpetuated in the incorporating act. Thus the names of numerous lakes and rivers, ponds, &c. may be applied to new plantations most conveniently situated to receive them, lying on, or near, or circumscribed by their waters. This, in many cases, may depend on, or be within the discretion or authority of the Marshall or his assistants; and, if it does not interfere with the previous arrangements, I am persuaded he will gratify a number who have a taste for the researches above hinted at, and, I am in hopes, will give him and them little or no additional trouble to make their returns accordingly, that they may be distinguished by their Indian names, when the aggregate of the census is printed by the Secretary of State. If I were sufficiently acquainted

with these names, it would take too much room, and it is unnecessary to enumerate them here.

I have often wished to see the Indian names preserved in all cases, both of counties and towns; and why may it not be uniformly so in future, and brought into more system from States down to Parishes, or the smallest corporations. Carelessness in writing Indian words, has been as much the cause of fluctuation and variety as the want of a common standard or records; and a disposition to naturalize or Americanize words into our language, has been carried so far that many words have lost their peculiarity of Indian idiom. These persons, in the sportive moods of Dean Swift, and in the spirit of imitating him, could derive the *Senneka* tribe from *Seneca* the philosopher, or *Manhatoes* or *Manhattans*, from *man-haters*, and so in as many instances as their whims may dictate. Manhattan is, by some old authors, written *Manhatoes*; but Manhattan has, I think, prevailed. Which is the true Indian? May not these names, in process of time, become so obscure and confounded as to be taken for English, Dutch, or Swedish, and some future *American Camden* be puzzled to account for them? Can nothing be done towards substituting some kind of standard which may have a tendency to fix the Indian idiom in writing? The practice of some is to make Indian

words look as much as possible like English. My own practice is to write them as much *unlike* it as I can without doing violence to the Indian; and therefore I generally use the letter *k* for *c*, as in *Senneka*, *Kanandarqua*, *Pojaktunk*, *Kadaraqua*, *Kayuga*, *Mamakating*, &c. How far this will do to apply as a general rule, I am not able to say. Much may depend on some peculiarity of construction in different languages; but my superficial acquaintance with any language, and with the Indian as little as any, forbids an attempt at disquisition.

The splendid names imported from *Greece* and *Rome* into the county of *Onondaga*, look well on the map of the State, and discover the fine classical taste of the denominator; but this does not make them "classic ground." The Legislature has done what is much more noble and effectual in the broad foundation they have laid, and are laying, for the cultivation of literature throughout the State; and the fruits of which, in a few years, will cross the *Ontario* into the vast regions lying north and west of that lake. But those names will live in their works, and in Grecian and Roman history, as long as science maintains its present and increasing progress. In this, or in some other way, honour may be likewise done to the names and memories of *Milton*, *Locke*, and *Dryden*. Let me add these names also.\* But you

\* Columbus, the Cabots, Magellanes, Cortereal, Verazano, Carthier, Savalet, Frobisher, Drake, the Gilberts, Raleigh, Davis, Weymouth, Gosnold, Smith, Demonts, Popham, Gorges, Argal, Dermer, Carver, Bradford, Winflow, Endicot, Winthrop, Coddington, Williams, Haynes, Van Twiller, Stuyvesant, Calvert, Barclay, Phips, Oglethorpe, Coram, Boone, Wickliffe, Murphy, Giora, Hartman, Colfer, Faustus, Guttemberg, Erasmus, Servetus, the Tindales, and other eminent reformers, Peter Martyr, Bucer, Colet, and other luminaries in the reformation, Paleologus, Gallileo, Gassendi, Doria, Tasso, Acontius, Camoens, Cervantes, Cassini, Tell, Dewitt, Grotius, Le Clerc, Linnaeus, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Harvey, Newton, Whiston, Harrington, Marvel, Hampden, Sydney, Buchanan, Wallace, Fletcher, McLaurin, Napier, Usher, Boyle, Molineux, Berkley, Robertson, Tiltonson, Hoadley, Clarke, Firmin, Helvetius, Fothergill, Jebb, Hollis, Chatterton, Howard, &c. I have not room to enlarge the list from the worthies of the French and other nations, as I wish, and the principles of the Pantheon embrace.

are sensible, Sir, of the difficulty of selecting names in this way; and when there are but a few lines to express thousands. The task, though otherwise pleasing, is invidious, and unwelcome to one who so sensibly feels his incompetence to it as I do. These few only are mentioned as my idea of that sort of characters and genius which deserve the honours of the Pantheon; and you know it would make a volume to collect only a nomenclature of worthies in the various grades and departments of merit; or rather in selecting from names which the general suffrage of ages has already placed on the lists of fame. *Mexico* and *Peru* might be left to enjoy their unenvied pre-eminence for "white and yellow earth," while *man* is made a *slave* to tear out its bowels for his unfeeling *master*. *Troy* and *Rome* will be perpetuated in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Dryden*, while the world retains its taste for the riches and entertainments of ancient lore. But what distinguished merit had *Sempronius* that should entitle him to a seat in the *Manhattan State Pantheon*, between *Scipio* and *Marcellus*? Or was it thought necessary to throw in a great deal of shade to heighten the lustre of *Tullius* and *Locke*? Why did they go so far? Why not stay at home and insert the name of *Arnold*? After the Indian names are all appropriated, as they ought to be, it will be seen, I believe, that "there is yet room" for the *worthies*, both of our own nation and of other countries.

But there is a reason which more immediately "comes home to men's business;" and those who have much of it, and especially the whole post-office department, will at once assent to the truth of the remark, and the utility of the reform. Indeed, the complaint has been often made, that in the police of the country, great and frequent incon-

veniences have, and more will arise and increase from the random multiplication of the same names in different States, and there are instances of it in more than one county in the same State. To remedy this, would it not be much better, and is it not necessary, that every place in the United States, of whatever rank or size, should have its *exclusive* and *appropriate name*? And does not a practical application of this principle, in a uniform system, necessarily result from these increasing inconveniences, as the least objectionable way to obtain a reform, and that it may be *general* and *effective*? It should be *NATIONAL*. Why, then, cannot the whole subject, in its various parts and connections, be wrought into a *uniform national system*, of which, the following may be a rough outline?

The American Pantheon should be constructed upon different principles, and have certain regulations which I don't know that were ever observed in the Pantheon of any other nation.

The candidates should be divided into two classes, the *dead* and the *living*.

The *immortal candidates* shall always have precedence.

No *mortal candidate* shall be admitted until *one hundred years* have elapsed after his decease.

The candidates of all classes shall consist of the *philanthropists* and *benefactors* of mankind, in all ages and countries. Among these are the inventors of the *mariner's compass*, the art of *printing*, the *quadrant*, discoveries or improvements in medicine, in surgery, in agriculture, in any mechanic art or manufacture, whatever has a tendency to diffuse virtue and science, to humanize and ameliorate the condition of mankind, increase the means and the quantity of human subsistence, and the facility of acquiring it, that

shall render "*man just and merciful to man*," and, in a word, increase the sum of human happiness.

The earliest navigators, from *Sesostris to Hanno*, to *Biron*, and to *Madoc*.

Those several voyagers who prepared the way for Columbus, and those who followed up his discoveries until the effectual settlement of the Atlantic States.

The restorers to mankind, whether laymen or gownmen, of their just and unalienable rights in thinking and acting for themselves, for this or a future state of existence.

The patrons of the emigrant colonists.

The first adventurers and settlers, with person and property, who planted the American shores.

Their friends in England and at court, through the reigns of the *Stuarts*, and to the American revolution.

The mortal candidates are (the philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, in council and in the field, and the active and passive patriots who suffered in the cause, or supplied the wants of their country by their services in person or property, which are all included under the term) *worthies* who achieved the American revolution, and should be considered as candidates for the American Pantheon.

In giving the name of any good or great man to any district, great or small, the act of incorporation should always designate the person thus intended to be honoured by his christian and sir-name, and his profession or calling in society; and, when requisite, associated with, or distinguished from, others of the same name and place, with a brief recital of his virtues or exploits, in a preamble which might contain but a few lines. *This may be considered as the act of apotheosis*. But for whom, among the *worthies*, this act ought to be performed, who

shall be distinguished as "*Corinthian pillars*" in this vast edifice, who had the greatest genius, or who, for a better reason, had the most merit, did the most good, or what shall be the grades or classes, or whatever other arrangements or distinctions shall be made, is not for me to determine. But let it be a part of the system to abjure the gross flattery of canonizing them, until the gates of immortality are closed upon them; nor then be in haste until all their seniors in priority of time have been admitted, and it becomes sufficiently established that they deserve it, when some future *Belknap*, or other American *Plutarch*, shall unfold their characters.

Thus, in their course, our English ancestors and benefactors, and those of the eighteenth century, may be duly honoured; and the most deserving of the nineteenth century be left to their posterity of the succeeding century to give them their due honours. Upon this principle, Sir, and that I would not be guilty of the flattery I so much abhor, you observe I do not mention any living candidates in the note. When they have all performed their parts, and the great scene is closed upon us all, then let posterity (always impartial) decide on their merits, and rank them accordingly. When their deaths are announced to us, let us pay them due civil honours, and their names will bring fresh to our recollection the services of the sublime *John Dickinson*, and the (American *Marvel*) incorruptible *Joseph Reed*, the patient sufferings of *James Lovell*, the virtuous *John Paulding*, *David Williams*, and *Isaac Van Vert*, with others of whom these may be considered as the representatives. This "*cheap defence of nations*," is the cheapest and most easy way of doing honour to merit and genius, and to those who deserve it, a reward more honourable and more lasting than the little



badges of *stars* and *garters*, and other childish distinctions of Europe.

I should now be glad if I were able to invent another apology for this letter than the one it begins with; but you ought not to be fatigued with further observations

which may be like the rest, neither new or interesting. Perhaps it is a very weak and trifling letter, and then my only retreat or defence is my obscurity.

With great respect and esteem, I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
PAUL YOUNG.

## American Review.

### ART. VIII.

*A Memoir concerning the Disease of Goitre, as it prevails in different parts of North-America.* By Benjamin S. Barton, M. D. &c. 8vo. pp. 94. Philadelphia. Way and Goff. 1800.

THE author undertakes, in this performance, to give a general account of the prevalence of goitre in the regions of the old continent, from the travellers and physicians by whom it is described; and a more particular account of the state of it in North-America, from his own industrious observations, and from the information of his correspondents.

In travelling through the State of New-York, he seems to have paid much attention to this "*complaint*." He enumerates various cases of it, and endeavours to ascertain the local extent of the malady in this State, which he finds to be very considerable.

It is by no means confined to New-York. In the New-England States, in the western parts of Pennsylvania, and in the Western Territory, it is not uncommon.

A physician at Pittsburgh gives the following account of its appearance in that place:

"Cases of goitre are met with among the inhabitants on the waters of the Allegheny and French-Creek, and at Sau-

duky; a few instances on Monongahela, and at this place, where, out of 1400 inhabitants, there are not less than 150 persons who have it.

"It is common to the natives and persons lately settled at those places, affecting both sexes, especially females, and children even at the age of 18 months.

"The swelling appears on either side of the neck, or in front; sometimes it is an uniform enlargement of the neck, evidently increasing in winter, and sometimes decreasing in summer."

We are likewise told that

"The goitre is extremely common among the inhabitants on French-Creek, one of the principal branches of the Allegheny-river. It is there almost entirely confined to females.

"Mr. Heckewelder, has observed the goitre among the Indians, living on Big-Beaver-Creek, and on the river Mufkingum. It was principally confined to the 'women and girls.' 'With some,' says he, 'as they grew up, the complaint increased; with others (especially where a remedy was applied) it wore away again, though there are few that think much of it.' In the summer of 1797, 'I saw,' says Mr. Heckewelder, 'two women, whom I knew when girls at the age of ten or twelve years, and in whom this swelling had then begun; now (1797) with such necks that it surprised me. This swelling with one, projected even before her chin. I asked one of them, whether she had never made use of any remedy to cure her. She said she had applied burnt and powdered muscleshells, but to no effect. She felt no pain, she said; and was the mother of two children.'

"There are several cases of the disease

among the Canadians who are settled at Detroit. It is principally confined to women, and is there thought to be owing to the drinking of the waters of the lakes. It is also known at St. Vincennes, on the river Wabash, about one hundred and fifty miles above the entrance of this river into the Ohio."

After as satisfactory an history of the malady as his industry has been able to collect, the author proceeds to state his reasonings and conjectures as to its causes.

The popular opinion, and the opinion of several writers, that goitre arises from the use of water calcareously impregnated, is fully stated; and the facts favourable to this opinion, observed in a journey through the goitrous parts of New-York, are not withheld.

His objections to what he calls the calcareous theory of goitre, are thus stated:

"1. It is natural to inquire, whether we discover limestone in all those parts of the United States in which the goitre has been observed? Mr. Heckewelder, whom I have already quoted, assures me, that he has observed this disease among the Indians in the western country, 'where there was not a limestone to be seen.' At Pittsburgh, where there is but little limestone, the disease is common. There is no limestone in the county of Bennington, where, I have already said, the goitre is not uncommon. The disease is known at Fort-Dayton, where, I am informed, no limestone has hitherto been discovered. Mr. Coxe positively asserts, 'that wherever there are goitres there is tuff-stone.' This, with respect to the countries of Europe in which he has observed this disease, may possibly be true; but the instances just mentioned, and I doubt not that, in time, we shall be able to adduce many more of a similar kind, are sufficient to show, that in North-America, there is not an obvious necessary connection between the goitre and calcareous waters.

"But even in Europe, Mr. Coxe's observation will not, I believe, be found to hold so universally true as this gentleman has imagined. Mr. Fodéré, who has lately published a very interesting work on *Goitre and on Cretinism*, remarks, that

the waters of Maurienne, where this disease prevails to a very great degree, are much less impregnated with calcareous matters than those of the higher countries, where it is less common.

"2. If water, impregnated with calcareous earth, be the cause of the goitre, why, it may naturally be asked, is not this disease more generally, or even constantly met with in those parts of our country, in which calcareous strata, and calcareous waters abound?

"I believe it may be said, with a good deal of confidence, that there are few parts of the world more abundant with limestone, and other forms of calcareous earth, than many extensive portions of the United States. The disease of goitre is entirely unknown in some of the most calcareous parts of the country. In the county of Lancaster, calcareous earth is the predominant stone. It is spread upon the surface, and is found to be the prevailing stratum at the depth to which wells, &c. are dug. The water of this county is, in general, of that kind which we call *hard*. It is so strongly impregnated with limestone, that it is common to find the wooden troughs, through which the water of meadows, &c. is conveyed, incrustrated with the earth; and a similar incrustation is frequently found formed over the whole internal surface of the tea-kettles, &c. in which water has been boiled. In some parts of the county of Dauphin, particularly in the neighbourhood of Harrisburgh, and along the Swatara above Middletown, there are immense collections of limestone. At Bethlehem, at Easton, and other places in the county of Northampton, the prevailing stone is limestone; and water impregnated with this earth is the common drink of the inhabitants. *But in none of these places is the disease of goitre seen.* And here we should expect to find it, as the counties which I have just mentioned are some of the most thickly settled of any in the United States.

"I do not assert, that these arguments are conclusive in disproving the calcareous origin of goitre. But, I presume, it will not be denied, that they have their weight. On the one hand, we have seen that there is little or no limestone, or any other species of calcareous earth, in several of those parts of our country where the goitre prevails. On the other hand, the goitre is entirely unknown in some of the most calcareous districts of America.

"Mr. Coxe observes, that 'although it appears that wherever there are goitres there is tuf-stone; yet the reverse is by no means true, that wherever the waters deposit tuf, there are *always* goitres. For, perhaps, the natives do not drink of the springs which are loaded with tuf; or that substance is not sufficiently dissolved in the waters; absolute solution being, perhaps, necessary to produce these swellings.' On this passage, I shall only observe, that it is certain, that in many parts of the United States, as in the county of Lancaster, there are no cases of goitre, although the inhabitants do *drink* the waters, which hold in *solution* a considerable quantity of calcareous earth; these American waters being, like those mentioned by Mr. Coxe, 'as transparent as crystal.'

"It remains for me to mention another argument in support of the notion that this disease owes its origin to calcareous earth. Mr. Coxe calls it 'the strongest proof in favour of this opinion.' 'A surgeon, whom I met at the Baths of Leu, informed me,' says the traveller, 'that he had not unfrequently extracted concretions of *tuf-stone* from several goitres, and that from one in particular, which suppurated, he had taken several flat pieces, each about half an inch long. He added, that the same substance is found in the stomachs of cows, and in the goitrous tumours to which even the dogs of the country are subject.'

"Several very respectable writers have found similar matters in the thyroid gland. Haller found cysts enveloped with a firm cartilaginous covering, bony concretions, &c. Morgagni, to whose invaluable work I must refer the reader, who is desirous of obtaining a great deal of interesting information concerning the diseases of this gland, sums up, in a few words, the experience of various writers; 'that most of them met with hard bodies of a cartilaginous, bony, or stony nature, and sometimes even found the gland itself become bony, or of a stony nature.'

"The existence of calcareous matters in the thyroid gland of goitres, does not appear to me to be a proof that the disease which I am considering, is, in any degree, owing to the drinking of water impregnated with this earth. Such matters are very frequently found in other parts of the bodies of persons who, per-

haps, had never been accustomed to drink calcareous waters. I may add, that Mr. Foderé did not find in any of the tumours which he examined, any thing like this earth.

"From the various facts and objections which I have stated, I am compelled to reject the system which ascribes the disease of goitre to the use of water impregnated with calcareous earth. I must confess, however, that until I came to take a nearer and more minute view of the subject, the system did not appear to me an implausible one. Some of the facts related by Mr. Coxe, seemed almost to carry conviction along with them,—as to the cause of the disease in Europe. The facts mentioned to the traveller by the gentleman whose goitre commonly increased while he resided at Berne, and those mentioned by General Pfüffer, are peculiarly striking. Some of my readers will not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that I once adopted Mr. Coxe's notion, especially when I found, that the waters of those parts of the State of New-York, in which I first became acquainted with the goitre, are strongly impregnated with calcareous earth."

Dr. Barton questions not only the *calcareous*, but even the *aqueous* origin of this disease. The various arguments and authorities for imputing it to the use of water, either as very cold, or as in the form of snow, are candidly exhibited; but this conclusion is thus eluded:

"It is certain, that the inhabitants of the island of Sumatra are greatly afflicted with this disease, and yet no snow ever falls in that island. On the contrary, the disease has never been seen in Greenland, though snow-water is the common drink of the inhabitants. Dr. Watson observes, that he never met with a case of the complaint, in the county of Westmoreland, in England, 'where there are higher mountains and more snow than in Derbyshire, in which county the complaint is very common.'

"Linnæus tells us, that this disease is entirely unknown in Lapland, where, it is unnecessary to observe, water, in which snow has been dissolved, must often, and very largely, be drunk.

"These objections, then, are decisive. They most plainly demonstrate, that neither snow-water, nor any other water

of an extreme degree of coldness, is the cause of the disease.

"I do not, by these observations, mean to deny, that glandular swellings are often induced by cold. This is a fact which is familiar to every physician. The fact related by Mr. Foster, and already quoted, is a striking one. I have, more than once, experienced, in the summer season, a considerable swelling of the glands of my throat, a very short time after eating a pernicious luxury, which has come into very general use in our city. I mean ice-creams. But neither in this case, nor in the instances related by Mr. Foster, was there any evidence that the thyroid gland was especially, or at all, affected. The swelling (in my case, at least) appears to have been principally confined to the internal tonsils."

To the supposition that this disease flows from the use of water of *fossil-coal-springs*, or from water impregnated by certain vegetables, it is answered, that the malady appears not in many extensive coal countries, and in countries producing plants similar to those of the goitrous districts.

On the notion that unwholesome food is the cause, the author observes:

"It is not at all improbable that a coarse, or rather unwholesome food, may predispose the system to goitre. But there is no reason to suppose that such food is capable of producing the disease. Whole nations of mankind subsist upon a diet as crude and as unwholesome as that of the Tyrolese, without ever experiencing the disease. On this subject Mr. Foderé has favoured us with an observation, which is peculiarly striking. He tells us, that no food can be coarser than that which is used by the people of the mountains, where the goitre is unknown, and none richer and better than that of the rich of the cities in the vallies, who are, nevertheless, afflicted with the disease.

"In our own country there does not appear to be any necessary or obvious connection between the goitre and the nature of the food of those who labour under this complaint. For although the disease is not uncommon in several parts of the country, among the Indians, who occasionally labour under a deficiency of

good food, yet I do not know, that it is more common among these savaged than among the whites (inhabiting the same tract of country), who, pursuing the business of agriculture, have, at all times, an abundance of sound and nourishing aliment. I may add, that the disease is entirely unknown among some of those Indian tribes who more frequently labour under a scarcity of food, than any of the other tribes of our continent."

A full exhibition is then made of Mr. De Saussure's theory on this subject, that its cause is connected with the atmosphere of deep vallies. The topographical objections to this theory, after being diffusely stated, are thus summed up:

"It is evident, from the facts which I have mentioned, that the goitre of North-America is not exclusively confined to the vallies of this continent. On the contrary, it prevails, to a great degree, in some of the high and level plains of the country, where there is no reason to suspect that the air is in an impure or stagnated state, from confinement by mountains, or by hills. It also prevails in the flats, or intervalle lands, along the margins of some of our rivers, where often the neighbouring hills are of a very inconsiderable height, and seem incapable of increasing the heat or impurity of the air. I may add, that this disease is altogether unknown in many of the vallies, both such as are more spacious, and those which are more narrow and also deeper, in various parts of North-America."

After this examination of the opinions of others, in which we are at a loss which most to admire, the candour or the perspicuity, the author proceeds to state his own conjectures, for his cautious modesty is reluctant to bestow on them a better name. The following passages will sufficiently exhibit his opinions. After describing the subalpine vallies of Switzerland, he thus proceeds:

"From this account of the subalpine vallies of Switzerland, there seems to be a close affinity between the soil and state of those vallies, and the soil and state of many of those parts of North-America,

in which the goitre is most frequent. In America, this disease, as far as I am able to judge from the facts now in my possession, principally occurs in three different situations, viz. first, in the flat or intervale grounds, along the margins of rivers and lakes; secondly, in vallies; and, lastly, in the higher country, or country of wet plains, called natural meadows.

"1. The flats along the Mohawk river, the table-lands about Detroit, and those between St. John's and Montreal, and, in short, all the flat land adjacent to our lakes and rivers, are instances of the first kind of country in which the goitre is found. These flats are generally several feet higher than the adjacent waters, and, in ordinary times, are not subject to be overflowed. They are, however, generally damp, and, at times, after heavy rains, the water is liable to stagnate upon them.

"2. The goitre prevails in the vallies of our countries. We have seen that it is common in the Onondago-Valley, and in the vallies of Vermont. I believe the valley situation, when the soil is very rich, and the air warm and moist, and especially if the grounds be marshy, is, in general, peculiarly unhealthy. It is certain, at least, that some of the most unhealthy parts of America are some of the wet or marshy vallies. The prevailing diseases are malignant fevers and dysenteries.

"3. The goitre prevails in the higher country, or country of plains, where, however, the ground is generally wet, and often marshy. Such high plains are not uncommon about the head-waters of many of our rivers, especially in the western parts of the United States. Intermitent fevers are the most common diseases of these situations.

"I am far from imagining that the preceding facts completely establish the origin of goitre from the miasmata of marshes. I have offered this opinion merely as a conjecture or hypothesis. I cannot, however, help suspecting that future and more extensive inquiries will establish the fact, that there is a very intimate connection between the disease in question and the exhalations from marshy grounds. Persuaded I am, that there is a necessary connection between the disease and a moist atmosphere."

Under the head of *cure of goitre*, the author is able to collect nothing

satisfactory. Various processes are mentioned as having been more or less in use, but nothing that even pretends to be an antidote. Blood-letting, mercury, the calcined sponge, sea-water, and some external applications, and one whimsical Indian remedy, are loosely mentioned, and then the subject is dismissed, with an appendix containing many additional facts and observations of considerable value.

The author's style is, on this, as on other occasions, liable to the charge of diffuseness. His ideas are spread abroad with unnecessary amplitude, and the same idea is needlessly repeated. Yet his diffuseness is never wanting in perspicuity, and none but a perverse critic would object to an egotism united with so much ingenuity and candour.

Indeed, Dr. Barton's writings please us not only by the curious and useful information they contain, but by the view they afford us of a mind full of wariness and caution in deciding, so worthy of true wisdom, of impartiality in the weighing of adverse arguments, of candour in admitting, and of modesty in urging difficulties and objections. The heart of the writer is scarcely less conspicuous than his understanding, and one lays as strong a claim to our approbation as the other.

## ART. IX.

*Sermons, by the late Rev. John Clarke, D. D. Minister of the First Church in Boston, Massachusetts. 8vo. pp. 501. Boston. Hall. 1799.*

THIS is the volume of sermons which was announced to the public as likely soon to appear, in our Magazine for July of last year, under the head of "Literary Intelligence." Though it has been pub-

ished some months, it did not come to our hands until a few weeks ago. We take the earliest convenient opportunity to lay before our readers some account of a volume so well worthy of their attention.

The motives which led to this publication, and the manner in which it has been conducted, are amply explained in the following advertisement prefixed to the work :

"The following posthumous sermons are selected from the numerous weekly productions of the author, written for the instruction of his people, and not with any view to publication. They are printed at the earnest desire of those who were impressed with the excellency of his preaching, and who conceived that a compliance with this desire would not merely gratify the partiality of friendship, but serve to perpetuate the memory of eminent worth, promote the general edification, and confer honour upon the American pulpit. The selection has been made with a joint regard to merit in composition, and importance in matter. Whilst it was judged that fidelity to the original forbade any alterations, concern for the literary reputation of the author was relieved by the knowledge of his remarkable correctness in whatever he wrote, and a consequent belief that a volume of his discourses would appear with greater advantage than most posthumous productions. Should this work meet the favourable reception expected, it is contemplated to publish another small volume of sermons, addressed to the young, and which the public would probably have received from the author's own hand, had he lived to execute his intention."

We are inclined to think that the respect and partiality of friends will be fully justified by public opinion; and that this volume will be generally considered as holding an honourable place in the catalogue of American Sermons. We acknowledge that the perusal of it awakened a mournful recollection of the talents and virtues of its estimable author, and gave new force to our regret for the loss which so-

ciety sustained by his premature death.

The discourses which the volume comprizes, are forty-two in number, on the following subjects: the security of a virtuous course; the excuses of the irreligious; habitual devotion; the clearness of revelation; Christ the light of the world; the blessedness of those who have not seen, and yet have believed; the evil heart of unbelief; the office of reason in religion; the beneficial effects of christianity; the knowledge of God; searching the scriptures; the impartiality of God; christians not of the world; the duty of improving religious advantages; the necessity of personal holiness; the importance of public worship; an open profession of christianity; the observation of the Lord's day; the duty of the afflicted to pray; candour; the compassion of Christ; the patience of Christ; the resurrection of the dead; sincerity; contentment; governing the temper; the moderate love of pleasure; friendship; the love of God, and the love of man; the abuse of parental authority; origin of evil; nature of bad habits; regeneration; the desire of life; life and death; the approach of a new year; history of the Lord's supper; design of the Lord's supper; family worship; funeral occasion; the word of truth; imitation of the divine holiness.

These various subjects are discussed with a degree of seriousness, good sense, and ability which cannot fail to command respect from every reader. We do not discover, indeed, in Dr. C.'s composition, any traces of a bold or original genius. There is but little display of that profound reach of intellect, or that metaphysical acuteness, which characterize the penetrating and energetic thinker; but we see every where the exertions of a correct, well-informed, and polished

mind. We see in every page abundant testimony that the author had carefully reflected on, and examined the subjects which he undertook to discuss; and that he was a scholar, a gentleman, and a warm friend to virtue and religion.

Those who have an honest attachment to truth, and who suitably estimate its great practical importance, are prone to indulge a harshness of language, and an austerity of deportment toward those who differ from them, which are calculated to disgust and repel, rather than to convince. We venerate the uprightness and ardour of mind which, in many instances at least, produce these effects; but we must lament the effects, as highly and extensively injurious. No charge of this kind can be brought against the sermons of Dr. C. He appears to have thought for himself; but his opinions are delivered without dogmatism or censoriousness. There is an indication of strong attachment to the principles which he adopted, but no animosity discovered toward those who embraced a different creed: and, we think we may add, that if all the sentiments which are offered do not command the entire approbation of every reader; yet the candour and benevolence which are continually displayed, must conciliate the esteem and affections of all denominations of christians.

With respect to the theological opinions contained in these sermons, it is not our province to offer a judgment. Dr. C. seems to have been much more fond of dwelling on moral and practical topics, than on those of a controversial kind. He rarely brings directly into view the great disputable points of divinity, which have excited so much attention, and produced so much division in the christian world; and when he does, his ideas respecting them are, for the most part, rather

left to be gathered by way of inference, than explicitly stated. We are never fond of seeing pulpit orators spend much time in discussing subjects of doubtful disputation; but we acknowledge it gives us pleasure to hear them, upon all ordinary occasions, decided, firm, and unequivocal in delivering their views and opinions of divine truth. Perhaps some readers will think the author of these discourses not sufficiently so, in all cases, to satisfy them completely. The accurate and discerning theologian, indeed, will readily perceive the outlines of our author's creed, by perusing a few passages; but it is scarcely necessary to add, that a very small portion of readers possess this accuracy and discernment; and that christian instructors are debtors to the *weak* as well as to the *wise*.

The distinguishing characters of Dr. C.'s style, are ease and perspicuity. We meet with nothing swollen, bombastic, or artificial; no attempts to shine, while his subject languishes; no extravagant sallies, or efforts at wit or point, inconsistent with the dignity of the pulpit. He expresses himself, in general, with neatness, accuracy, and taste, and with a considerable degree of vigour. He is seldom fervent or animated. He deals more in appeals to the understanding, than in melting addresses to the heart. His oratory bears but little resemblance to the deep, rapid, and overpowering torrent; but is rather like the smooth, gentle, and pellucid stream. He neither astonishes by the novelty of his arguments, nor dazzles by the splendour of his diction; but his manner of address is persuasive and engaging to an eminent degree.

When we consider that these discourses were not written with any view to publication; and that they were sent into the world without the correcting and polishing

touches of their valuable author, we are so far from being disposed to criticise on the inaccuracies of language which sometimes appear, that we wonder they are not more numerous. We suspect few preachers, even those who deserve the character of ingenious and learned, prepare their common "weekly productions" in so full and accurate a manner.

The following extracts from the first sermon, "On the security of a virtuous course," will furnish the reader with a favourable specimen of Dr. C.'s manner.

"I now proceed to consider the doctrine of the wise man, as it should affect those who acknowledge the gospel, and are firmly persuaded of a future state of existence. Unhappy for the cause of truth, many different and jarring opinions divide those who call themselves christians. This has given great disgust to some captious minds. The ill-disposed it has emboldened openly to deride the whole system; and in many serious minds it has created the utmost perplexity; but if we only resolve to walk uprightly, it cannot go ill with us in the end. In the final issue of things, good works will essentially profit us, however the controversy about them may be decided. Though some may say that we are justified by faith alone—others, that faith must be an active principle—others again, that we are freely justified by grace—yet we cannot mistake, if we fear God and work righteousness. In this case, we shall certainly be accepted of him, however perplexed our religious opinions may be.

"So, with respect to the future punishment of sin, there is a great variety of opinions among christians. Some suppose that the sinner, however abandoned in life, and hardened at death, will be surprised with a free and full pardon at the judgment-day. Others maintain that the wicked will never be raised from their graves, and that annihilation at death will be their portion. Others maintain that they will be punished in proportion to the guilt contracted, and that their punishment will work a moral cure. Others contend, that after ages of inexpressible torment, they will be blotted out of being. And, finally, there

are those who consider all future punishment as vindictive, and maintain that such as die in their sins will smart forever under the chastening hand of God, and will be exhibited to the view of creation as monuments of God's eternal displeasure against sin. To one or other of these opinions most christians will assent; but which ever they may embrace, it will still remain an eternal truth, that 'he who walketh uprightly walketh surely.'

"A man cannot plead, that the controversies on this head have so bewildered him that he is at a loss what course to take; for the safety of a good life remains undisputed. If he cannot look so far into futurity as to make up his own opinion as to the wages of sin, he can see so far before him as to perceive the absolute security of virtue. Here can be no dispute. Every man must know, that by walking uprightly he shall escape the future consequences of moral evil, whether those consequences be more or less terrible. Whatever the curse of the law may be, whether temporary or endless suffering, whether discipline or destruction, that curse will never be executed on him who devotes himself to God and his duty. This consideration should, therefore, effectually dispose to a life of religion, because on every principle it is safe.

"The observation in the text is a rule for all: but to the young it is a lesson which ought to be written in letters of gold. No words can describe the importance of beginning well. Upon our early habits often depend our usefulness and respectability in this world, and our happiness in that which is come. You will be told, perhaps, that religion is not the proper concern of youth. You will be told that the Supreme Being does not concern himself with the actions of his creatures, or, if he does, that he is too good to resent their misconduct. You will be told, that all the stories of a future state, and a future punishment, were invented for political purposes. You will be told, that the whole system of religion is a state-engine, and that great minds acknowledge no other religion but that of nature. Examples of prosperous wickedness will be set before you; and you will be called to observe how they succeed, who pretend not to have the fear of God before their eyes. In this age of licentiousness, many false maxims will be advanced, many audacious prin-



ciples will be advocated, many libertine sentiments will be propagated, many indecent reflections will be cast upon sacred things; and many blasphemies will be uttered against the name and religion of Jesus. But let none of these things move you. Do you resolve, through that divine assistance which God has pleased to offer, that however others may choose to conduct, you will walk uprightly. Now, in the morning of life, cultivate the fear, and devote yourselves to the service of the Most High. Study to know the whole extent of your duty; and knowing the will of your moral governor, conform to it unfeignedly, and without delay.

"So will your integrity and uprightness preserve you. They will preserve you from the reproaches of a wounded conscience. They will preserve you from the contempt of the wise, and procure you the general approbation of mankind. The probability is, that they will preserve you from the more pressing calamities of life, even if they should not reward you with riches. But on the most unfavourable supposition, you will be safe; your best interest will be secured; nothing will materially harm you, inasmuch as you are followers of that which is good. 'For the Lord is a sun and shield, the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will be withheld from them who walk uprightly.'"

In the eighth sermon, on the "Office of Reason in Religion," Dr. C. expresses himself thus:

"It is argued, in favour of our holy religion, that it bears internal marks of truth. One office of reason, then, is, to examine this argument. We should repair to the writings of the evangelists and apostles, and should seriously consider whether the account, which they give of Jesus Christ, his moral character, his doctrines and laws, his promises, discoveries, and his fate, be consistent with itself; whether his representations of God accord with our natural apprehensions of the Supreme Being; whether his delineations of duty consist with our internal sense of right and wrong; whether, in a word, the actions and discourses, ascribed to the blessed Jesus, appear to be worthy of so exalted a character. These are points of infinite importance; and they very properly come before reason. It is her business to view the subject on all sides. And it is her

decision that should determine us to reject the koran, and embrace the gospel.

"Another argument in favour of christianity is derived from the accomplishment of prophecy. To determine the strength of this argument, is likewise the province of reason; that is, we must make use of our understanding, to select the predictions, which are supposed to refer to Jesus Christ, and to see whether the reference be just. Thus did the noble Bereans, and they are commended for so doing. For their own satisfaction, they searched the scriptures; they reviewed the prophecies, which had been produced by the apostles. With them they compared accounts which they had received respecting Jesus Christ; and they examined carefully and critically, whether there was a correspondence of the prediction and event. This was making a proper use of their rational powers: they behaved like wise men, and their example is a rule for all."

"But further—It is the office of reason not only to examine the grounds on which divine revelation claims our assent, but also to judge of its sense. How are we to know the meaning of the gospel, but by the exercise of our understandings? A book is put into our hands, containing many important doctrines, many useful precepts, many interesting discoveries: it is written in an ancient language; and has many allusions to ancient customs and usages. The style of this book is also, in many places, highly figurative; and it contains principles, some of which are capable of a general application, and others peculiar to the age in which the volume was composed. Into what absurdities, then, must every one fall, who repairs to the sacred scriptures, without taking reason with him as a guide!

"In the first place, he must run into endless errors, in respect to the doctrines of revelation. Many of those doctrines are expressed in figurative terms. Some, which relate to God; some, which relate to Jesus Christ; some, which respect futurity, are conceived in terms, which, though perfectly agreeable to the genius of the oriental languages, appear almost extravagant to a modern ear. I would now ask, what would not a man receive as divine truth, who should refuse to listen to reason, and should reject her comments upon these passages? What enthusiastic principles would he not find in his bible? What wild extravagances

would he not build on a perverted supposition?"

In the thirty-fifth sermon, "On Life and Death," Dr. C. reasons in the following manner:

"I would ask, is it not natural to suppose, from what we now discover of a divine government, that virtue and vice must be productive of the consequences here ascribed to them? Does not something of the kind take place in the present world? By indolence and extravagant living, a careless wretch dissipates his estate. Does God interpose, by miracle, to preserve him from ruin? Out of mercy to a thoughtless creature, does he suspend the laws of nature, or change the course of things? No. He resigns him up to poverty; and his folly becomes his punishment. Again—instead of using with moderation; a man abuses the bounties of heaven to the purposes of intemperance and sensuality. What is the consequence? that he enjoys the delights of sense without inconvenience or interruption? By no means. His own nature resents the violence offered to it; and, by his bodily pains and infirmities, he is chastised for his excessive folly.

"And why may not something similar to this take place beyond the grave? Operating according to an established constitution, why may not our vices draw after them their own punishment? That God is infinitely kind and merciful; that he is our benevolent parent, can be no objection. Because this same merciful being, this parent, does suffer us, in the present world, 'to eat of the fruit of our own ways, and to be filled with our own devices.' From heaven, his seat of blessedness, he does look down upon the children of men; he sees them render themselves vile, and is a spectator of their misery. When the prodigal abandons himself to sloth and extravagance, he does not clip the wings of his treasures, lest they should fly away. When the drunkard conspires against his own constitution, he does not defeat the conspiracy. He does not work a miracle to support or restore the tottering frame. No. Things take their own course, and natural causes produce their proper effects. These are facts, and yet they are not urged by way of objection to the divine goodness.

"Why, then, should the benevolence of the Deity oblige him to interpose, to arrest, by miracle, our vicious habits,

on to prevent their consequences beyond the grave? How is his character as a parent, more concerned in one case than the other? Is present suffering consistent with his benevolence? Then certainly we may suffer in a future world. Does God punish as here? Then, surely, he may punish us hereafter. This undeniable fact, that vice tends to misery, that it depraves our nature, and unfits us for rational happiness, affords the strongest presumption, that men, who live in sin, and die impenitent, will feel, hereafter, the ill effects of their folly and disobedience. From the present course of events, and order of divine providence, it is natural to reason after this manner."

Prefixed to this volume, is a head of the author, which, we understand, is considered a pretty good likeness.

We take our leave of the work before us, by expressing a hope that its publishers will be encouraged to prosecute their design, hinted in the advertisement, to commit to the press another small volume of discourses, addressed to the young. We have no doubt that sermons to the rising generation, by the author of "Letters to a Student in the University of Cambridge," will prove both interesting and instructive.

#### ART. X.

*A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses, with those of the Hindoos, and other Ancient Nations: with Remarks on Mr. Dufny's Origin of all Religions: the Laws and Institutions of Moses methodized; and an Address to the Jews on the present State of the World, and the Prophecies relating to it. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. &c. 8vo. pp. 428: Northumberland. Kennedy. 1799.*

[Continued from vol. ii. page 429.]

WE are now arrived at the principal department of this work, in which the author proceeds

directly to recount the civil institutions of the Hindoos.

He first explains the Hindoo division of the people into casts or classes, in consequence of which, the dignity, rank, and profession of every man were unalterably determined by his birth. This system was common to the Hindoos and Egyptians, except that among the latter, it was rather a civil than a sacred institution; was matter of custom and law, rather than the will of the Gods.

At the head of these *casts*, are the Brahmins, whose ancestor had the honour of coming out of the mouth of their deity; the other casts originating from his less noble parts. The sanctities, duties, and prerogatives of the Brahmins are enumerated and contrasted with the wretched and forlorn state of the Soodras, Chandalas, and Suapacas.

The exemption of the Brahman from equal punishments with other offenders, his unalienable pre-eminence, his exclusive functions of reading and teaching the sacred books, and his right to the reverence, service, and alms of others, are thus compared to the laws of Moses:

"Moses made no distinction of *casts*, confining a man to the profession of his father, whether it suited him or not, and elevating some tribes to the degradation of others. In the Hebrew system there was, indeed, an hereditary priesthood; but in that one circumstance the resemblance terminates. The tribe to which the priesthood belonged, so far from being rich, was excluded from a share in the division of the land, and confined to certain cities with a small space round them for gardens, so that they were generally objects of charity, especially the common Levites; and their case is frequently mentioned together with that of the stranger, the fatherless, and widow, who were of course poor and destitute.

"The principal part of the subsistence of the Levites, was the tythes, with respect to which, they were, of course, at the mercy of their countrymen; and the

payment of these tythes depended upon the attachment of the people to the law which enjoined the payment of them. Consequently, it operated as an obligation on the priests and Levites to instruct the people in the law, and preserve them in their adherence to it, which was declared to be their proper business. Accordingly, there is not, in all their history, one example of a Hebrew priest attaining much wealth, or political influence, in the country, before the Babylonish captivity. And from the leaning which the people in general had to other religions, the priests of Baal were generally more popular than they. As to the criminal law, it was the very same to the priests and all the people.

"So far were the priests and Levites from being enjoined to keep the people in ignorance, that certain times were expressly appointed, on which they were to give them instruction with respect to the law; and therefore Moses, in blessing each of the twelve tribes, says of the Levites, Deut. xxxiii. 10. *They shall teach Jacob thy judgments, and Israel thy law.* Every seven years they were obliged to read over the whole of the law at the feast of tabernacles, which they might easily do to the people assembled in groups for the purpose.

"But besides this express provision for the instruction of the people, they were all, without exception, earnestly exhorted to study it continually, and teach it to their children. Deut. vi. 6. *These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.*

"There was no provision for a king in the original constitution of the Hebrew government, and the nation was solemnly warned against adopting that form of government; yet Moses, foreseeing that they would have kings, appointed that every king should, with his own hand, write a copy of the law; it being of particular consequence that he who was to administer the laws, should be well acquainted with them. Certainly, then, if the people in general were ignorant of their institutions, or neglected to observe them, the fault was not in the system itself."

The power of the Hindoo princes is next stated, and censure justly

bestowed on their system of faith in this respect. Devotion to princes is every where enforced, and maxims of tyranny and usurpation inculcated or sanctioned, utterly unlike the spirit of the Jewish system; according to which

"There was not to be any king in Israel. The nation was to be governed ultimately by God, to whom they were directed to have recourse in all cases of great emergency, and ordinarily by a council of elders, or heads of the twelve tribes, their resolves being afterwards confirmed by the whole congregation, in what manner assembled we cannot tell; so that, in fact, the Hebrew form of government consisted of three estates. When the heads of the tribes were assembled, it is probable that the high-priest presided, though this does not appear to have been necessary."

In the Hindoo distribution of rights and dignities, the women fared very badly. It considers women as by nature weak and foolish, slaves of caprice and appetite, and only kept right by the power of the men. To bare none but daughters, or to use offensive words, are sufficient causes of divorce. Subjection to the husband must have no limits; and a *second marriage* is, in women, a crime for which they have not a name. Contrasted with this servitude and degradation, is the equality admitted by Moses:

"As to the natural or moral disposition, there is no intimation in the scriptures, or the writings of Moses, of women being at all inferior to men. Both have their natural passions, but neither of them are considered as more disposed to criminal indulgence than the other. And, with respect to examples, there are virtuous and excellent ones of women as well as of men. If some of the most shining characters be those of men, so are also some of the worst. And women being naturally more domestic, and coming less into public life, their characters and conduct are not, in general, so conspicuous, and, of course, not so much noticed in history as those of men."

On the rites of Hindoo devotion, we are told that,

"Abstraction from all sensible objects, and the union of the soul with God, ends in nothing but a stupid apathy and insensibility, and that, in general, only affected; as it leaves them a prey to some of the worst passions of human nature.

"What the Hindoos call *prayer*, and suppose to be so efficacious, is nothing that Jews or Christians signify by that term. It is no proper address to the Supreme Being, expressive of the sentiments of humility, veneration, and submission, but the mere repetition of certain words, the pronunciation of which can only be supposed to operate like a charm. Nay, we are told that the worshippers of Vishnou, pretend that his name, though pronounced without any determinate motive, or even in contempt, cannot fail to produce a good effect. This alone, they say, has the power of effacing all crimes."

Various and striking instances are then selected, from the Hindoo books, and from the narratives of travellers, of this *verbal* devotion, of the ceremonials of prayer, of reading their scriptures; and the long catalogue of human folly is thus compared with the precepts of Moses:

"Let, now, all the books of Moses be perused with the most prejudiced eye, nothing like any of these ridiculous observances will be found in them. Certain forms were prescribed in sacrificing, to prevent confusion; and otherwise such whimsical observances as those above-mentioned might have been introduced. For why should the Israelites be more free from them than other nations, when they were equally ignorant; and superstition has always prevailed in proportion to ignorance? And though we may not be able, at this distance of time, to see the reasons for all the observances prescribed to the Hebrews, yet there is nothing in any of them so apparently absurd, but that it may well be supposed there *was* a good reason for it at the time of their institution.

"Their mere opposition to such absurd customs as universally prevailed in the heathen world, so as to render the two modes of worship incompatible with one another, would alone be a good reason for the appointment of any particular

rite. For the great object of the religion of the Hebrews, was to preserve in that nation, and from them to diffuse through the world, the knowledge and worship of the true God, and thereby to counteract the polytheism and idolatry which then universally prevailed, and more especially in nations the most famed for superior wisdom and civilization."

Their restrictions and injunctions, as to food, are next enumerated. They are endless, and appear to him to have no foundation but in folly and caprice, whereas,

"By Moses nothing probably was forbidden to be eaten that is really proper for the food of man, in the climate of Palestine."

We shall not repeat, after the author, his long account of the Hindoo penances and austerities. In number and absurdity they are equal to any thing the imagination can conceive. The Hebrew system, on the contrary, is known to be free from all these idle observances. Their circumcision, their sabbath, their fasts, and their festivals, have nothing in them vile, capricious, or degrading to man.

The Hindoo reverence for the Cow, is carried to a ridiculous excess, and gives birth to a thousand observances and practices, idle and disgusting. A copious account of these is given, as well as of the lewdness and licentiousness with which the religion of the Hindoos and Egyptians were polluted.

Many miscellaneous superstitions are detailed, and proper inferences drawn from the spirit of the Mosaic institutions in all these respects. For the present, however, we shall dismiss this work with quoting the author's account of the devotion of the modern Jews, as taken from Leo de Modena, and Buxtorf.

"In the daily habits and practices of the Jews, there is, no doubt, much of real superstition; but it is not of the same kind with that of the heathens, as it has no immoral tendency. They are trifling observances, such as our Saviour animadverted upon, too apt to supply

the place of solid virtues, but not necessarily having this effect. In excuse for them, they say that the external actions serve to remind them of something relating to what is internal, as bathing to moral purity, &c. And if they pay any attention to the meaning of the words in their many forms, they must serve to keep up an attention to the Divine Being and his providence, and thereby greatly promote habitual devotion. They must lead them to *acknowledge God in all their ways*, reminding them of their constant dependence upon him and obligation to him. From their rising in the morning to their going to sleep, *God must be in all their thoughts*; the first and the last thing that is in their mouths, and, it may be hoped, in their minds, being prayers, or rather benedictions, in acknowledgment of the goodness of God, and recommending themselves, and their nation, to his favour.

"I shall just mention a few of their forms. As soon as they rise in the morning, they say, *Blessed be thou, O Lord, our God, king of the world, who givest life to the dead, who givest sight to the blind, &c.* When they wash before prayer, or in obedience to any particular precept, they say, *Blessed be thou, O Lord, our God, king of the world, who sanctifiest us by thy precepts, and hast commanded us to wash, &c.*

"If so many as ten Jews live in the same place, they do not content themselves with their private devotions, but resort to their synagogue, or public school, three times a day; and it is a rule with them to speak of no business, to pay no visit, or even salute any person, till they have discharged this duty to God in the morning of every day. If ten be present, one of them reads the forms aloud, and the rest say *amen* to each.

"At every action that they perform, whether they eat or drink, if they even smell any sweet odour, when they hear any precept of their law, or see any thing new and extraordinary, they pronounce an appropriated form of benediction. At every regular meal the master of the house begins with repeating the 23d Psalm—*The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, &c.* When he first takes the bread, he says, *Blessed be thou, O Lord, king of the world, who bringest food out of the earth*; when he takes the wine, he says, *Blessed be thou, O Lord, king of the world, who hast created the fruit of the*

When he takes fruit of any kind, he says, *Blessed be thou, O Lord, G<sup>d</sup>. who hast created the fruit of the tree.* In short, they think it ingratitude to enjoy, or make use of any thing, without acknowledging, in some short form of thanksgiving, that they receive it from God, the Lord of all. At the close of every meal, they use a longer form of thanksgiving, praying, at the same time, that God would have mercy upon Jerusalem, restore the temple, and set up the kingdom of David in their time:

"The methods they take to inspire, and keep up, a reverence for the scriptures, are very effectual. The pentateuch is written in fair and large characters on a roll of parchment, fitted up in the most ornamental manner. It is put into a bag of silk, curiously wrought, preserved in a place of the synagogue set apart for the purpose, richly ornamented. When it is brought out, or carried back, it is done with great ceremony, and the children in the place are permitted to put their hands upon it, &c. This has the appearance of superstition; but the tendency and effect of it is to inspire an uncommon reverence for the book, and the law that it contains. They divide it into fifty-two parts, and read one of them every Sabbath, so as to go through the whole every year. At the same time they read certain portions of the writings of the prophets, and other canonical books. As soon as a child can speak, he is taught to read the scriptures in the language of the country in which they live; and they are taught the exposition of it, and the doctrine of their rabbins, as soon as they are capable of it. They are also taught the Hebrew language, if they learn any thing more than the first rudiments of education.

"Their observances with respect to the Sabbath and other festivals, &c. are, in many respects, trifling; but they are innocent, and the tendency of them all is to raise the thoughts to God, to remind them of his law and his moral government, and especially to keep up their faith in his promises, that he would restore them to his favour, and speedily send the Messiah for their deliverance. All their devotions have no other object than the one true God, the creator and preserver of all things. They worship no angels, demons, or dead men. They consider it as a heinous sin to believe in, or to practice, any kind of divination, as

astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, &c. but more especially necromancy, magic, or charms of any kind.

"The Jews distinguish themselves by their charity to the poor, even those of other nations; and also by their tenderness for animals. They never torture or abuse any of them; and when they kill any of them for food, they do it so as to put them to the least pain, considering them as the creatures of God, *whose tender mercies are over all his works.*"

## ART. XI.

*The Virtues of Society: a Tale founded on Fact. By the Author of the Virtues of Nature. 4to. pp. 36. Boston. Manning and Loring. 1799.*

THIS poem is the production of a lady, whose name is already enrolled in the American annals of Parnassus; and we may venture to congratulate the admirers of Mrs. Morton on this new display of a rich and brilliant fabric of versification.

The adventures of Lady Harriet Ackland are selected by our fair authoress as "a matchless theme" for the warbling eloquence of her harp: and those who are unacquainted with the story of this "high-born nymph," will, upon reading the first lines of the poem, pant with the expectation of being presented with a scene of adventures of the most unparalleled and supermiraculous description.

"The humble Minstrel will a tale impart,  
Drawn from the living efforts of the heart,  
Advent'rous beauty, Love's inspiring flame,  
Beyond the storied page of fabling fame."

The reader, however, will perhaps find himself in a state of disappointment when he has arrived at the end of the story, and will very naturally ask himself—Is it so singular and unexampled that a lady, passionately fond of her husband, should consent to accompany him

to America? And when this gallant husband is wounded in battle, and carried a prisoner into the enemy's lines, is it so wonderful that his faithful wife should embark in a flag-boat, and suffer herself to be rowed several miles down the Hudson for the purpose of soliciting permission to be restored to the arms of her much-loved partner? These adventures, however, although not quite equal to those of a Cloelia, a Una, a Bradimant, and a hundred other nymphs who crowd "the storied page of fabling fame," are yet in themselves highly interesting; and, when delineated by the pencil of truth, unaided by the gaudy and exaggerating colours of fiction, they impel us to admire the noble fortitude; and to sympathise in the sufferings of the courageous and faithful Lady H. Such are our feelings in reading the plain and unaffected narrative of this lady by General Burgoyne; and, if our bosoms do not recognize the same sensations when we are delighting our eyes with the golden lines of Mrs. M. to what circumstance must we ascribe the difference? Shall we say that our bard is apt to be led aside from the path of simple nature, by too great a fondness for the stately walks of pomp and magnificence? And that her proud and lofty Muse, accustomed to tread majestically on the mountain-top, scorns to descend with "timid step and downcast eye," into the vale of tenderness and tears?

Apart, however, from this consideration, and regarding the work merely as an effort of poetical dexterity, where the elegant designs of fancy combine with the beautiful proportions of metrical harmony, we can hardly hesitate in assigning to it the palm of pre-eminence over most of the productions of this kind that our country has as yet furnished. In many instances, it may assume a rivalry with the

majestic port and correct melody of the English Iliad; and sometimes dispute precedence with the gay and glittering pageantry of the Botanic Garden.

From a constellation of beautiful passages, the following readily presents itself as a fine specimen of descriptive poetry. It alludes to a conflagration in the British camp.

"But coy the hope delusive fancy brings,  
 "And the swift pleasure flies an eagle's wings;  
 "War's rigid voice commands the soldier-train  
 "To arch the tent, and clothe the houseless plain;  
 "The poor pavilion of the canvas dome  
 "There form'd the high-born beauty's humble home,  
 "Who, still enrich'd by love auspicious, fin'd,  
 "And cheer'd, with voice benign, the wintry wild;  
 "Till in the dreaming hour of still repose,  
 "On her struck sense a burst of brightness flows,  
 "Thick curling clouds of smoke the scene invade,  
 "Impetuous flames rush through the noxious shade,  
 "Loud, and more loud, the shouts of danger rise,  
 "And, whirl'd in waves, the crackling current flies;  
 "The faithful partner of her 'waken'd fears,  
 "From her white couch, the breathless Harriet rears,  
 "With stagger'd step his sheltering form displays,  
 "And crowds undaunted thro' the pouring blaze,  
 "Slow to the distant dome, with caution'd tread,  
 "And twining arm, the trembling beauty led,  
 "Cheer'd with kind words, with melting eyes caref'd,  
 "And fondly folds her to his joyful breast."

Of the two following similes, the first has a pretty close resemblance to the watry landscape of Parnel:

"So on the bowery margin of the deep,  
 "When all the winds, save gentle zephyr, sleep,

"Delusive scenes attract the raptur'd eyes;  
 " Now with the waves the flocks and flocks fly;  
 " Here the gay flowret lends its ruddy hue,  
 " And there the heavenly crystal shines with blue;  
 " But when some flitting wing the surface sweeps,  
 " Or some low cloud in gathering eddies sweeps,  
 " To the fond view the painted prospects die,  
 " And flowers, and flocks, and trees, in blotted ruin lie."

" Thus, when in war's red arms *Aeneas* lay,  
 " And seem'd to breathe his heaving soul away,  
 " Before his view the sea-sprung *Venus* stood,  
 " And swath'd, with heavenly hand, the cleft blood;  
 " With whisper'd sighs departing life restrains,  
 " And with immortal nectar charms his pains;  
 " The rescu'd chief by treasur'd love repays  
 " The life he owes, and pours his soul in praise."

In the third line of the last quotation, we discover a slight incorrectness. *Venus* assisting the physician of the wounded *Aeneas*, was invisible.

— *Obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo.*  
 — *Occulta medicans.*  
 [Vide 12th *Aeneid*.]

By the by, and with due deference to Mrs. M.'s classical learning, we take the freedom to question her historical accuracy in the second line of the poem:

"How *Arria* lov'd, and *Laodonia* fell."

Of *Arria*, we are told that her husband being sentenced to suffer death at Rome, on a charge of conspiracy, she first stabbed herself, and then delivering the poignard to *Pætus*, desired him to follow her example.

The name of *Laodonia* has never occurred to us; but we have read of a lady called *Laodamia*, whose

husband, *Protesilaus*, being slain at Troy, she abandoned herself to excessive grief, and at length threw herself into the flames, where the wooden image of her dead lord, which she had been accustomed to caress, had been previously flung by her offended parent. Indeed, to have fallen dead on the body of her husband, as stated in the note, was a thing rather impracticable, as three hundred miles intervened between the shores of Ilium and the palace of Phylace. For an authority on this point, we refer to Homer's *Iliad*, book ii.

"These own'd as Chief *Protesilaus* the brave,  
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave;  
 The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,  
 And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;  
 There lies far distant from his native plain,  
 Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,  
 And his sad consort beats her breast in vain."

Perhaps, then, there is reason for altering the line thus:

"How *Arria* fell, and *Laodamia* died."

But this would be reason without rhyme.

In the course of the poem, we meet with a few epithets that are not very appropriate, and some phrases of an ambiguous meaning.

"Verum ubi plura nitent, in carmine,  
 non ego paucis  
 Offendar maculis, quas incuria fudit."

## ART. XII.

*Desultory Reflections on the new Political Aspects of Public Affairs in the United States of America, since the commencement of the year 1799.* 8vo. pp. 62. New-York, printed for the Author, by G. and R. Waite, and published by J. W. Fenno. 1800.

IN the advertisement prefixed to this pamphlet, the author lays claim to the confidence of his



readers, by the assurance that "he courts not the consideration of the high, nor the favours of the low. The perfidious patronage of courtiers, and the dirty caps of the million, are to him objects of equal contempt. He has no favour to seek from either."—We do not doubt the sincerity of this assurance; but there are few things in which men are more apt to deceive themselves, than in the opinion they are so prone to entertain of their entire exemption from prejudice or bias of any kind. The degree of impartiality and wisdom displayed by this writer, will be best seen in his performance. Elevated above the reach of any sinister influence, he proposes to take a deliberate and dispassionate survey of the political condition of his country.—"The conviction which he feels of the dangers which threaten America, brought to the verge of ruin by the time-serving, mean, and miserable politics of our country," constitutes his apology for presenting this *project* for its salvation.

In his view of public affairs, the author appears to be of the number of those who look on the dark side of the political hemisphere, and descry ruin and desolation in every passing cloud. He is of opinion that the great tide of affairs which was to lead on to fortune and renown, had attained its full flood in the summer of 1798, "when the whole extent of the continent bristled with the bayonets of indignant volunteers;" that the great system of national policy has changed since that period; and it is the purpose of the present publication to show the folly of that change, and to bring us to what he supposes to be the only secure and stable position of national glory and prosperity, an offensive and defensive alliance with Great-Britain, against France, Spain, and Holland. While the warfare was carrying on in Europe, "the

hope to continue neutral was foolish, and the wish to remain so dishonourable."—And which side in the mighty conflict, America should have chosen, he thinks "did not demand a moment's hesitation; when the proudest and greatest of nations took us, with joy, by the hand, exulted over our late return to reason, unfolded her arcana to our view, and opened every avenue that could lead to political consequence or commercial prosperity." But these golden prospects of wealth and glory, which were presented by the protecting arm of Great-Britain, were dissipated by the *neutral* and irresolute spirit of our government.

Our author speaks with contempt of our warlike preparations to preserve *peace*, at a season when we ought to have been at war. He deems it to have been the period most favourable "for staying the enervating inroads which fifteen years of sluggish peace and insignificance had made." His ideas are derived from that system of politics which considers war as *necessary* to keep alive the spirit of honour and the love of glory among the people, which are repressed and extinguished by negotiation and peace. The state of degradation and submission to which he considers the nation as fallen, he imputes to the "obstinacy, vanity, and wrongheadedness of the chief magistrate."

The present embassy to France, by which we are to be sacrificed, "and prostrated at the footstool of rebels, regicides, and usurpers, was projected at a time when the affairs of the coalition were flourishing beyond example."—"Such a juncture," he thinks, "could not have been stumbled on by chance, but it is amidst the secret recesses of narrow jealousy, and private views, and vanity made drunk, that the grounds of this execrable step are to be explored." The following

exhibition of the opinions and views of the personage with whom that measure originated, may surprise some of our readers, who do not, like this writer, discover the secret springs which give movement to the great political machine.

"Here a scene opens to our astonished view, which is well calculated to appal the senses of men not prepared for the worst results of the worst designs of deliberate malice. It will be expedient to touch lightly on the several topics which this subject involves: fortunately, a cursory view of them will suffice for our purpose.

"That a deliberate purpose is entertained of involving this country in a most horrible and ruinous war, there are various incidents of evidence, which it would neither be prudent nor proper to dilate on. It may be received as a fact, that he who seems so ambitious to be the arbiter of peace and war, expressly declared his conviction, that a war with Great-Britain was the only means left of reconciling parties in this country: that the expedition of the suppliants was decided on, with a resolution to consider Great-Britain in a new and remote light, is abundantly proved by various subsequent occurrences."

In removing a late Secretary of State from office, the author of his dismissal is charged with being influenced by envy and "a malice which no lapse of time can charm, no change of circumstances appease." This is a heavy accusation to be made against any man; and, in the complexity and variety of human motives, which cannot always be seen and understood, charity should lead to the selection of some other less malignant and detestable in the supreme executive magistrate. This author, no doubt, well weighed the grounds of his opinion before he made so serious a charge; for, whatever may be our belief of the injustice or propriety of this procedure, we should

hesitate before we should ascribe it to the workings of envy and jealousy, or the suggestions of implacable malice. But this is not the only thing for which the supposed author of all our evils has excited the hatred and contempt of this writer. The following are some of his observations on the answer to the address of the citizens of Alexandria, in June last:

"But these wretches [American printers] are fools, villains, and liars of the first magnitude, the very foster-fathers of rebellion and every foul and unnatural crime: it is their vocation to cry down reason and honesty, and to propagate error and delusion of the grossest kind. We do not, therefore, wonder at these things coming from them. But when we see an high and responsible public character entering the lists of calumny, and tearing open old wounds to gratify personal and private rancour, there is a call for all our indignation and all our rage.

"Because the man was obliged to skulk in Holland, in the habiliments of a sailor, from the pursuit of Sir Joseph Yorke's messengers, at a time when he was acting, in Holland, the part of *Genet in America*,\* and because the king put some slight upon him at a subsequent period, are we to be made the sport of his prejudice and private pique?"

A candid and impartial reader would consider the answer as dictated by the address, and not as the premeditated effusions of "a malignant heart, actuated by some sinister design." But our readers will make their own comments on the decency or justice of the passage here quoted. From the whole tenour of the sentiments contained in this pamphlet, it would be natural to infer that the writer was one who had *old wounds*, which allusions to the American revolution made painful. Independence is what he cannot be made to regard with any complacency or approbation. The language of self-dependance is consi-

\* Indeed! How then is the American revolution regarded by this writer? The answer is obvious.

dered by him as the "vaunting of folly, and as preposterous in the extreme." We must look to Great-Britain for the security and prosperity of our commerce, as well as for our political safety. It is only by throwing ourselves with the full confidence of affection, into the arms of that great and magnanimous nation, that we can proceed with success in the brilliant career of national aggrandizement and glory. The American dependencies of Spain, France, and Holland, are held forth as fit and alluring objects for our conquest in the west and the east. These conquests, he believes, might be atchieved without difficulty; and the "*contingent* we could bring into the *coalition*, would be such as to entitle us to assume the rank of a *first-rate* power, and to make *stipulations*, the fulfilment of which could not fail to fix us in a state of prosperity, and to extend our empire and renown." This shallow and deceitful project for exciting a pernicious ambition, must be regarded as the offspring of a heated and perverted imagination. He who could seriously recommend it, must have taken a very imperfect survey of the peculiar condition of this country, and of that system of policy which is necessarily connected with it. Indeed, this performance, throughout, exhibits great ignorance of the political and commercial spirit of Great-Britain, and the true and solid interests of the United States.

That the United States are, and will be, a great commercial nation, is too obvious to be denied; and government ought not, nor can, by regulation or restriction, prevent the growth of this spirit of trade. But whoever is acquainted with the character of the people, will perceive that if suffered to take their own way, they will go on with sufficient strides towards commercial grandeur and opulence; and that

this progress will be equal to, if not greater, than that of agriculture, which constitutes the basis of the strength and riches of this country. Instead of wasting a scanty population and revenue, in "extending our empire and renown" by foreign conquests, the possession of which must ever be precarious, and dependent on the will or caprice of other nations, we should seek, in our own uncultivated regions, a field of conquest worthy a hardy and virtuous people; in subjecting which to the hand of culture and art, we shall acquire the rich rewards of honourable toil, and a fame not tarnished with crime or stained with blood.

Notwithstanding all that this writer has said in favour of an union with Great-Britain against France, we cannot but believe that there is a middle road of *neutral* and *independent* policy, which may be pursued with true honour and justice, and which will enable us to maintain the genuine interest and prosperity of this country more effectually than by taking a part in the endless contentions of the two great leading nations of Europe. Independent of the obvious and natural suggestion of such a scheme of policy, flowing from a view of our peculiar circumstances, it would be sufficient, if we sought for support from the opinions of others, to refer to the solemn recommendations of Washington, and other patriots of America, who are now no more. And we beg leave to recommend to the attentive consideration of the author of these reflections, the opinions of such men; and that he ponder well the history of the American revolution, connected with a view of the origin and progress of the British system of commercial policy; and if he is not then convinced, what, in truth, is palpable, of the extreme folly and perniciousness of his plan of

coalition and conquest, so strongly recommended in this performance, we must think him the willing slave of prejudice.

Whether the measures of our government, for the last year, have been the best calculated to preserve that wise system of neutral policy which has been hitherto pursued, we presume not to determine. Some things have been done, the prudence and propriety of which appeared questionable; but, in the midst of the storms and tempests which vex the great ocean of politics, it requires consummate prudence and skill to steer our national bark with safety. Great-Britain and France are the opposite rocks, the *Sylla* and *Charybdis*, on which it may split. It would argue much weakness and folly, while it is possible to avoid both, to rush on either.

We cannot forbear smiling at the serious confidence with which this writer recommends a grand *co-partnership* in trade between Great-Britain and America, by which they are "to play into each other's hands, and concentrate the commerce of the whole world in their own ports." Under the auspices of this union, "America is to acquire a national character, and her name cease to become an *opprobrium*." Without it, "she is doomed to irretrievable ruin." Does a knowledge of the situation of Great-Britain, compared with that of America, of her monopolizing spirit, and the selfishness of human nature, authorize us to believe that such a co-partnership would continue? The fellowship of rival pedlars and shop-keepers, would be just as sincere and as durable. To suppose that Great-Britain would change that system by which she upholds her commercial empire, and act towards America from principles

of disinterestedness and magnanimity, would betray gross ignorance and credulity. But the subject is too complex and important to be treated superficially, and neither the province we have assumed, nor the limits assigned, allow of any adequate discussion of such topics.

Another part of the *project* of our author is the scheme for the abolition of the present *federal* form of our government. The importance of the subject will excuse us for quoting it at length.

"The time is arrived when we must repudiate the author of our evils from any share in our confidence, and adopt all proper and honourable means to thwart those future measures by which he may attempt to sacrifice the honour and safety of the country.

"Under the auspices of a wise and prudent ruler, we may then proceed, by judicious provisions, to ward off, in future, similar disasters to those which have so nearly destroyed us. The arbitrary power now deposited in the hands of one man must be checked and regulated, somewhat after the manner of the British constitution,\* or by any better, if better can be devised by American ingenuity. Experience has shown us, how entirely we have entrusted 'our lives and fortunes all,' into the power of a single man; and if we have common wisdom, we shall profit by that experience, to bar up, in future, every avenue to so dangerous, and, in our case, so ruinous an exercise of an authority so inconsistent with the spirit of freedom, or the nature of man, as that by which we have suffered.

"Under the auspices of a wise and prudent ruler, we might proceed to other reforms absolutely essential to the continuance of our existence, as a truly great, free, and independent nation. Those egregious baubles of sovereignty, those pestiferous incitements to demagoguery, the State governments, might be abolished, and their officers rendered dependent, as they ought to be, on the government of the United States, instead of having it in their power, as at present, to organize revolts against that government.

\* We cannot but smile at a scheme for limiting the power of the president by transforming him into an English king!

"This would be a very admirable act for a new administration to commence its career with," the unfortunate people being in as distressful a situation, amidst the jars and clashing of the multiplicity of jurisdictions, as they would be placed between *two globes revolving in contact*;† so that a more popular, or a more judicious step, could not be adopted.

"The present *topographical* location of the States should, in order the more effectually to abolish the memory of *Federalism*, be totally changed,‡ and the continent divided into ten, fifteen, or twenty counties, to be governed by a lieutenant, or præfect, appointed by the executive: certain subaltern appointments should be in his gift.§ These præfects would constitute as proper an Upper House, for one branch of the Legislature, as could well be devised. I venture to affirm that it would be found a more proper and independent branch than that for which it would be substituted.

"Under the auspices of a wise and prudent ruler, the elective franchise might forever be cut off from all paupers, vagabonds and outlaws, and the legislation of the country placed in those hands to which it belongs, the *proprietors of the country*.|| At present we are the vassals of foreign outlaws. The frequency of elections, those elections being now entrusted to men of sense, men of principle, and men having an interest connected with the interests of the country, declines of course, as the folly and danger of annual elections can now be securely remedied.

"Thus will the public burthens be alleviated—thus will public dilapidations cease—thus will undue influence, corruption of the lowest and basest sort, be eradicated; while the people grow quieter, happier, and are better served, without a ruinous and useless expense.

"The principle of federalism must be abolished, or it will very soon destroy the

principle of union. It is *influence* that sways the sceptre of irregular or popular governments; and I will leave any man to decide what comparison the influence of the government of the United States will bear with the sixteen governments of the States. It is as sixteen to one."

We shall leave these opinions, which this writer considers "as prevailing to a considerable extent," to the reflections of our readers. So great an alteration in the forms of the American governments, demand much previous deliberation and deep reflection, and, if found expedient, could never be effected without a general conviction of its necessity and utility. That a writer who regards all change as an evil, and who declares that "to change even from bad to good, is not, at all times, expedient or safe, since it implies a confession of error, and often of guilt, which the pride of man revolts at," should, at the same time, recommend great changes with so much earnestness, is as unaccountable, as the opinion just quoted is unintelligible.

The topics started in this performance, of which we have given so copious an account, are of the most momentous kind, in the discussion of which, the reader will find little aid from these "desultory" and superficial reflections. The ideas of the author are crude, and very imperfectly and unsatisfactorily stated. His propositions are not of that self-evident nature as to require to be laid down only, in order to

\* We must smile again at one who thus gravely recommends to a new president as the first act of his administration, the *total subversion* of the present government. Rev.

† The poor fellows might suffer something between *two mill-stones*, but they would have little to dread between *two globes*. Rev.

‡ Would he do what only deluges and earthquakes can? Rev.

§ A strange mode of limiting the power of one man just before complained of. Rev.

|| Does the author here mean to say that every person not possessed of *real property* is a pauper, vagabond, or outlaw? or that a property in the soil is the only just qualification for an elector? How deeply versed must he be in the science of political economy! Rev.

produce conviction. Great boldness and extravagance of expression, and a certain audacity of remark, may be mistaken for eloquence, but will never be confounded with truth.

There is considerable vivacity and spirit in the style of this performance, which, if properly chastized by a correct judgment, would render the author a popular writer. More precision, and less redundancy of expression, are necessary to give full effect to his ideas. The affectation of uncommon words, and of such as are of doubtful propriety, should have been avoided in a publication intended to be generally read.

Sober and candid readers will feel disposed to censure the almost unprecedented freedom of language used towards a person who holds the highest office in the government of this nation; and, though they may coincide in the general sentiment of disapprobation on certain measures, they must feel a contempt and aversion for one who is wholly unmindful of the civility and decorum to be observed in the expression of that disapprobation, and which are perfectly consistent with a free and independent spirit. The language of expostulation may be manly, and possess the ardour and energy of a patriotic mind, without degenerating into rudeness and scurrility.

The fashion of Latin quotation, and idle annotation and reference, which good sense had almost exploded from *English* composition, we are sorry to see, from the example of some late writers, becoming prevalent to a ridiculous and extravagant degree.

## ART. XIII.

*Observations on the Commerce of Spain with her Colonies, in time of war. By a Spaniard, in Philadelphia. Translated from the original Manuscript, by another Spaniard. 8vo. pp. 63. Philadelphia. J. Carey. 1800.\**

THE opinions of Adam Smith, on general and colonial commerce, are adopted by the author of these observations, and it is his design, in the present performance, to persuade his countrymen of the truth of the principles of a *free* trade, and the ruinous consequences of that prohibitory system continued by Spain for two hundred and fifty years.

A Royal order of the 18th November, 1797, permitting neutral vessels to trade to Spanish ports, in articles not prohibited, was annulled by a decree of the 20th April, 1799.

This decree, which the author regards as pernicious to the prosperity of the Spanish Colonies, has induced him to make public his opinions as early as possible, on a subject so important to the commercial interest of his country.

While the Colonies received all their supplies from the mother country in *flotas*, and their commerce was confined to the port of Cadiz, the national commerce became almost annihilated, and Spain was under the necessity of receiving from foreigners, the productions of her own colonies. "Eight or ten commercial houses in Cadiz were, in reality, masters of the trade of Spain, from Florida to California, and the shipments in Spain, sales in America, and returns home, only

\* The Chevalier DE YRUJO, late Minister of his Catholic Majesty to the United States, is said to be the author. He is known as the translator of the "Wealth of Nations," into the Spanish language, for which he deserves the thanks of his countrymen.

displayed a ruinous chain of the most scandalous monopoly." "Although," this writer observes, "it may appear surprising to some, and to others a perfect paradox, we can affirm, that foreign contraband preserved in our colonies the germ of agriculture, and of that prosperity which manifests itself since the benevolent and happy decree of free trade." It was in the reign of Charles III. that this system of *flotas* and monopoly was abolished, and other parts of Spain were permitted to participate the riches of the new world. Though great clamour was raised against this decree, and the destruction of commerce predicted, yet even Cadiz herself, the supposed immediate victim of this innovation, found its trade increased, and the amount of duties of the Custom-house, though the *tariff* was lessened, augmented, in a few years, from one and a half millions of dollars, to four millions. Barcelona, Catalonia, Alicante, Malaga, Corunna, and other ports have experienced equal advantages from the removal of former restrictions.

Agriculture, the parent of all the materials of subsistence, and labour, which gives to them new forms, and prepares them for an unlimited variety of new uses, are the foundation and support of all commerce. To attend only to the encouragement of the latter, without having first given life and spirit to the former, "is to build up the edifice of national prosperity, by beginning its fabric where it ought to end." The flourishing example of England and Holland has dazzled superficial observers, who did not see that the basis of English commerce had been previously laid in agriculture and manufactures, and that Holland, from the necessity of local circumstances, was constrained to turn the active industry

of its people towards colonization and commerce.

This writer is the ardent opposer of all monopolies, which he distinguishes into two kinds; the one where exclusive privileges are given to individuals, or particular bodies of men, to the prejudice of the people in general; the other, when the merchants obtain from government the exclusive, or, at least, a more advantageous protection in favour of commerce than of agriculture and industry. From the first of these monopolies, by the decree before alluded to, respecting free trade, Spain is entirely exempt. The second, which is formidable from its numerous partizans and defenders, remains to be combatted. Aware of the objection always made to censures on particular encouragements given to commerce, our author remarks:

"It might, perhaps, be observed, that such is the intimate connection between commerce, and industry, and agriculture, that the promotion of the first tends evidently to the prosperity of the other two. I agree in the force of this observation, when the commerce of the nation has the means of supplying the wants both of the mother country and her colonies; but whenever, either from the want of these means, or by the interruption of mercantile intercourse arising from war, or any other accident, the national commerce cannot attend to these necessary demands, it would be unjust to deprive his majesty's subjects, both in Spain and her colonies, of the articles of first necessity, merely because they were not to receive them from the privileged hands of our merchants; it would be sacrificing our important colonial agriculture, and the happiness of several millions of good Spaniards, to the unfounded jealousy and unbounded ambition of a few individuals! In a word, it would be to submit the interest of the principal to the ridiculous pretensions of the accessory."

In support of his opinion, the examples of England and France are introduced. The particular monopolies or encouragement to artists and merchants in England, led

to disputes with the colonies, which produced a contest, in which the latter threw off both the commercial restrictions and political sovereignty of the mother country. In France, the decree of 1784, which opened four free ports in the French colonies, to neutrals, produced a ferment, and a dispute between the merchants and planters, which, after a long and violent discussion, terminated in favour of the colonists. That the agriculture of the French colonies increased, is proved by a statement of the exports presented to the constituent Assembly, which, in 1782, were one hundred and fifty-four millions of livres, and in 1790, two hundred and twenty-eight millions of livres.

A distinction is made between *trade* and the *trader*, *commerce* and the *merchant*, the want of which, this writer considers as the cause of the most pernicious errors. The noisy clamours, and melancholy predictions of a few self-interested merchants, have had, often times, more influence with government than the principles of commerce. People are apt to consider trade as ruined, because the trader complains. Merchants are the agents, the brokers and carriers of the farmer and artizan, whose productions may be exchanged without their intervention; so that as commerce, though in a more limited degree, may exist without them, they are not to be considered as commerce itself. This ingenious and theoretical distinction may be of use, in guarding against prejudice and sinister influence, which may lead the mind astray from a just and comprehensive view of the subject.

Having shown that the first object of government should be the encouragement of agriculture as well in Spain as in the colonies, our author proceeds to prove that the agriculture of the colonies can-

not improve, but must perish without a liberal supply of the articles of European manufactures, and the products of the United States, necessary for them. The cheaper and more plentiful these supplies are, the more active and productive will agriculture become. Spain is wholly unable to furnish them in time of war, and in peace she must do it at a higher price than other nations. By refusing to neutrals the liberty of supplying the colonies, several of them have been reduced to distress and compelled to neglect cultivation, and contraband and smuggling are increased to the injury of the revenue. In spite of all the promises of the merchants of Spain, experience has shown, that in the present war, they have been wholly incompetent to answer the demands of the colonists.

The prohibitory decree of April 1799, which this writer believes to have been obtained by surprise, and by the arts of the merchants of Cadiz, he regards as subversive of the prosperity of the colonies, and injurious to the interest of the mother country, and to the merchants in general.

Necessity has, at times, forced the government of *Havanna*, and the intendants of the province of *Caracas*, to open a trade for neutrals in spite of the prohibitory decrees of *Spain*, which proves the folly and absurdity of such regulations. The more distant provinces of South America have felt the consequences of those restrictions, and have been compelled to supply their wants at the most exorbitant prices. Pitch, which is purchased in the United States at three dollars per barrel, has been sold at Buenos Ayres, for forty dollars.

This prohibitory decree, if rigidly enforced, will be not less injurious to Spain than her colonies; for its productions will remain at home, and the few vessels which



are sent from thence, are inadequate to the supply of the colonies, while the greater number of them are captured by British privateers and cruizers. On the other hand, cocoa and sugars, which are become articles of the first necessity to Spain, cannot be introduced there, in time of war, in proportion to the demand; and the Spanish subject is obliged to pay fifty per cent. more for those articles than if the ports were open to neutrals.

The effects of this decree in diminishing the King's revenue on exports and imports, in Old and New Spain, are illustrated by calculations taken from the exports of Havanna; and it is supposed, that if the whole commerce of the Spanish provinces in South-America are taken into the account, the loss which the Royal revenue sustains by the closing of the ports to neutrals, is, at least, twelve millions of dollars; and all this to gratify half a dozen merchants in Cadiz! The further ill-effects of this system of prohibition, relate to the supply of the army, kept up, in time of war, in the Spanish possessions in America. Flour, which is wanted for the troops stationed in the Floridas and Louisiana, may be purchased of the neighbouring States of Georgia and Carolina, at five or six dollars per barrel. Now, this is first supplied from the United States to Spain, and from thence reshipped to her colonies; and, by the time it arrives there, it becomes spoiled, and the expenses, charges, and duties, have enhanced the price to thirty dollars a barrel.

Having thus proved that the execution of the decree of April 1799, will be greatly injurious to the industry and agriculture of Old and New Spain, and occasion a great diminution of the public revenue, the author goes on to show that it is no less contrary to the interest of the merchants of Spain in gene-

ral. They must ultimately feel the consequence of starving and pinching the colonies, whose increased prosperity and population would not fail to produce a correspondent demand on the merchants for supplies of every kind, and a consequent necessity for more ships and sailors. They act like the ignorant Indian who cut down the tree to gather the fruit.

To expose the fallaciousness of the promises of adequate assistance to the colonies, it is stated, that the profit of the merchant, on the cargo exported, would amount to two hundred per cent. but knowing the great probability of capture, he gets the duties and profits also insured; so that whether the vessel arrives safe or not, the merchant is a great gainer, and the colonist would be left to starve if it were not for the contraband trade: for contraband and smuggling will increase in exact proportion to the extent of prohibition, and the exorbitance of duties, which is verified by the experience of every commercial nation. The extent and policy of the English contraband trade between Jamaica and the Spanish colonies, is stated, from B. Edwards' History of the West Indies.

To convince that class of men who are governed more by authority and example, than by the dictates of reason and common sense, he cites the conduct of the Danes and French in opening their ports to neutrals, and, in many instances, the English themselves.

This writer, though free in his animadversion on the selfish conduct of the merchants, professes his respect for that honourable and useful class of men, and declares himself as much a friend to commerce as he is an enemy to monopoly.

Though hastily written, this performance discovers considerable knowledge of the commercial in-

terests of Spain, and a liberality of spirit, and zeal for the prosperity and happiness of the colonies, very honourable to the author. To those whose attention is directed to such inquiries, and to the Spanish merchants in general, it will, as a general sketch of the arguments on a very important subject, be found useful and interesting.

#### ART. XIV.

*A Sermon on the Propriety of attending Public Worship, and an attentive, serious Conduct in the House of God. By John Eliot, D. D. Minister of the New North Church, Boston. 8vo. pp. 36. Boston. Russell. 1800.*

THE text of this respectable sermon is chosen from Proverbs viii. 31. *Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.* The design of the author is two-fold, corresponding with the title of the sermon. First, to show the propriety and importance of meeting with the public worshippers of God on the Sabbath; and, secondly, to inculcate the duty of behaving in a serious, attentive, and reverent manner, while engaged in this solemn service. A great part of the first head, after some general remarks, is employed in answering the excuses and objections of those who do not attend on the public institutions of religion. The second is chiefly taken up in showing, that in attending on the services of the sanctuary, we should divest our minds of prejudice, and listen with candour; that we should avoid all levity of behaviour; that we should apply the things delivered to ourselves; and, finally, that we should suffer them to remain and operate on the heart.

This sermon appears to have been published with a particular view to the instruction and improvement of the congregation committed to the author's pastoral charge. It is accordingly written in that style of serious, unaffected good sense, and persuasive plainness, which are well calculated to answer the purpose intended. Doctor E. makes no attempt to dazzle by the fervour and boldness of oratory; but seems continually intent on convincing and persuading those whom he addresses. His mode of treating the subject discovers reading, reflection, and an acquaintance with the human heart. His style is perspicuous and manly, though sometimes negligent. We think this a valuable addition to the numerous sermons which have been published on the same subject.

#### ART. XV.

*A Discourse, delivered April 1st, 1800, in the Brick Presbyterian Church, before the New-York Missionary Society, at their Annual Meeting. By William Linn, D.D. one of the Ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church in the City of New-York. 8vo. pp. 40. New-York. I. Collins. 1800.*

THE passage of scripture on which this discourse is founded, is Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6. *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.* After some introductory remarks, on which the suitableness of the subject to the occasion is well pointed out, Dr. Linn proceeds to state the object of his discourse, which is "simply to describe the temper and practice of those who can sincerely

speak the language of the text." In this description he shows, 1. That "the enlargement of the church is, to such, an object of their highest desire." 2. "That such will encourage and strengthen one another in this glorious work." 3. That "those who feel the spirit expressed in the text, will make the cause of the church matter of earnest and repeated supplications to the throne of grace." 4. That "those who possess this temper will cheerfully contribute of their worldly substance to promote the spread of the gospel."

In executing the above plan, Dr. L. states and answers some of the numerous objections which have been urged against the missionary undertaking, and concludes with a direct and particular application of the subject to the grand object of the Society before which the discourse was delivered.

We have no doubt that the friends of religion will peruse this discourse with great pleasure. Dr. L. discovers a pious and enlightened zeal in the cause which he advocates. He expresses himself with the ardour and pathos of a man who *speaks because he believes*. His arrangement is good; and the sentiments which he delivers such as we should expect from a consistent and serious minister of the gospel.

While we speak in this manner of Dr. L.'s sentiments, as exhibited in the discourse under consideration, we would make one exception, or rather suggest a single doubt. Our doubt has a respect to what he says in the eleventh page, in which he seems to express it as his belief, that all the heathen world who live and die without hearing of a Saviour will certainly perish. The bible, doubtless, teaches, that all who *hear* of the gospel, and *reject* it, will eternally perish. And we also grant, that this sacred volume does not

give us any direct encouragement to hope for the salvation of any who die under the darkness of Paganism. But ought we not to leave them to the judgment of a God of mercy, and to be cautious of limiting divine grace, which may be exercised in a way that we know not of? Would it not have been sufficient for the author's purpose, if he had declared his belief, that there is no salvation but in Christ—that we know not how the heathen can be interested in his mediation, without having the gospel preached to them—and that this consideration should awaken the benevolence and zeal of all who love the Redeemer and the souls of men, to send the message of life and peace to those who are sitting in darkness? We do not accuse Dr. L. of teaching any thing erroneous; but we doubt whether a more cautious mode of speaking would not have been more proper, and equally affecting. We acknowledge, however, that it is safer to err on the side Dr. L. has chosen, than on the opposite.

With respect to the style of this discourse, it is in Dr. L.'s usual manner, with which the public has been for some time acquainted. It is simple, perspicuous, and forcible. It is sometimes too concise to be smooth; but exhibits a degree of zeal and earnestness which a good deal interested us, and is sufficiently correct and agreeable to please a candid reader.

Subjoined to the discourse is the Annual Report of the Directors of the New-York Missionary Society. From this report we learn, that the Directors are pursuing the objects of the association with zeal and success. They have already established a mission of considerable extent, and with good prospects, among the Chickasaw Indians, in the north-west corner of the State of Georgia.

ART. XVI.

*A Discourse on the Character and Death of General George Washington, delivered at Ipswich, on the 22d February, A. D. 1800. By Joseph Dana, A. M. Pastor of the South Church in that place. 8vo. pp. 28. Newburyport. Blunt. 1800.*

THIS discourse deserves to be respectfully mentioned among the numberless productions which have appeared on the same subject. Mr. D. exhibits himself, at once, the ardent admirer and eulogist of human virtue; and the pious divine, who would lead the minds of his hearers and readers to the great source of excellence, to whom all the glory is due. Did not our limits compel us to dismiss, with very brief remarks, the discourses and orations which remain on hand, upon a subject which has filled so many pages of our Review for several months past, we could select passages from this performance which, we think, would reflect credit on the talents and the heart of the author.

ART. XVII.

*A Discourse on the Character and Virtues of General George Washington; delivered on the 22d February, 1800, &c. By Daniel Dana, Minister of a Church in Newburyport. 8vo. pp. 31. Newburyport, March, 1800.*

OUR judgment of this discourse will be expressed by applying to it what we have said in the last article.—We have only to add, that the strain of this is more impassioned; the style rather more agreeable and correct; and the whole structure more rhetorical and impressive.

ART. XVIII.

*A Sermon, delivered at Newburyport, on the 22d February, 1800. By the Rev. John Boddily, Minister in the Second Presbyterian Church in said town. 8vo. pp. 15. Newburyport. Blunt. 1800.*

THIS sermon, on the same occasion, stands, in our opinion, several grades lower, with regard to literary merit, than those noticed in the two last articles. Mr. B.'s manner is serious and popular; but he is neither rich in sentiment, nor accurate in expression. We doubt, also, whether frequent and long quotations of poetry ought to be introduced into the pulpit.

ART. XIX.

*An Oration, delivered in St. Paul's Church, on the 4th of July, 1800, before the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, and other Associations and Citizens. By M. L. Davis, of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. 8vo. pp. 21. New-York. W. A. Davis. 1800.*

WE do not discover any thing in this oration entitled to a great share of encomium, or liable to much exception. The style is neat, flowing and unaffected, and the sentiments, in general, patriotic and judicious, without aiming at originality. It has the appearance of a composition executed with promptness, without incurring the expense of much time and labour in coining epithets, or weaving metaphors. We think it pretty successfully calculated for the occasion on which it was prepared, and presume that, if delivered by Mr. D. with the graces of elocution, it has been received by his audience with

much applause. It contains, however, one or two opinions of which we much doubt the justness and propriety. Indeed, we feel some degree of abhorrence at the idea of perpetuating our hatred of Great-Britain, by recounting to our *children* the cruelties and barbarities of that nation, during our revolutionary war.—Let the pen of the faithful historian record these acts, and let the youthful generation read them in the full maturity of judgment; but, for the love of humanity, let us not teach our children to lisp execrations, nor take pains to pour over their tender minds the bitter spirit of national enmity.

## ART. XX.

*Mount-Vernon, a Poem by John Searson, formerly of Philadelphia, Merchant. 8vo. Philadelphia. R. Folwell. 1800.*

THE intellectual drivelings of a harmless simpleton excite, by turns, our laughter and our pity;

but the printer who can employ his press to “turn” such stuff “to shape,” and give to ineffable nonsense “a local habitation and a name,” deserves reprehension from all who feel a reverence for the dignity of literature.

We are surprised that Mr. Folwell was not ashamed to stamp his name on the title-page. Perhaps, however, he is interested in promoting the sale of the book, and did not, at the time, recollect the saying of Mr. Pope, “that a man will no more purchase a book, on account of its being published by an eminent printer, than he will buy a coat that does not fit him, merely because made by a famous tailor.” Neither are the subscribers to such publications exempt from censure. When strangers light upon such volumes in our houses, smoothly bound and brightly lettered, what idea will they form of American taste? Will they not imagine that we have introduced the notion of equality even into the republic of letters?

## SELECTIONS.

## ANECDOTES of GAINSBOROUGH.

[From Jackson's Four Ages.]

IN the early part of my life I became acquainted with Thomas Gainsborough, the painter; and as his character was, perhaps, better known to me than to any other person, I will endeavour to divest myself of every partiality, and speak of him as he really was. I am the rather induced to this, by seeing accounts of him and his works given by people who were unacquainted with either, and, consequently, have been mistaken in both.

Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—yet there were times when

music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what degree of merit he possessed as a musician.

When I first knew him he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his *then* unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument; and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the *very* instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed much sur-

prised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini!

He had scarcely recovered this shock (for it was a great one to him), when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willow—Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from "morn to dewy eve!" Many an adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed: this was wonderful, as it was Abel's *own* instrument, and, therefore, *ought* to have produced Abel's own music!

Fortunately, my friend's passion had now a fresh object—Fischer's hautboy; but I do not recollect that he deprived Fischer of his instrument: and though he procured a hautboy, I never heard him make the least attempt on it. Probably his ear was too delicate to bear the disagreeable sounds which necessarily attend the first beginnings on a wind-instrument. He seemed to content himself with what he heard in public, and getting Fischer to play to him in private—not on the hautboy, but the violin—but this was a profound secret, for Fischer knew that his reputation was in danger if he pretended to excel on two instruments.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough it was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath—the performer was soon left harpless—and now Fischer, Abel, and Giardini, were all forgotten—there was nothing like chords and Arpeggios! He really stuck to the harp long enough to play several airs with variations, and, in a little time, would nearly have exhausted all the pieces usually performed on an instrument incapable of modulation (this was not a pedal harp), when another visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-di-gamba.

He now saw the imperfection of

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sudden sounds that instantly die away—if you wanted a *staccato*, it was to be had by a proper management of the bow, and you might also have notes as long as you please. The viol-di-gamba is the only instrument, and Abel the prince of musicians!

This, and occasionally a little flirtation with the fiddle, continued some years; when, as ill-luck would have it, he heard Crosdill—but, by some irregularity of conduct, for which I cannot account, he neither took up, nor bought, the violoncello. All his passion for the bass was vented in descriptions of Crosdill's tone and bowing, which was rapturous and enthusiastic to the last degree.

More years now passed away, when, upon seeing a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded (perhaps because it was finely painted) that the theorbo must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor, who, though no more, I shall forbear to name—ascended *per varios gradus* to his garret, where he found him at dinner upon a roasted apple, and smoking a pipe—\* \* \* says he, "I am come to buy your lute."

"To pay my lude!"

"Yes—come, name your price, and here is your money."

"I cannot shell my lude!"

"No, not for a guinea or two! but by G— you must sell it."

"May lude ish wert much monay! it ish wert ten guinea."

"That it is—see, here is the money."

"Well, if I musht—but you will not take it away yourself!"

"Yes, yes—Good bye" \* \* \*

(After he had gone down he came up again).

\* \* \* "I have done but half my errand. What is your lute worth, if I have not your book?"

"Whad poog, maishter Cainsporough?"

"Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute."

"Ah, py cot, I can never part wit my poog!"

"Poh! you can make another at any time. This is the book I mean" (putting it in his pocket).

"Ah, py cot, I cannot"—

"Come, come, here's another ten guineas for your book; so, once more, good day t' ye. (Descends again, and again comes up). But what use is your book to me, if I don't understand it? And your lute—you may take it again, if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me my first lesson."

"I will come to-morrow."

"You must come now."

"I musht tress myshelf."

"For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day."

"Ay musht be shave."

"I honour your beard!"

"Ay musht bud on my wik."

"D—n your wig! your cap and beard become you! do you think, if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?"

In this manner he frittered away his musical talents; and though possessed of ear, taste and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes. He scorned to take the first step—the second was, of course, out of his reach; and the summit became unattainable.

As a painter, his abilities may be considered in three different departments:

Portrait,

Landscape, and

Groups of figures—to which must be added his drawings.

"To take these in the above-mentioned order.

The first consideration in a portrait, especially to the purchaser, is, that it be a perfect likeness of the sitter—in this respect his skill was unrivalled. The next point is, that it is a good picture—here he has as

often failed as succeeded. He failed by affecting a thin washy colouring, and a hatching style of pencilling; but when, from accident or choice, he painted in the manly, substantial style of Vandyke, he was very little, if at all, his inferior. It shows a great defect of judgment to be from choice wrong, when we know what is right. Perhaps his best portrait is that known among the painters by the name of the Blue-boy; it was in the possession of Mr. Buttall, near Newport market.

There are three different æras in his landscapes. His first manner was an imitation of Ruysdael, with more various colouring. The second was an extravagant looseness of pencilling, which, though reprehensible, none but a great master can possess. His third manner was a solid, firm style of touch.

At this last period he possessed his greatest powers, and was (what every painter is at some time or other) fond of varnish. This produced the usual effects—improved the picture for two or three months, then ruined it for ever! With all his excellence in this branch of the art, he was a great mannerist; but the worst of his pictures have a value, from the facility of execution—which excellence I shall again mention.

His groups of figures are, for the most part, very pleasing, though unnatural; for a town-girl, with her clothes in rags, is not a ragged country-girl. Notwithstanding this remark, there are numberless instances of his groups at the door of a cottage, or by a fire in a wood, &c. that are so pleasing as to disarm criticism. He sometimes (like Murillo) gave interest to a single figure: his Shepherd's boy, Woodman, Girl and Pigs, are equal to the best pictures on such subjects. His Fighting-dogs, Girl warming herself, and some others, show his

great powers in this style of painting. The very distinguished rank the *Girl and Pigs* held at Mr. Calonne's sale, in company with some of the best pictures of the best masters, will fully justify a commendation which might else seem extravagant.

If I were to rest his reputation upon one point, it should be on his drawings. No man ever possessed methods so various in producing effect, and all excellent; his washy, hatching style, was here in its proper element. The subject which is scarce enough for a picture, is sufficient for a drawing, and the hasty loose handling, which in painting is poor, is rich in a transparent wash of bistre and Indian ink. Perhaps the quickest effects ever produced were in some of his drawings; and this leads me to take up again his facility of execution.

Many of his pictures have no other merit than this facility; and yet, having it, are undoubtedly valuable. His drawings almost rest on this quality alone for their value; but possessing it in an eminent degree (and as no drawing can have any merit where it is wanting), his works, therefore, in this branch of the art, approach nearer to perfection than his paintings.

If the term *facility* explain not itself, instead of a definition, I will illustrate it.

Should a performer of middling execution on the violin, contrive to get through his piece, the most that can be said, is, that he has not failed in his attempt. Should Cramer perform the same music, it would be so much within his powers, that it would be executed with ease. Now, the superiority of pleasure, which arises from the execution of a Cramer, is enjoyed from the facility of a Gainsborough. A poor piece performed by one, or a poor subject taken by the other, give more pleasure by the manner

in which they are treated, than a good piece of music, and a sublime subject, in the hands of artists that have not the means by which effects are produced, in subjection to them. To a good painter or musician this illustration was needless; and yet, by them only, perhaps, it will be felt and understood.

By way of addition to this sketch of Gainsborough, let me mention a few miscellaneous particulars.

He had no relish for historical painting; he never sold, but always gave away his drawings, commonly to persons who were perfectly ignorant of their value. He hated the harpsichord and the piano-forte. He disliked singing, particularly in parts. He detested reading; but was so like Sterne in his Letters, that, if it were not for an originality that could be copied from no one, it might be supposed that he had formed his style upon a close imitation of that author. He had as much pleasure in looking at a violin as in hearing it—I have seen him for many minutes surveying, in silence, the perfections of an instrument, from the just proportion of the model, and beauty of the workmanship.

His conversation was sprightly, but licentious; his favourite subjects were music and painting, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. The common topics, or any of a superior cast, he thoroughly hated, and always interrupted by some stroke of wit or humour.

The indiscriminate admirers of my late friend will consider this sketch of his character as far beneath his merit; but it must be remembered, that my wish was not to make it perfect, but just. The same principle obliges me to add, that as to his common acquaintance he was sprightly and agreeable, so to his intimate friends he was sincere and honest, and that his heart



was always alive to every feeling of honour and generosity.

He died with this expression: "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party"—strongly expressive of a good heart, a quiet conscience, and a love for his profession, which only left him with his life.

*Account of a Man who lives upon large quantities of raw Flesh; in a Letter from Dr. Johnston, Commissioner of sick and wounded Seamen, to Dr. Blane.*

Somerset Place, Oct. 28, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING, in August and September last, been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit objects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, Fellow of the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is, fortunately, a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an inquiry upon this subject, during my stay at that place. I inclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and, as it may probably appear to you, as it does to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry respecting this extraordinary person having occurred to me since my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

J. JOHNSTON.

To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S.  
and one of the Commissioners of  
sick and wounded Seamen.

Charles Domery, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged twenty-one, was brought to the prison of Liverpool, in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service, on board the *Hoche*, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir John B. Warren, off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man, began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and, by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and, in one year, declares he devoured one hundred and seventy-four cats (not their skins), dead or alive; and says, he had several severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands; sometimes he killed them before eating; but, when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals, indiscriminately, became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the *Hoche*, and is now present; and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship on-board of which he was, had surrendered after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg, which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him and threw it overboard.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in, is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily,\* he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence, at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance. Nor is his stomach confined to meat, for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refusing to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; and his stomach never rejected anything, as he never

vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day, on the 7th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning, he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnston, Commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his sons, Mr. Foster, Agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his powers as follows: there were set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock, there were again put before him, five pounds of beef, and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows, to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock, when I again saw him with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eat more; but, from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus:

\* The French prisoners of war are, at this time, maintained at the expense of their own nation, and are each allowed the following daily ration: twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of beef, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

Raw cow's udder	4lb.
Raw beef	10
Candles	2
	—

Total 16lb.

Beside five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off large morsels with his teeth, rolling them about in his mouth, and swallowing them with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candle between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and, wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after at a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is, in every respect, healthy; his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin; his countenance rather pleasant, and is good tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by,

DESTAUBAN, French Surgeon.

LE FOURNIER, Steward of the Hospital.

REVET, Commissaire de la Prison.

LE FLEM, Garde du Magasin de l'Hospital.

PICARD, Soldat de la 1st Demi-Brigade.

THOMAS COCHRANE, M. D. Inspector and Surgeon of the Prisons, and Agent, &c. for sick and wounded Seamen.

*Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.*

A true copy,

JOHN BYNON, Clerk in the Office for sick and wounded Seamen.

### ANECDOTES of LAVATER.

[From Miss Williams's Tour in Switzerland.]

WE staid long enough at Zurich to visit its first literary ornament, Lavater. It being known that he is willing to receive strangers, no traveller of any lettered curiosity passes through the town without paying him the homage of a visit.

He received us in his library, which was hung thick with portraits and engravings, of which he has a considerable collection, forming a complete study of the ever-varying expression of the human face divine. Some very wise men, who admit of no scope to that faculty of the mind called imagination, and are for ever bringing every theory to the square and the compass, consider his system of physiognomy as the fantastic vision of an heated brain; but though it may be difficult, it is surely ingenious and interesting, to attempt reducing to rules a science which seems to be founded in nature. It is surely curious to analyse what it is so easy to feel, the charm of that expression which is the emanation of moral qualities; that undefinable grace which is not beauty, but something more; without which its enchantments lose their power of fascination, and which can shed an animated glow, a spark of divinity, over the features of deformity.

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,

The living fountain in itself contains  
Of beautiful and sublime."

Lavater is a venerable looking old man, with a sharp, long face, high features, and a wrinkled brow: he is tall, thin, and interesting in his figure: when serious, he has a look of melancholy, almost of inquietude; but when he smiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expression of sweetness and intelligence.

There is a simple eloquence in his conversation, and effusion of the heart extremely attractive: he speaks French with some difficulty, and whenever he is at a loss for an expression, has recourse to German, which I in vain begged a Swiss gentleman, who was of our party, to translate for me: he told me, that for the most part, the German words Lavater employed, were compound epithets of his own framing, which had peculiar energy as he used them, but which would be quite vapid and spiritless in translation.

The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion, was, next to God, to respect time. Time he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it, as, in the highest degree, immoral. He rises every morning at the hour of five; and, though it would be agreeable to him to breakfast immediately after rising, makes it an invariable rule to earn that repast by some previous labour; so that if by accident the rest of the day is spent to no useful purpose, some portion of it may at least be secured beyond the interruptions of chance.

Lavater gave us a most pleasing account of morals in Zurich. He had been a preacher of the gospel, he said, in that town, thirty years, and so incapable were the citizens of any species of corruption, that he should have rendered himself ridiculous, had he ever, during that long period, preached a sermon against it, since it was

a vice unknown. At what a distance, thought I, am I arrived from London and Paris!

When we took our leave of Lavater, he begged we would write our names and place of abode in a book, which he appropriates to the use of inscribing the long list of his foreign visitors. An hour after my return from his house, he came to pay me a visit, which I was taught to consider as an unusual compliment, since it is his general rule not to return the visits of strangers. Religion was the theme of his discourse, and he talked of its pleasures, its consolations, and its hopes, with a solemn sort of enthusiastic fervour, which shewed how much his heart was interested in the subject, and how warmly his sensibility was awake to devotional feelings. Although his zeal was not without knowledge, yet it was somewhat difficult to discover what was his system of belief; whether he was of Paul or Apollos, a follower of Calvin according to the established creed of the Swiss church, or whether he was not, in some sort, the framer of a new doctrine himself.

One of my fellow travellers, who was anxious to wrest from the venerable pastor his confession of faith, brought in review before him the various opinions of the fathers, orthodox and heretic, from Justin Martyr and Origen, down to the Bishop of St. David's and Dr. Priestley. But Lavater did not appear to have made polemics his study; he seemed to think right and wrong, in historical fact, of far less importance than right and wrong in religious sentiment; and above all, in human action. There was more of feeling than of logic in his conclusions; and he appeared to have taken less pains to examine religion, than to apply its precepts to the regulation of those frailties and passions of the human heart, the traces of which, hidden from

others, he had marked with such admirable accuracy in the character and expression of outward forms. For myself, I own the solemn, meek, affectionate expression of Lavater's pious sentiments, were peculiarly soothing to my feelings, after having been so long stunned with the cavils of French philosophers, or rather the impertinent comments of their disciples, who are so proud of their scepticism, that they are for ever obtruding it in conversation. The number of those disciples is augmented since the revolution, which has spread far and wide the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire; and every Frenchman, after having read those authors, though he may neither have taste enough to admire the charms of their genius, or virtue to feel the philanthropy of their sentiments, has, at least, acquired sufficient knowledge to assume the appellation of philosopher, and prove his claim to that title, by enlisting himself under the banner of infidelity, without knowing the use of his arms.

#### *Improvement in Distillation.*

[From Travels in the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, by P. S. Pallas.]

**M.** SUBOF, the present director of economical affairs in the government of Pensa, has published a treatise in the Russian language, pointing out the means of increasing the quantity of spirits in distillation. From a tchetvert of corn or rye, weighing three hundred and sixty Russian pounds, he has, with the usual apparatus, pro-

duced six eimers and a quarter of spirits; or, by computing the Russian eimer at thirteen quarts, upwards of twenty gallons English measure; while others, from a similar quantity of grain, could distil only five eimers, or about sixteen English gallons and one-fourth: nay, he assures the public, that he has brought the art of distilling to such perfection, that from four hundred Russian pounds weight of grain, he has uniformly obtained seven and five-eighths eimers of proof-spirits. This remarkable increase of the produce, the author attributes principally to the following circumstance: in order to reduce the temperature of the hot water used in the mash, he caused cold water and ice to be added, by which the loss of spirituous particles, during the fermentation, was prevented.

#### *Method of preserving the natural Colour of Flowers.*

**A**T a meeting of the Philomatic Society, at Paris, Cit. Haüy stated the means which he had successfully employed, to preserve the natural colour in the petals of a great number of dried flowers. It was only necessary to immerse them, for some minutes, in alcohol. The colours at first faded, but in a short time they resumed their natural tint, which remained permanently fixed. The author is fully convinced of the success of this experiment, as he made it ten years ago on the flowers of various plants, particularly the *Viola odorata*, *Geranium sanguineum*, and *Vicia dumetorum*.

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MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND  
PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

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## DOMESTIC.

A SECOND edition of the first and second volumes of the *Medical Repository*, has been some time preparing, by Messrs. T. and J. Swords. The first volume, with a new and improved index, is just published, and the second will shortly appear. The increasing demand for this valuable work, in Europe and America, will doubtless encourage its conductors to persevere in their endeavours to promote the cultivation of the science of medicine, and philosophy, and the diffusion of useful knowledge in this country. The first number of the fourth volume was published the beginning of the present month.

In the account of the progress of the fine arts in America, may be noticed a series of "Views of the City of Philadelphia," executed and engraved with great correctness and elegance.

Dr. Anderson, of this city, bids fair to rival Bewick and Nesbit, in that useful art, engraving on wood. His recent performances have great neatness and delicacy; and, though wood is less adapted for heads and human figures, he has executed a head of General Washington, which does credit to his skill as an artist.

On the 26th of August, the annual Commencement of Columbia College was held in this City. The following orations were delivered by the several candidates, for the honours of the institution:

1. The salutatory address, in Latin, by George Wilson, of New-York, "De Spe."

2. An oration "On Fame," by John Huyler, of New-Jersey.

3. An oration "On Negro

Slavery," by Samuel Harris, of King's County (L. I.)

4. An oration "On the Study of Nature," by John De Peyster, of New-York.

5. Historical traits of the Jews, from their first settlement in North-America, by Samson Simson, of New-York, in Hebrew.

6. An oration "On Solitude," by John Henry, of New-York.

7. An oration "On Diversity of Character," by John Y. Ward, of Westchester County.

8. An oration "On the Passions," by Nicholas I. Quackenboss, of New-York.

9. The English salutatory oration, in the afternoon, "On Freedom," by Matthew Tillary, of New-York.

10. An oration in Greek "Περί Φιλίας," (on Friendship), by Peter Wilson, of New York.

11. An oration "On the Influence of Praise on the Human Mind," by John McKinnon, of New-York.

12. An oration "On the Utility of Biography," by Charles Floyd Thomas, of Westchester.

13. An oration "On War," by Samuel Halstead, of New-York.

14. A comparison between Julius Cæsar and Bonaparte, by Robert S. Livingston, of New-York.

15. An oration "On Man," by Philip Hamilton, of New-York.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on John De Peyster, Peter Wilson, George Wilson, Nicholas I. Quackenboss, Samuel Halstead, Philip Hamilton, Thomas Rathbone, Matthew Tillary, Samson Simson, John Y. Ward, Samuel Harris, John McKinnon, John Huyler, Robert S. Livingston, John Henry, and Charles I. Thomas.

And the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the Rev. Jonathan Freeman, of the State of New-York.

The valedictory oration was then delivered by Thomas Rathbone, of New-York, "On Avarice," after which the solemnities of the day were closed by prayers from the professor.

At the medical commencement, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 31st of May, 1800, the University of Pennsylvania conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on ten candidates. Their names, with the titles of their inaugural dissertations, were as follow: to wit,

Joseph Trent, of Richmond, in Virginia—An Inquiry into the effects of Light in Respiration.

Robert Berkeley, of Virginia—An Inquiry into the Modus Operandi of that Class of Medicines called Sedatives.

Edward Darrell Smith, of Charleston, South-Carolina—An Attempt to prove that certain Substances are conveyed, unchanged, into the Circulation; or, if changed, that they are recomposed, and regain their active Properties.

James Agnew, of Princeton, New-Jersey—On Perspiration.

John Parker Gough, of Charleston, South-Carolina—Essay on Cantharides.

Alexander May, of Pennsylvania—On the Unity of Disease, as opposed to Nosology.

John Baptiste Clement Rousseau, of Hispaniola—On Absorption.

Joseph Glover, of Charleston, South-Carolina—An Attempt to prove that Digestion in Man depends on the united Causes of Solution and Fermentation.

John Moore, of Pennsylvania—On Digitalis Purpurea, or Fox-Glove.

Frederick Seip, of Philadelphia—On Cataract.

The Manhattan Company, incorporated by an act of the Legis-

lature, passed April 2, 1799, for the purpose of supplying the city of New-York with pure and wholesome water, have already made great progress in that excellent work. The water, which is of a good quality, is raised, by means of forcing-pumps and the strength of horses, from a well on the side-hill in the rear of the debtor's prison. From the reservoir in its neighbourhood, which is on a high and commanding piece of ground, the water is conducted through bored pine logs to the different parts of the town. Already the principal streets are furnished with these aqueducts, which are laid about three feet below the pavement. Private houses are supplied with the water by a small leaden pipe, reaching from the main conduit to their cellar or kitchen; and the expense, both of this and of the supply of water by the year, is very moderate.—In passing from the reservoir to its places of consumption, it loses that extreme coldness which renders water fresh drawn from deep wells dangerous to be drunk in hot weather, and frequently destructive of life. We have not heard of an instance of any person killed, or even incommoded, in this way, by the Manhattan water. Besides the water, this company takes the lead in introducing *calcareous materials*, in the form of *lime-stone* and *marble*, for some of their works; and has already shown, that stone of this quality, from Hudson's River, can be obtained as cheap as the silicious *sand-stone* and *granite* heretofore generally in use.

Dr. J. Browne, the superintendent of the water-works, has happily ascertained, that there is, in the county of Westchester, near the margin of the East-River or Sound, a considerable stratum of calcareous stone, well adapted for building and flagging. It extends from

Morrissina many miles to the eastward, and is very accessible from a number of the principal landings. Some of the samples of the stone he has exhibited to the Manhattan Company, are of a white and granulated or crystallized structure, and susceptible of a handsome polish. It is estimated it may be brought to New-York, by a water carriage not much farther than Hell-Gate, upon very moderate terms. Among the means of guarding against pestilence in our cities, the introduction of calcareous stone is an object of great concern.

By calcining sulphate of lime (gypsum) and muriate of soda (common salt) together, in a brisk heat, with the addition of clay, M. Carendeffez has found that a double decomposition takes place in the dry way. The sulphuric acid joins the soda to form a Glauber's salt, while the muriatic acid connects itself with the basis of gypsum into a muriate of lime. The cheapness of *plaster of Paris* and of *sea-salt*, seems to render this process economical, as from them both sulphuric acid and soda are very conveniently procured. And the clay employed to aid the decomposition adds very little to the expense.

Travellers in Africa give us particular accounts of the *tallow-tree* of that continent (croton sebiferum). The American soil produces a shrub (*myrica cerifera*) whence *wax* can be derived in considerable quantity, without the collecting and elaborating powers of the bee. Dr. Joseph Browne, of the city of New-York, has discovered a method of destroying the *green* colour of this substance, and of whitening it, without the aid of the oxygenated muriatic acid. The process is cheap and easy, and the candles made of it burn as well as those of spermaceti. The American woods afford great numbers of

these wax-bearing shrubs, and the wax, when brought to market, sells for sixteen cents per pound, little more than the sum which tallow sells for. The lowness of its price prevents the exertions of the people of the country to collect the berries and extract their wax; in consequence of which, many tons of this valuable natural production are annually lost. Should the ingenious inventor of this new process establish a manufactory for bleaching myrtle-wax, there would be a great saving to the country, and the article, when purified and refined, would be as fit for plasters and ointments as for candles.

A mine, affording coal of an excellent quality, has been opened, lately, on the waters of the river Lehigh, in Pennsylvania. The place is said to be a little north of the gap in the Blue Mountains. This is a fortunate discovery, and it is to be hoped that future researches will detect that invaluable inflammable substance not only in Pennsylvania, but on the upper branches of the Susquehannah, in New-York.

C. D. Ebeling, Professor of History, and Keeper of the Public Library in Hamburg, whose fourth volume of *American Geography*, in the German tongue, was mentioned in the *Medical Repository*, published in this city, has published a fifth. It is a large octavo of more than eight hundred pages, and comprehends his account of the States of Delaware and Maryland. We cannot discover any diminution of the industry and talents displayed in the former parts of this laborious and interesting work. Convinced of the utility of communicating to European writers a true state of things as they exist in America, we again express our hope, that the gentlemen of the United States who have leisure and opportunities, will aid Mr. Ebeling in his laudable undertak-



ing, so that the accounts printed in the eastern hemisphere, concerning the present condition of the western, may be correct and authentic.

We understand that a third edition of *The Magnetic Atlas*, with important improvements, is now preparing for the press, and proposed soon to be published.

It seems this new work is much simplified, and intended to show, by inspection, at a single view, the magnetic variation, on the different parts of the globe, for the commencement of the new century, so necessary to be known and allowed for by every navigator and land-surveyor, demonstrated on the same projection as the former edition, with the addition of curve lines drawn through the different places where the variation is equal, thereby avoiding the trouble and difficulty of measuring angles. To render it as perfect as possible, Mr. Churchman, the author, has been engaged in making observations of the magnetic variation at different places on our coast, in order that the same may be applied to the purpose of ascertaining the longitude at sea; and the recent experiments prove the possibility of making observations with more accuracy than was apprehended, even by some eminent navigators. The following document shows the attention shown to Mr. Churchman in Paris.

Bureau, for the encouragement of the sciences in Paris, the 26th of Frimaire, and 4th of the Republic.

The Minister of the Interior to  
Citizen John Churchman.

Citizen,

There has been sent me, by the Executive Directory, a memoir, in which you announce that you presented to the National Convention, near the close of their last session, a work, written in the English language, on your method of finding

the longitude at sea by the variation of the magnetic needle, and the knowledge of the magnetic points; and you demand an opportunity to prove that discovery by a nautical expedition.

This object is, without doubt, of sufficient importance to merit the attention of government, and I had already decided, that your work should be submitted to the examination of the Institute National, whom it particularly concerns, when an arret arrived from the Directory confirming the same decision.

I inclose you a copy of that arret, which I shall, at the same time, transmit to the National Institute, where you are requested to send your work.

"The Directory Executive invites the Institute National to examine the work of Citizen Churchman, of the United States, written in English, in which the author proposes a method for determining the longitude at sea; and that they will give their advice upon the improvement which will be promoted in navigation by the translating of that work into the French language.

"The Executive Directory requests the Minister of the Interior to transmit the present arret to the Institute National.

"(Signed) REUBELL,  
President."

Professor Wildenow, of Berlin, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, of March 1, 1800, offers to exchange the *seeds* and *dried plants* of Europe for those of America. To the botanists of the United States, an overture of this kind, from a person of so much reputation and experience, promises numerous advantages. This learned gentleman is now engaged in editing a new edition of Linné's *Species Plantarum*, to include the newly-discovered plants.

The second part of *Arthur Merzlyn*, or *Memoirs* of the year 1793,

has just been published by George F. Hopkins.

An octavo edition of Park's *Travels in the interior of Africa*, has been published by John Tiebout and George F. Hopkins.

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#### FOREIGN.

THE gaseous oxyd of azote, carefully prepared from the nitrate of ammoniac, was inhaled at the house of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, in the presence of some hundreds of spectators. The first gentleman who made the experiment, inhaled it without any perceptible effects: he had inhaled this gas before, both in large and small quantities, without its producing any sensible effects. On another gentleman it produced a strong disposition to involuntary laughter, which continued about ten minutes; he afterwards felt his spirits uncommonly lively for the remainder of the day, took his dinner with a better appetite than usual, and said that he felt a particular activity and sense of lightness, as if he could have mounted into the air. The pulse of the third gentleman gradually diminished in strength, and increased in frequency during the inhalation; at last his vision and hearing became indistinct and confused, and a syncope was with difficulty prevented. No other effect than slight head-ach and considerable languor succeeded. The quantity of gas inhaled by each gentleman, was about two gallons.

The third and last volume of that truly splendid, and valuable work, Mr. Beaumont's *Travels through the Lepontine Alps*, illustrated with twenty-six large views, beautifully engraved, and a chart of plates connected with the rout from Lyons in France, to Turin in Lombardy, including the principal peaks of that chain of the

Alps from the Bochetta to Mount St. Gothard in the Lepontine Alps, which has been lately delayed on account of the advanced and extravagant price of paper, will speedily be finished.

At Naples there exists a seminary of native Chinese. Excited by the enthusiasts which the catholic missionaries sent to China, have left behind them, they enter into this establishment in order to be instructed in the doctrines of the christian religion, and after a few years return to China, where, upon their arrival, they are hanged. This is what they desire, being persuaded that by it they obtain the palm of martyrdom. Upon this establishment, and its tendency, it was observed, by a number of the National Institute, that, as Naples was then in the hands of the French, it was desirable to make choice of a few of the most intelligent of that seminary, and invite them to Paris, where they might be made extremely useful by the knowledge they might communicate concerning their literature. He further observed, that the National Library of France contained many thousands of Chinese books, which remain there only as objects of curiosity, no one being able to decipher them.

*Fair for books at Leipsic*—German literature enjoys an advantage which no other country has. We allude to the market for books, furnished by two fairs in the year, at Leipsic; a centre from which literary productions are spread, not only to the confines of the Empire, but throughout Europe. The most considerable of these two fairs is held immediately after the great fair for merchandise, three weeks after Easter, and it continues nearly three weeks. The other, which is called the fair of St. Michael, falls off every year; and it seems probable, that the two fairs will soon be

united in one. No German bookseller fails to attend the great fair, or at least to send an agent in whom he confides. Every one brings with him the books and music he has published in the course of the year. Authors who have published books on their own account, commission some bookseller to take their works to the fair. A large catalogue, in octavo, is published to announce the productions sold by the several booksellers, and even such as are in the press; besides which, every bookseller has a catalogue of his new publications, with the prices affixed. Every day the accounts of the booksellers with each other are settled in a large hall, where there are a great number of small tables and chairs, so that more than an hundred booksellers may place themselves two and two to arrange their business. Here they treat for exchanges of books, or taking them on commission; or, in fine, any business relative to the sale of books,

When the booksellers return to their respective abodes, they reprint their catalogues, to announce the new publications they have brought home with them. Literature seems to receive an electrical shock, and to be renovated at these periods; where a circumstantial account of the state of letters may be easily procured. The catalogue of the last fair furnished not less than three thousand new books, and a hundred new pieces of music, exclusive of foreign publications, which occupy a place apart in the catalogue. Novels and theatrical pieces amounted to more than three hundred; but the former were more than four times the number of the latter. Many of these new productions were of little value, and we were too often deceived with titles. There were some continuations of excellent works; but as to publications entirely new, there were not many distinguished for originality, taste, or usefulness.

## POETRY.

### ODE

To Charleston College.

By J. DAVIS.

ENCOMPASS'D by a verdant green,  
Which oft my feet at dawn have  
    prefs'd,  
Behold the walls, remotely seen,  
Of Charleston College stand confess'd.

Hail! rev'rend pile of classic bricks,  
With not a bell to call the crowd;  
Oft hast thou witness'd boyish tricks,  
And heard the truant laugh aloud.

My busy mem'ry loves to dwell  
Upon the gaily-circling hours,  
I fix weeks pass'd within thy cell,  
Or rather academic bow'rs.

Blest task! to rear the tender thought,  
And cultivate th' unfolding mind  
Of idle boy, with mischief fraught,  
Or unto wickedness inclin'd.

But, Muse! thy sportive wiles restrain,  
To GEORGE I would my lays address;  
GEORGE, who can toil, and not complain,  
GEORGE, whose endowments all confess.

Say! must we both ignobly groan,  
Of ev'ry whining boy the jest,  
And on our monumental stone  
Have, "Here a Pedagogue finds rest!"

Avert this lot, ye Gods, I crave,  
Redeem me from the toil of schools;  
I was not born to be a slave,  
Or, dully wise, to suckle fools.

## ODE to a CRICKET.\*

Written on Sullivan's Island.

By J. DAVIS.

MERRY chirper, tuneful guest,  
That refuge seek'st beneath my cot,  
Undisturb'd enjoy thy rest,  
Here contentment be thy lot.

On airy wings of gossamer,  
Com'st thou from my old abode,  
Still my haunt with song to cheer,  
And of life to smooth the road?

Envy not the lofty dome,  
Or the costly forms of State;  
But within my humble room,  
Snatch the joys that on thee wait.

Here no sacrilegious hand  
Shall molest thy snug retreat;  
But with numbers gay and bland,  
Thy welcome note I'll kindly greet.

Stranger here to all restraint,  
Cheer me with thy merry song;  
Or indulge in soft complaint—  
Pleasures to the sad belong!

While the waves around us roar,  
Foaming high, without controul,  
Safely from the tranquil shore,  
Fearless, hear the tempest howl.

## HORACE IMITATED.—Ode xi. b. i.

*Tu ne quaesieris.*

To JOHN DAVIS.

SEEK not to scan thy future state,  
How soon the Gods shall seal thy fate,  
Nor anxious wish to know,  
If this the last great Jove ordain,  
Or other summers yet remain,  
To glad thy heart below.

Be wise! Pour out the sparkling wine,  
Abridge vain hope, invoke the nine,  
Dispel each wasting care;  
E'en now the circling minutes fly,  
The present moment thou enjoy,  
Nor future evils fear.

L. GEORGE.

## SWIFT IMITATED.

To LUCAS GEORGE.

I CARE not for my doom a curse!  
Vain thought might tend to make it  
worse,  
But present joys partake;  
Resign'd, should Jove supreme command  
My soul to wander from this land,  
And cross the Stygian lake.

Yet, if to drink were to be wise,  
The sparkling glass shall glad my eyes,  
If you would send me wine;  
Whether old *Port* or bright *Champaigne*,  
Or *Tokay* rich, from Hungary's plain,  
Your bard will not repine.

J. DAVIS.

## The VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD:

A Fragment.

By ELEANOR.†

WHEN the bright moon her lustre  
throws around,  
To light the precincts of the sacred  
ground,  
Where the rude peasants of the hamlet  
sleep,  
No more impell'd with worldly cares to  
weep,  
Be mine the fate to roam the tombs  
among,  
Where gloom inspires with mournful  
thoughts my song—  
Pause o'er the grave in which partakes  
repose  
The frantic lover, freed from all his  
woes—  
Or view the turf that hides the gentle  
frame  
Of her whose smiles could admiration  
claim.

Perhaps, beneath this spreading cy-  
press' gloom,  
The village minstrel finds an early tomb,  
Whom vernal flowrets, moist with glist-  
ning dews,  
Weep o'er at night, in concert with the  
Muse.  
In vain he sang the pastimes of the green,  
Where comely swains and nymphs were  
often seen,

\* Many writers have been charmed with crickets. It is recorded of Scaliger that he kept several in a box.

† Written in England, 1797. See vol. ii. p. 159, of this Magazine.

Beating at eve, in artless dance, the  
ground,  
To the soft pipe and tabor's jocund found.  
Vainly his eye enthusiastic roll'd,  
While the strung lyre his thoughts sub-  
limely told;  
For not tradition has preserv'd the song  
That once claim'd plaudits from the  
list'ning throng.

Lo! here the half-effac'd inscription  
shows

An aged parent finds his last repose,  
Whose cottage, where the elm-tree skirts  
the road,  
Rais'd by his hands, in rustic glory stood.  
Oft did he share the labours of the day,  
Where ears of corn in undulation play;  
And when, at eve, he sought his happy  
home,  
The crackling faggot cheer'd the cottage  
dome;  
Nor did the house-wife view, without  
delight,  
Her much-lov'd consort come to bless  
her sight;  
While the soft babes, with prattling  
tongues, drew near,  
His envied kiss, or kind caress to share.

But here the tablet, to the roving  
fight,  
Proclaims the sexton sleeps in darkest  
night,  
Who, thro' twelve years the peasant's  
grave had made,  
Singing, regardless, o'er the uprais'd  
spade,

Nor heard, depress'd, the bell in solemn  
toll,  
Announce his neighbour's late departed  
soul,  
But to his labour at the summons sped,  
To form another hillock o'er the dead.  
Yet since on earth all trades alike await  
Th' impending shaft of unaverting fate,  
This man, who obsequies to thousands  
gave,  
Here in this spot has found himself a  
grave.

But here, where flowers of hues fan-  
tastic grow,  
The gentle shepherd, struck by death,  
lies low,  
Who fed his flocks upon the mountain's  
brow.  
Oft did he, at the orient morn, repair  
To the sheep cote, where bleatings fill'd  
the air,  
While his rough dog, with measur'd steps,  
behind,  
In hoarse, short barking, bay'd the vernal  
wind.  
No more his feet shall climb the steepy  
rock,  
No more his hands shall shear the tender  
flock,  
No more his lambs along the stubble  
ground  
Crop the sweet plant, or in gay frolic  
bound;  
Nor shall his pipe, with soft, melodious  
strain,  
Breathe to the praise of Daphne thro'  
the plain.

(*Cætera desunt.*)

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Speculist, No. II." has been received, and will be inserted in the Magazine for September. A continuance of the communications of this pleasing writer is requested.

"Edward and Susan: a Poetical Tale," shall appear in our next Number.

"The Cottiger" is, indeed, *too humble a muse* for our Miscellany.

"A Voyage from Bristol to New-York" will be inserted in our next.

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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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VOL. III.]

SEPTEMBER, 1800.

[No. 3.]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*The SPECULATIST: No. II.*

"STRANGE perversion of human intellect," said a friend of mine, the other day: "speech, the great distinguishing characteristic of man, is eternally prostituted to the purposes of falsehood." The sentence was uttered in a tone of severity, and my friend's countenance and gesture unusually earnest. Knowing his peculiarity of character, I perfectly understood these symptoms; and, being in no mood to interrupt the coming dissertation, I assumed an air of quiescent attention while he thus went on:

"That truth is not to be spoken at all times, is a favourite maxim with several classes of mankind. Those who wish to conceal their vices or absurdities, in order that they may possess the veneration of their contemporaries; and those who wish to convert the ignorance of their associates to their own pecuniary benefit, are loud in proclaiming the inconveniences of infringing this precept. There are others who are restrained from speaking the truth by mere cowardice; and the benevolent and

well-meaning few, are sometimes entrapped into evasion and falsehood, lest they should wound the weakness or shock the prejudices of those on whom they wish to confer unmingled benefit and pleasures. All combine to strengthen and perpetuate an error, which, of all others, has the most direct tendency to sap the foundation of moral rectitude. It would, indeed, be an endless task to enumerate the various forms in which this veil creeps into social intercourse, regulates our manners, controuls our conversations, and poisons even our most confidential and unguarded moments. No man is willing to acknowledge, even to himself, the sinister views which sometimes prompt him to action; nor to examine, with a rigid scrutiny, the little artifices with which he sometimes degrades himself, much less to acknowledge to the world, that he is but performing a part in order to obtain its good opinion, and that he is destitute of that divine philanthropy, that genuine rectitude of principle, which is the best claim to its veneration and applause. Nor is this duplicity confined to that class of beings who openly re-

vile the precepts and despise the benefits of the christian religion, but exists in various degrees among the professed followers of a master whose highest encomium was, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

"Hence it is that life appears like one great masquerade, at which every object is decked in false colours, and the attention of observers diverted from an useful analysis of the genuine character, by the vagaries of the one which is assumed. Disingenuous habits are so inveterate, and the esteem of others so precious, even when founded on so frail a basis as conformity of opinions in speculative matters, that if you introduce a subject for conversation, it will frequently happen that you will not hear a single sentiment expressed which is the genuine dictate of the understanding of him who utters it. This is the reason why conversation has so little effect in enlarging our knowledge of men's characters, and still less in softening our affections and imparting to our morals greater purity; because, unfortunately, it frequently occurs that we are previously acquainted with some trait of character in our man of morals, which completely destroys the force of his reasoning."

My friend had gone thus far when my taciturnity began to yield; and, laying my hand gently on his sleeve, I interrupted him by saying, "All this is very just, but how happens it to have occurred to you just now?" "That you shall hear," said he, hastily, as impatient at my interruption: "I was last evening in company with several persons of both sexes, with whose characters and circumstances I am intimately acquainted. A subject was introduced, and every one expressed a sentiment; yet, the general impression on a stranger, would have been such as a further acquaintance

would have proven to be utterly false.

"The subject was a work of a celebrated authoress, who has, at least, shown some ingenuity in vindicating her sexes' dignity: and my company consisted of a married gentleman, two young ladies, of very different characters, and a young gentleman, whose natural and acquired powers are of the highest order. He secretly admires one of the ladies with enthusiasm, and observes the progress of her understanding with exquisite solicitude: by the other he is as much admired.

"After much miscellaneous conversation, 'Lucy,' says our married man, 'did you ever read Miss Woolstonecraft's *Rights of Women*?' Being answered in the affirmative, he next inquired what was her opinion. The lady, whose powers were by no means adequate to an accurate decision on a question of some importance, and being extremely desirous to secure the approbation of the gallant, cast a hesitating glance round the room; when the young gentleman, without perceiving that he interrupted, said with ardour, 'Your critical taste, madam, may doubtless perceive imperfections and inelegancies in the style—you may censure her abruptness and want of method, but surely you must be charmed with the intrepid spirit of our authoress in stepping forth the champion of her sexes' rights—in combating a thousand prejudices long held sacred—in opposing reason to the force and number of her antagonists, and pointing the way to the luminous regions of truth and science.' The lady had now her part assigned her, and readily answered, 'Yes, I am very much charmed with it.' 'I knew it must be the case,' rejoined our married gentleman, 'that a young lady of your discernment must be delighted

with the justness of her sentiments. I, for my part, glory that I was born in an age so fertile in discoveries pregnant with human happiness. Yet I know not how it happens,' said he, looking maliciously at the other lady, 'that Miss Woolstonecraft has not treated her subject with so much delicacy as is requisite; that is, she talks about things which you ladies are not accustomed to mention, and calls them by their names without ceremony. What say you, Maria, to our female philosopher?' At this question, the lady's cheeks were suffused with glowing crimson. Her greatest error is a punctilious nicety in regard to every thing which sickly minds have sanctified with the name of delicacy. Her understanding is sufficiently awake to the merits of this authoress; she thinks that the volume contains a display of genius which adds lustre to the female character; her whole soul assents to the justness and force of Miss Woolstonecraft's eloquence; but, on this occasion, to express her admiration of a work that was stiled indelicate, she felt to be impossible. She therefore chose to debase the purity of her mind with a falsehood; rather than to incur the terrible opprobrium of indelicacy. During this struggle, the eyes of her lover were fixed upon her with a thrilling expression of tender solicitude; but instantly averted with evident chagrin, when she asserted, though not without faltering, that 'she had never read, but merely glanced it over. Yet,' she said, 'she had seen enough to deter her from reading more; that Miss Woolstonecraft's mode of treating her subject was incomprehensible to her; but that she should never qualify herself to judge correctly of so coarse a performance.'

"Now," said my friend, "of these four persons, but one uttered his real sentiments. The married

man is of the opinion, that woman has no rights but such as are vouchsafed to her by her sovereign lord; and his domestic character accords with this sentiment. The first lady I mentioned; has not sufficient energy of mind to enter into the spirit of the work in question, nor to desire the benefits proposed by it; and the other considers it as the most splendid effort of human reason—as the opening of a new era."

Here my friend abruptly bade me good morning; but his conversation had afforded me an ample field for reflections, which, if they should ever assume a definite form, I shall communicate, through this Magazine, to the public.

#### EULOGY on RICHARDSON,

##### *An Original Letter.*

HOW do I like Richardson? I am really afraid to answer you. Uncertain as I am of finding in you a taste that will sympathize with mine, I dread the imputation of extravagance. I know no moderation in my love of Richardson. To hear others talk coldly, use qualified expressions, weigh faults against merits, and wisely add, "*Why, on the whole; considered generally—*" Whip me such scrupulous, such formal, such *would-be-wise* blockheads!

I am almost angry with many of my friends, because they do not think of Richardson as I do. Their cold and impertinent distinctions, make me mad (to use the girlish dialect).

"Well," used I to say, "don't you admire, are you not in raptures with my Grandison, with my Clarissa, with my Pamela?"

"Why, (with a wise face and frigid tone) I must needs confess, some parts of it are very fine; but then—but then—there is so much



trifling matter, so many superfluities, and the wire is drawn out to such an immeasurable length, that—that—to say the truth, I could not get through it."

How have I blushed with indignation, and been tempted to call names, on such occasions as these! but I have commonly restrained my ire, and been satisfied with forming secret resolutions to confine my fervours, thenceforth, to myself; at least in cases where I am not sure of meeting with a judgment like my own. And now, am I not committing a breach of this golden rule? Am I not unfolding my sentiments to one of whose decision I am doubtful?

Yet, I want to know your sentiments on this head. They will enable me to judge of your pretensions to my esteem. I will not say that, just in proportion as you like Richardson, will I *like you*; but I can scarcely forbear saying, that if Richardson has your contempt, you will not be able to escape mine. And now, as you know the penalty, be wary in pronouncing sentence.

Indeed, my friend, this is a theme for which I have no adequate expressions. Richardson, in the moral excellence of some of his persons; in the intellectual grandeur of others; in the amplitude, the completeness, the vivid colouring of that view of human nature which he gives, so far transcends the reach of all his harbingers and followers, that I have no words that will sufficiently denote my veneration.

Were these statue-worshipping and altar-raising times, I know what form *my* idolatry would assume. But, in truth, I worship him already as the sublimest teacher of rectitude, and most irresistible conductor in that road which leads to happiness here, and to Heaven hereafter, that modern ages have produced. There is only one that excels him. He that was *embodied*

for the salvation of mankind, and made to act upon the stage of human existence, that his conduct might serve as an example to men, is the *real* prototype, in moral excellence, of those *imaginary* beings that Richardson *created* for the same purpose. My heart is already his shrine, at which my understanding is forever paying homage.

This is Richardson's excellence. By his pen, virtue is embodied; made to act; to exemplify the precepts of duty; to show us the pleasures of beneficence; the wisdom of being good. His pen is lavish of wit, eloquence, of soul-subduing pathos; but these, the prime or the sole excellences in others, are only secondary and subordinate in him; they are but instruments in his hand to model the understanding and the passions into harmony with virtue.

What praise can be bestowed on others to which he is not, in a still greater degree, entitled? Who is it whose creative power—what dramatist or poet, from Athens to Leipsic, and from the Greek expedition to Troy to the *Gaulish* expedition to Egypt, whose power of depicting characters and incidents exceeds those displayed by Richardson? None.

Let not a puny and wretched prejudice start and wince at this assertion. Dare not to talk of Homer or Shakespeare as of beings moving in an higher sphere, for what, I beseech you, are their merits? I mean not the merits of the men as men, but of their productions. What have they ever written to captivate the fancy, to move the passions, to awaken admiration at their knowledge of the human heart, and their power of exhibiting its operations, in an higher degree than Richardson has done? Take their works; point out the page or personage in which their genius shows itself with greater lustre. Alas! my friend, if thou attemptest it,

thy labour will be thrown away upon an impossible thing:

It is sometimes amusing, but oftener mortifying, to note the effects of prejudice. When Blair's Lectures first came into my hands, I turned to the pages that talk about romance. Let us see, thought I, what he says of Richardson; and what did I find?

The subject, it seems, was too trifling to demand more than two or three pages; and Richardson is dismissed with a few cold commendations of the honesty of his intentions, and with this sage remark: that his works would be more tolerable "did he not possess the unfortunate talent of spinning out *pieces of amusement* to an immeasurable length."

*Pieces of amusement*, say you? And so, thou egregious teacher, the letters of Lovelace, in which the workings of a mind, originally fashioned in the most exquisite mould, elevated by birth, enlightened by learning, and accomplished by travel, but fettered by debasing habits, produced by the corruptions of his nation and his age, are copiously unfolded, in which an example is given of talents misapplied to sensual and wicked purposes, and producing numberless evils, which, after assailing in vain the constancy of others, redound, finally, on his own head, in their natural fruits, disappointment, remorse, and death: letters which abound with profound remarks upon all the causes that modify the character and condition of men, and a memorable example of it, are, it seems, only *pieces of amusement*!

The story of Clarissa, in which is shown that spectacle, deemed of old so worthy of the Gods, and which every one must admit to be the most salutary and instructive that wisdom can exhibit; the spectacle of virtue serenely contending against temptation on the one hand,

and affection on the other, employing all its vigilance to repel the wiles of unrivalled cunning, all its eloquence to make straight the obliquities of selfishness and prejudice, retaining its purity in the midst of contagion, and triumphing in every trial, and finally seeking its refuge and its recompense where only a tenant of this mixed and sublunary scene can hope to find it, in the arms of its God; is a mere *piece of amusement*!

The tale of Clementina, in which the two most powerful principles of human action, religion and love, are depicted in such strong colours, and the sacred influence of duty to our country and our God, displayed in views so affecting, so ennobling, and that fill the soul with virtuous emulation and laudable pity; the portrait of Grandison, in which is shown to us a contrast to the great, but the wretched Lovelace, in which a continued lesson is taught on every duty that connects us with our Maker and our fellow-creatures, in a way unspeakably more persuasive than is done by homilies and systems; are nothing more, it seems, than *pieces of amusement*!

Works that exhibit, in their strongest and in numberless lights, the state of human society and manners in the most opulent nations, and most civilized age of the world; that show the most delicate shades, and minutest variations of personal and domestic modes; that guide us, with a light so vivid, and a thread so forceful, through all the mazes of character, and give us skill in the first of sciences, the science of duty, and in the most venerable and useful of all studies, the study of ourselves: Are such works, thou unjust depreciator, to be stigmatized as mere *pieces of amusement*?

If these be mere pastimes, where are the *useful* to be found? And if

Richardson's diversified scenes, magic eloquence, and exalted characters, are trivial and worthless, what is it in the whole circle of invention and all the departments of literature, that is worthy of a moment's notice? And why are twenty years of labour given to composing and rehearsing lessons on the art, not of thinking justly and acting rightly, but of estimating and distributing the mere enjoyments of the ear and the fancy?

But what is this? Half a volume bestowed upon Homer and Virgil, and two sentences on Richardson! By what rule do you distribute consideration and regard? What is it that lifts the former so high above the latter? Let the sound head and the honest heart take up each in succession, and pronounce upon their power to delight and instruct. Let them set the barbarous chieftain at the head of sanguinary battles, beside the member of a polished community, exerting a thousand placid energies and talents, and the boundless and complicated machinery of a commercial and opulent society, for the happiness or misery of those around him; which deserves to be most earnestly contemplated? Where is the largest scope for genius? Where are we to seek for models of imitation, for specimens of human nature, and of human powers? In the petty and brutal warfare of savage tribes? In the naked and barbarous simplicity of infant ages? Or in times of mental culture and wide-spread dominion?

What but intellectual childhood, can prefer the bald story and rude picture of Nestor and Achilles, to the images of Alexander and Cæsar, of Socrates and Adrian! What is this but to consecrate the obscure exploits of a Mohawk or New-Zealand soldier or statesman, while we despise the names of Gustavus and Sully!

On Richardson's stage, indeed,

neither soldiers nor kings are introduced. Men and women are displayed, not exerting their powers over enemies or subjects, in the ensigns of office or soldiership, but with the general duties and prerogatives of men and citizens. Parent and child, husband and wife, brother and friend, in their relations of neighbourhood and family, and with the distinctions of rank and property, are the only characters, admitted on his stage. And is there less inherent grandeur in such portraits; less utility, less scope for varied eloquence and characteristic displays of moral sublimity, than in those scenes that constitute the theme of what is called *heroic poetry*? Read *Clarissa* and the *Illiad*, and then answer.

But these pieces of amusement are, it seems, immeasurably long. Is Shakespeare *immeasurably long*? *Clarissa* is equal, in quantity of matter, to all the plays of Shakespeare together; but who ever complained that there were too few of Shakespeare's productions?

But this, you say, is only one performance; and eight different stories in the eight volumes, would be of no inordinate length. This is an extremely frivolous and puerile objection. In truth, it is not to the length, but the tediousness of the story, that the objection is made. Were it as hasty and superficial a narrative as romances commonly are, twenty volumes would not be too many: but here is too accurate an enumeration of circumstances, too full a disclosure of feelings and opinions, too copious a recital of dialogues, to please the vulgar appetite. Curiosity is impatient to get to the end of the business; it has not leisure to mark the gradual progress of the drama; to ponder on the subtle thread of argumentation, and to note the various postures which the heart assumes during the suspense of a catastrophe. For

such weak hands, some generous person has provided a pretty little abstract of the story of *Clarissa*; just the recreation of an hour or two for a sofa-lolling Miss on a summer's afternoon, in which all its tiresome minutenesses and never-ending dialogues are judiciously omitted. Thus the sublime *Clarissa* is melted down into a fashionable novel, and that which, in its pristine state, is a library of eloquence and ethics, and the darling food of a wise and strenuous mind, becomes of a size and texture suited to the flimsy and volatile taste of a girl of fifteen!

Why is *Clarissa* long? Because the writer meant to supply you with a truly living picture, to draw forth all the heart, and to set before you, not a faint outline and a rude sketch, but a *whole*, perfect in all its shades and all its lineaments.

By one story he meant to do more than a thousand less minute narrations would effect. He has not collected the events of a life into an half-score volumes, but he has spread over that number the incidents of less than a single year, that you might boast of having in your hands a picture that, as it is absolute in beauty, should be likewise absolutely entire.

There is no difficulty in supposing an attention too vague, a curiosity too capricious, and a sagacity too superficial for the perusal of *Clarissa*, or for the patient contemplation of any extensive and complicated scene; but this is the fault or misfortune of ourselves. A great task calls for bold hands and strenuous resolutions. This is a burthen for the shoulders of an Atlantean mind. 'Tis an ark, not to be touched with impunity by pigmy hands. I should never think of giving it to a raw youth of either sex; just as little as to condemn them to study Tacitus or Cicero.

To me, *Clarissa* is not a single

book; it is a library, in which my mind ranges without restraint, and riots without satiety. As another reads a poem or drama, and lingers by the way, and analyzes its parts and beauties, so I peruse a dialogue or letter in *Clarissa*. Knowing from the general perusal, the great outlines of the narrative, I am not driven forward by a domineering curiosity. I strive to look, not forward, but deep, and in weighing and reflecting on each sentence, experience a perpetual increase of my knowledge of human society, new strength to my virtue, and new capacity for writing or speaking. I have a thousand things more to say on this bewitching theme. I want to compare Smollet and Fielding with my favourite, and to tell you particularly my opinions on the plan and execution of the three works, *Grandison*, *Clarissa*, and *Pamela*, but I must stop in time.

When I hear from you, and see how you regard what I have already written, I shall be able to judge how far it would be discrete in me to proceed. Adieu. R. P.

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*For the Monthly Magazine.*

*A Voyage from Bristol to New-York.*

By JOHN DAVIS.

HAVING formed the resolution of visiting the United States, I repaired, December 15, 1797, from Salisbury to Bristol, with a view of embarking on board a snow, of two hundred tons, which lay at the Quay, and was bound to New-York. The captain had purposed to sail the 20th of the same month, but it was not before January 7th of the new year, that the vessel moved from the wharf, when the spring tide enabled her to proceed down the river. The weather was mild, the breeze fair,

and the water smooth. The prospect of the rocks at Clifton, and the scenery of the contiguous shores, conspired to enchant the sight; but what particularly contributed to heighten the pleasures of our aquatic excursion, was the occasion of a Mr. Allen's company, under whose hospitable roof I had resided during my sojournment at Bristol, and whose friendship I place among the felicities of my life. A little before the vessel came to an anchor at Broad Pill, we went on shore, accompanied by two cabin passengers, to Sherhampton, where we dined at a tavern that possessed every convenience of accommodation. It was Sunday; but this did not hinder us from passing the day with much conviviality. Our wine was excellent, and I could scarcely refrain from addressing my shipmates in the words of Teucer;

—Nunc vino pellite curas  
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

I returned with my friend in a chaise to his house; but repairing on board again early the next morning, the vessel got under weigh with a favourable breeze, and began her voyage through the sable flood.

For my passage, which was in the steerage, I had paid seven guineas to the merchants who chartered the vessel, and my mess, which was with two young gentlemen of my acquaintance, cost me only three pounds more. But, out of this money, besides provisions, we purchased a stove, which, during the voyage, was a treasure to us. It not only fortified us against the cold, but we cooked our victuals upon it, and the drawer which was designed to hold the ashes, made an admirable oven. Hence, there was never any occasion for us to have recourse to the caboose; but, on the contrary, when the frequent gales of wind which we experienced caused the sea to break over the

vessel, the cabin-boy solicited leave to dress his dinner on our fire. In relating these circumstances, I must claim the indulgence of the reader not to rank me among the courtiers of Alcinous; men, *fruges consumere nati*. My only motive is, to suggest to the enterprising traveller at how small an expense he may be enabled to cross the Atlantic.

The cabin was by no means an enviable place. It offered neither accommodation nor society. Its passengers consisted of an unitarian priest and family, and two itinerant merchants. The steerage group was composed of a good, jolly, Somersetshire farmer and his house-keeper, who were going to settle in Pennsylvania; of the two young gentlemen that I have already mentioned, and myself. Having repeatedly crossed the Equator, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, there is no occasion for me to say that the ocean was familiar to me; and that while the other passengers were sick and dejected, I was in health and good spirits. To the roll of the vessel I was fully accustomed; but my companions not having gotten their sea legs on board, tumbled grievously about the decks. The library which I had brought with me, consisted of nearly three hundred volumes, and would have endeared me to any place. The Muses, whom I never ceased to woo, blessed me; I thought, not infrequently, with their nightly visitations, and I soothed my mind to tranquillity with the fancied harmony of my verse.

Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina:  
verum  
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et  
ukro,  
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripseris,  
beati.

HOR.

Being an old man-of-wars-man,  
I had provided myself with a cot,

which, by making me insensible to the roll of the vessel, would, I thought, render my sleep more tranquil and undisturbed than a cabin. But I cannot say my slumbers the first night were very soft, for, hanging in the wake of the hatchway, the breeze from the deck made my situation very unpleasant. Foreseeing also that I was exposed to the deluge of every sea the brig should ship on the passage, I unhung my cot and put it into a spare room, and aft cabin, which, to my satisfaction, I found afterwards, was the only dry one in the steerage. The wind being favourable on getting under weigh, we profited from the occasion by shaking out the reefs, and shewing all our canvass to the breeze. Farmer Curtis, I observed at night looked graver than usual, and walked the deck in a musing mood. He, likewise, eyed me frequently. At length, watching the concurrence of opportunity when I was standing near the rough tree rail, he accosted me as follows: "Zir, don't ee think the ship goes nation quick? Dang it if I thinks the best nag in Somersetshire could trot so fast. It looks nation stormy. Don't ee think we have got too many cloths up? The dickens, now, if the ship should overturn in the night!"

"My good Mr. Farmer," said I, "be under no solicitude for your safety. The breeze is fair and steady. Should this wind continue, you would soon be settled comfortably in your farm in Pennsylvania." Here Farmer Curtis, with a grin of genuine happiness, interrupted me with saying, "Odd's, fish, then, Zir, do ee come down to smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale (tapping me on the shoulder, and crying clack with his mouth) over our fire with us before we go to bed. I can gee ee a nice clean pipe."

"That I will most cheerfully,"

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said I. The housekeeper, like an ancient Hebe, administered to us the potation, while the Farmer and myself, to use his own expression, smoked out a couple of pipes of Virginia. The old housekeeper, the very archetype of Dame Leonarda in *Gil Blas*, was the first among the passengers that began to hold up her head; and the fourth day of our voyage she murdered an old hen to regale a poor sick gentleman, who thought he could relish some chicken broth. We had scarcely been out a week when we experienced a gale of wind that was not less disastrous than tremendous. A sea which broke over the quarter, washed a hencoop from its lashing, and drowned nearly three dozen of fowls. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The sailors made the fowls into a huge sea-pye of three decks, which they called the United States Man of War, and fed on it eagerly. These sons of the ocean, who lived opposite to our birth, were humorous beings. But none of them in archness surpassed the cabin-boy, who often called the watch in the following manner:

Starbaulins stout,  
You must turn out,  
And sleep no more in sin;  
For if you do,  
I'll cut your clue,  
And let Larbaulins in.

*Hoa! the watch ahoy! Come bear a hand up there you tory dogs!*

There was a carter in the vessel who came on board to work his passage; but he did very little work. Whenever a porpoise or even a gull was visible, he considered it the presage of a storm, and became himself invisible till it was over. A report being circulated that the rats had left the vessel when in harbour, Coster Pearman concluded that they had done it by instinct; and, as an opinion prevails among sailors that a ship, on such

an event, never gets safe to her port of destination, the booby gave himself up for lost. But hearing one night a rat scratch against the vessel's side, he ran upon deck in his shirt to proclaim it to the sailors, calling out with a joyful tone of voice, Whoa! ho! ho! a rat! a rat!

The *Two Brothers* was a miserably sailing tub, and her passage a most tedious one. Head winds constantly prevailed, and scarcely a week elapsed without our lying too more than once. To scud her was impracticable, as she would not steer small, and several times the captain thought she was going to founder. Her cargo, which consisted of mill-stones and old iron, made her strain so with rolling, that incessant pumping could hardly keep her free. She seemed to be fitted out by the parish; there was not a rope on board strong enough to hang a cat with. She had only one suit of sails; not a single spar, and her cordage was old. If a sail was split by the wind, there was no other alternative but to mend it; and when, after being out six weeks, we had sprung our fore-top-mast, we were compelled to reef it. The same day, I remember, we fell in with a schooner from New-York, which we spoke. It was on the 18th of February. She was bound to St. Sebastian. The seamen being employed, I volunteered my services to pull an oar on board her, which were readily accepted. Her captain received us politely and regaled us with some cyder. She had left port only a fortnight; but it took the ill-fated *Two Brothers* a month to get thither. We parted with regret. The captain of her was of a social, friendly disposition. As to our own skipper, he was passionately fond of visiting every vessel that he saw on the passage. If an old salt fish schooner

hove in sight, he clamoured for his boarding boats, and swore he would go to her if it were only to obtain a pint of molasses. Once, having hailed a vessel, he was justly rebuked. He told the captain of her he would hoist out his boat and go on board to see him; but the man not approving, I suppose, his physiognomy, hauled aft his sheets and bore round up before the wind. The skipper had contracted these habits during the American war, when he commanded a small privateer; and could not, in his old age, reclaim the foibles of his youth.

I have before observed, that I messed with two young men of my acquaintance. These were a Mr. Robins and Black, both of whom had embarked to try their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic. I foresaw that the disposition of Robins would lead him to embrace a seafaring life, which he afterwards did, by entering as midshipman into the navy of the United States, in the service of which he died of the yellow fever, on board a sloop of war. Black was by trade a printer, and, I believe, a very good one. He was both a compositor and pressman. On his arrival in America he engaged himself to the editor of a newspaper at Trenton, where he also fell a victim to the disease which had been fatal to his friend. These young men having been my esteemed companions during a tedious and irksome voyage, I thought I could not do less than consecrate a passage of this work to their memory.

As we increased our longitude, the priest, in examining his barrels of white biscuit, found one of them emptied by other hands than his own. Suspicion fell on a sailor whom he one day accused before the passengers as he was standing at the helm. "Did you not steal my biscuit, sirrah?" said the par-

son. "I did, Sir," answered the fellow. "And what, pray, can you say in defence of yourself?" "Why, Sir, I can say—that when I crossed the line, Neptune made me swear I would never eat brown bread when I could get white; and *your* barrel of *brown* stood next *my* *white*." This reply of the sailor was so happy and unexpected, that to remain grave exceeded all powers of face. The roar of the sea was lost in the combined laughter that arose from the captain, passengers, and ship's company. Farmer Curtis, whom the tythes exacted from him by the parson of his parish had nearly ruined, now revenged himself on the cloth, by a peal of laughter that shook the snow from stem to stern; not even the priest could refrain from a smile; though, perhaps, it was rather a sardonic grin; a distortion of the countenance, without any gladness of heart.

On the 8th of March, we saw the Isles of Sile, and three days afterwards weathered the breakers of Nantucket; from whence, coasting to the southward, we made Long-Island, and ran up to Sandy-Hook. The wind subsiding, we let go our anchor, and the next morning, at an early hour, I accompanied the captain and two of the cabin passengers on shore. It was Sunday, March 18th.

On the parched spot, very properly called Sandy-Hook, we found only one human habitation, which was a tavern. The landlord, who had much the appearance of a waterman, received us very coolly. "You can get nothing here, gentlemen," said mine host. "Our cow eat some damaged coffee that was landed here from a wreck about a week ago, and died a few hours after. We are very hard put to it." "What, old boy," cried our captain, "have you no grub at all in

the house?" "No! O be joyful, no grog, not a toothfull of music! Come, my noble, we want to splice the main-brace."

"Why, captain," replied the landlord, "we have no fresh grub in the house; but you can have some nice bacon and eggs fried, with grog to the mast. Gentlemen will you walk in." "Hurrah!" cried the captain, "Stretch along the eating halyards! Hail Columbia!"

We found the house neat and comfortable. The family consisted of an old woman, wife to the landlord, two young girls of homely appearance, a negro man and boy. While breakfast was preparing, I ascended, with my companions, the Light-House, which stood on the point of the Hook. It was lofty and well furnished with lamps. On viewing the land round the dwelling of our host, I could not help thinking that he might justly exclaim with Selkirk:

I'm monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute, &c.\*

The morning passed away not unpleasantly. The pleasantries of the captain enlivened our breakfast, which was prolonged nearly till noon; nor do I think we should have then arisen from table, had not the mate, who was left in charge of the snow, like a good seaman, hove short, and loosened his sails in readiness to avail himself of the breeze which had sprung up in our favour. The captain, therefore, clamoured for the bill, and finished his last bowl of grog with the favourite toast of "Here's to the wind that blows, the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor."

In our progress to the town, we passed a British frigate lying at anchor. It was sunset, and the roll of the spirit-stirring drum brought

\* Cowper.



to my recollection those scenes, that pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war, that made ambition virtue.\* We moored our vessel to one of the wharves, and I rejoiced to find myself on a kindred shore.

—

*The Trial and Condemnation of*  
LENGTHY.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*The following Observations upon an important branch of English words, and on the use of the fashionable term lengthy, though they have already been published in a Daily Gazette, may, perhaps, appear of sufficient value in your eyes to merit a place in your Repository. If so, I here submit them to you. A. B.*

THE formation of abstract substantives, or names of properties, by adding *th*, is very common in our language, and familiarly known: to turn these again into adjectives, denoting possession or abundance, two modes are followed; one by adding simply *y*, as *wealthy*, *stealthy*,† *healthy*, *worthy*, and perhaps some more which I do not recollect. To all such substantives, however, usage has not permitted this addition. No one is allowed to say, because no good writer has said before him, *youthy*, *breathy*, *mirthy*, and the like.

Do you ask why custom has not sanctioned it in all cases as in the four above mentioned? I can only answer you, that such is certainly the law, whencesoever it proceeds.

The second mode of making adjectives of this kind, is by adopting a *compound*, and by uniting the substantive given, with the adjective *full*; and hence come *wrathful*,

*deathful*, *mirthful*, *youthful*, and the like.

In general, the English language admits of compounds only on solemn and poetical occasions, and a prosaist would risque the imputation of stiffness and affectation, who should lavish them on every theme. There are some, however, so often used as to become allowable on all occasions; thus, in addition to the last mentioned, we say *slothful* and *ruthful*.

The ordinary use of *full*, is chiefly to be justified by necessity, and therefore is not permitted, except on high and poetical occasions, in cases where the termination *y* is customary. Thus *wealthful*, *stealthful*, and *worthful*, are impertinent novelties in prose; yet, there is one exception to this rule in health, which may be *healthful* or *healthy*. The poet may soar without this burthen on his pinions, and nobody objects to Pope when he talks of "*fountful* *Ida*," or "*forceful* *spear*," or to Milton, when he calls the hills of Palestine a "*milkful* *land*," and the plains of Arabia a "*fountainless* *desert*," though the mere prosaist must hold his hand from such licenses.

To say truth, I know no instance where a good poet has added *full* to abstract substantives ending in *th*, where usage has not likewise sanctioned the ordinary use of it. Thus no bard has said *growthful*, *dearhful*, *breathful*.

It is remarkable of words denoting dimension, that they all are *abstracted* into names by subjoining *th*, as *length*, *breadth*, *width*, and *depth*, and that these are not ordinarily allowed to be *adjectified* by adding either *y* or *full*. On extraordinary occasions, and in poetry, this change is no inexpiable offence, but then the change must be effected by adding *full*, and not *y*. Thus

\* Othello.

† Shakspeare.

we are not shocked by *lengthful* or *depthful*, whereas that ear must be vilely provincial which can tolerate *lengthy* or *depthy*.

It must be granted that analogy is not inviolable; that usage is the only law in force; and that it would puzzle any man to find reasons why I, an American, should not use, in talking or writing to Americans, a word in common use among my countrymen; but, before we admit the inference, let two things be considered.

And first, be it known to the advocates of *Lengthy*, that this is, even in relation to ourselves, a *provincialism*. There are men who have passed their lives in the metropolis of these States, and in the neighbouring country, who never heard, except from north-eastern strangers, the word *lengthy*.

Secondly, let those who use it, conform strictly to their own conditions, and be sure to write nothing but what Americans *only* are to read. If I write, it is to please and instruct my readers; and if I desire or intend that my work shall be read only on this side of the ocean, I may use a language which, though elsewhere reckoned barbarous and spurious, is legitimate here.

He who writes for *all* the readers of English, wheresoever and whensoever they live, will take care to adhere to standards universally admitted. He will not forget that, though there are dialects received only in particular districts, there is likewise a language common to the whole; and though, by the use of *lengthy*, he may not offend one class of readers, he will, by omitting it, please every class. By drawing only from the fountain of English books, he will be *quaffed* on the banks of the Ganges and the Housatonic, with as much pleasure as on the banks of the Thames. No one will call the cup he offers, insipid or crude, if it be filled from

the reservoirs of Pope and Addison, whose beverage equally suits the palate of Irish, Bengalize, and Carolinean.

This, by the way, is an insuperable obstruction to the scheme of an American language; for who *will* or *ought* to adopt a language which will make him unintelligible to the *foreign* readers of English, or which will lessen his elegance or perspicuity in their eyes? especially as there *is* a language by the use of which he will be in danger of offending *nobody*.

No longer to discuss the legitimacy of *lengthy*, let us, for a moment, lift our scales, and see what its significance or weight will prove, compared with that of similar words. *Lengthy* is only applied to a series of words, whether written or spoken: sometimes we have a *lengthy* conversation with a man; sometimes we read a *lengthy* performance of his writing.

Now, if we chuse to dwell on the *length* of a writing or discourse, why not simply say that it was *long*? A *long* speech, or a *long* poem, are proper and legitimate phrases. If we would insinuate that it was not only long, but tedious, why not simply say, that it was *prolix*? *Length*, intermarrying with *tediousness*, gives birth to *prolixity*. The origin of *lengthy*, however, is easily traced.

The imagination delights in distinctions of great nicety. Thus when a billet of wood, and a poem, have equally the property of being short, we are averse to denominate this property by the same name in both cases. The stick is a *short* stick, but we prefer to call the poem *brief* or *concise*.

Thus, on the other hand, a stick distinguishable for its length, is termed, without scruple, a *long* stick; but the poem, in like circumstances, is necessarily, but reluctantly, called a *long* poem. As *long*, in

the first instance, is correlative to *short*, so a word is wanted, which shall be, in the second place, a suitable correlative to *brief or concise*: and such an one we should doubtless have borrowed from the Latin, had there been any Latin word for long, but *longus*. I do not know how the term can be diversified, if it must be diversified, but by turning *long* into *lengthful*. Usage will

not permit us to find this variation in *lengthy*.

And now, having discussed the merits of this important word, I will dismiss myself with hoping that, as tediousness, though commonly allied to length, is sometimes associated with brevity, this essay may not be quoted as a specimen of the latter union.

*Appropriations for the Support of the Government of the United States, for the Year 1799.*

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			14,580	66
For the several loan officers	13,250			
Removal of the Pennsylvania loan office to Trenton in the summer of 1798	178	70		
For clerks to Commissioners of Loans, and incidentals of the loan offices	13,000			
			26,428	70
To the Secretary of State, his clerks, &c.	11,300			
His incidental expenses	8,500			
Extra expenses of removal to Trenton in 1798	441	35		
			20,241	35

*EXPENSES of the MINT, viz.*

The Director	2,000			
Treasurer	1,200			
Assayer	1,500			
Chief-coiner	1,500			
Melter and refiner	1,500			
Engraver	1,200			
One clerk	700			
Two clerks	1,000			
Assistant coiner and dye forger	800			
Smiths, mill-wrights, carpenters, &c.	6,200			
Furniture, fuel, &c.	6,300			
			23,900	
To the Secretary at War, his clerks, &c.	10,850			
His incidental expenses	2,000			
To the accomptant of the war department, his clerks, &c.	10,850			
His incidental and contingent expenses	1,000			
Expenses of removal of the war department in 1798	3,222	43		
			27,922	43
To the Secretary of the Navy, his clerks, &c.	9,055			
Fuel, stationary, &c. of the naval office	2,850			
Removal of the naval department in 1798	427	48		
			12,332	48
Carried forward	.	.	506,230	62

	<i>Dols.</i>	<i>Cents.</i>	<i>Dols.</i>	<i>Cents.</i>
Brought forward . . .	560,230	62		
To the accomptant of the navy, his clerks, &c. . . . .	9,250			
His contingent expenses . . . . .	750			
To the keeper of the navy store, assistant, labourers, rent, portorage, &c. . . . .	3,800			
	<hr/>		13,800	
To the Surveyor-General . . . . .	2,000			
Assistants, chain-carriers, axe-men, and contingences . . . . .	9,519			
	<hr/>		11,519	
To the Governor, Secretary, and Judges of the North-Western Territory . . . . .	5,150			
Stationary, printing, and contingences . . . . .	350			
To the Governor of the Mississippi Territory, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for 1798 . . . . .	1,302	19		
To the Secretary of the Mississippi Territory for 1798 . . . . .	408	33		
To three Judges of the Mississippi Territory during 1798 . . . . .	1,448	36		
To the Governor, Secretary, and Judges of the Mississippi Territory . . . . .	5,150			
Contingent expenses of the Mississippi government, including $\frac{3}{4}$ ds of 1798 . . . . .	383	33		
	<hr/>		14,392	21
Miscellaneous expenses of the civil department . . . . .	1,000			
Sundry pensions granted by the late government . . . . .	953	33		
To the families of Harding and Trueman . . . . .	375			
For the maintenance of light-houses, beakens, buoys, &c. . . . .	44,281	8		
Contingent expenses of the government . . . . .	20,000			
Maintenance of Indian trading-houses . . . . .	110,000			
Miscellaneous expenses unprovided for . . . . .	4,000			
To the Postmaster-General, assistant, clerks, &c. . . . .	8,950			
Incidental expenses of the Postmaster-General's office . . . . .	2,000			
To claimants under the "Act respecting the Loan Office and final settlement of Certificates" . . . . .	30,000			
	<hr/>		221,559	
Total for expense of domestic government . . . . .			767,199	26

## FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Expenses of effectuating the fifth article of the commercial treaty with Great-Britain . . . . .	25,000	25,000	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
Carried forward . . . . .		792,391	24

# *Appropriations for the Support of Government.* 177

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
Brought forward			792,301	24
Salaries, office rent, clerks, &c. of Commissioners under the sixth article of said treaty	16,000			
Additional expenses incurred under the sixth article of said treaty	10,000			
To Commissioners under the seventh article of said treaty	16,666	66		
Salaries, office rent, and clerks of Agents under the seventh article of said treaty	9,833	33		
Further expenses incurred by the treaty with Spain	20,000			
Expenses incurred by the treaty with the Mediterranean powers	200,000			
			272,499	99
Expense of intercourse with foreign nations, regular and suspended	65,000			
Incidentals and contingences of the same	78,700			
			143,700	
Payments to American Consuls for incidental charges	20,000			
French prisoners	18,000			
Indemnification to subjects of Tunis and Algiers	51,987			
For charges on the captured ship Niger	11,000			
			100,987	
Total for expense of foreign relations			551,187	
Total for domestic government			767,199	26
Total for expenses of the civil list			1,318,386	26

## *Military Establishment and Forces.*

### OLD ARMY.

For the pay of troops	445,224			
For subsistence of the officers	46,376			
For subsistence of the non-commissioned officers and privates	371,789			
For forage	17,160			
Equipments of one company of cavalry	2,140			
For horses of cavalry to replace the dead or unfit	4,500			
For cloathing	127,450			
For bounties and premiums	5,000			
For the hospital department	12,000			
For the ordnance department	81,180			
Quartermaster's department	200,000			
Annual allowance to invalids	93,400			
Total expenses of the old establishment			1,416,219	
Pay of temporary agents	15,000			
Running the line of demarcation	4,000			
Carried forward	19,000		1,416,219	

	<i>Dols.</i>	<i>Cents.</i>	<i>Dols.</i>	<i>Cents.</i>
Brought forward	19,000		1,416,219	
Presents to Indians and support of their embassadors	10,000			
Rations to Indians	22,500			
Fortified posts on the Indian frontier	60,000			
Incidentals and contingences	20,000			
Total for expense of the Indian depart- ment			131,500	

#### ADDITIONAL ARMY.

Pay and subsistence of officers, non-com- missioned and privates	1,600,443			
Forage	45,478			
Bounties and premiums	135,016			
Cloathing	241,100			
Horses and equipments of dragoons	58,793			
Hospital department	40,000			
Quartermaster's department	600,000			
Contingences	20,000			
Total for expense of the additional army			2,740,830	
Total for expense of the military establish- ment by land			4,288,549	

#### MARINE FORCE.

To officers of the navy	305,982			
For subsistence of the officers	185,544	19		
To seamen	672,990			
For provisions	431,726	30		
Contingent expenses	345,800			
Medicines, hospital stores, &c.	42,750			
For revenue cutters	117,591	92		
Total expense of the present naval establishment			2,102,384	41
To the marine corps, their pay and rations	179,798			
Their cloathing	29,594	87		
Military stores	25,951	51		
Contingent expenses	420			
For bounties and premiums	2,024			
Total expense of the marine corps			237,788	38
For building, equipping, arming, and contingent expenses of new ships			1,004,504	24
Total appropriations for the navy			3,344,677	3
Total appropriations for the land force			4,288,549	
Total for expense of the military establish- ment by sea and land			7,633,226	3
Total for expense of the civil list			1,318,386	26
Total for national expense			8,951,612	29

*Mode of destroying Worms in Peach-Trees, by means of Lime: in a Letter from Dr. Gamage to Dr. S. L. Mitchell.*

New-York, Aug. 18, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

THE destruction of the *peach-tree*, near the surface of the ground, by a short white worm, has become a general complaint; and my having lost several by that insect, induced me to make trial of lime. The result answered my most sanguine expectations. The tree revived, and the fruit is in a flourishing state. The mode of application was to slake the lime until it was in a consistence to spread, then apply it about three inches above and below the surface. This method of using lime, has been successful; and I am convinced, from this experiment, will effectually destroy the worm.

I am, Sir, with much respect,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN GAMAGE.

Dr. S. L. MITCHILL.

Some strictures having been made, in this publication, on a volume of poems lately published by Mr. Low, we chanced luckily to meet with some criticisms on the strictures themselves. Our judicature, though self-created, plumes itself on its candour, and it is in submission to this principle, that we venture to make these animadversions a part of our miscellany. We, indeed, are merely advocates, before the general bar of the public; and, as we claim a right to be heard in the exhibition of our opinions, we are not only willing, but extremely anxious that the author should enjoy the same privilege with ourselves; and that his voice may be heard at a

greater distance, and by the same auditors who heard the accusation, we take the liberty to lend him our trumpet, and to place him in our pulpit.

In doing this, however, we beg leave to suppress his poem, not because it is either trite or insipid, but merely because it would, like those of Cicero, suit any other production as well as this. We wish that justice may be satisfied at as small an expense of time and of breath as possible.

CANDIDUS versus REVIEWER.

I HAVE derived much pleasure from a perusal of the poems of Mr. Low; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable criticisms of certain Reviewers, am still of opinion that they may be considered as one of the best collections which have hitherto originated in this country. A comparison of the work with the review itself, will certainly convince the intelligent and judicious reader, that the author has superior pretensions to poetry than the reviewers have talents for criticism.

The first piece in the collection, is an *Ode on the death of General Washington*; which was for many successive evenings recited at the theatre, and received with that public applause, which was denied to the frigid and inanimate production of the author of "*Weiland*." Let the following lines be considered as a specimen of the taste and ability with which the author, upon that mournful occasion, has touched the poetic Lyre:—

"When mad Ambition forg'd the galling  
chains  
Which Freedom loathes and man disdain;  
When Cruelty, fell murd'rer, stood,  
Thirsting, panting for our blood,  
And Carnage strew'd th' ensanguin'd  
plains;



When curst Oppression, with gigantic stride,  
 Spread desolation far and wide;  
 When harvests perish'd, cities blaz'd,  
 And lawless Power advanc'd with arm  
 uprais'd,  
 To crush the hallow'd fane which Freedom rear'd,  
 Our shield, our strength, our last resource,  
 The mighty WASHINGTON appeared,  
 And turn'd aside its vengeful force:  
 When Perseverance shrunk aghast,  
 And Hope's bright rays were overcast;  
 When paraliz'd and weak, our little band  
 Of suff'ring heroes mourn'd, that soon  
 their land  
 Would groan beneath a foreign yoke,  
 Their gallant leader, in that trying hour,  
 Exerted more than mortal power:  
 He rous'd Columbia's energies once  
 more;—  
 Columbia from her lethargy awoke:  
 Himself a host, the champion rose;—  
 He hurl'd War's thunders on our foes:  
 Th' embattled foe, astonish'd, fled;—  
 Immortal laurels grac'd the victor's head!  
 Glad *Io Paani* then his triumphs sung;  
 But now our harps are on the willows  
 hung,  
 Or only to the strains of sorrow strung."

The lines which conclude the following paragraph, have been severely censured by our critics.

"Thus shines the sun, when first his  
 morning ray  
 Sheds on our world a radiant flood of  
 day;  
 Thus from the zenith pours his fervid  
 light;  
 And thus he leaves a world involv'd in  
 night!  
 Infatiate Death! thy triumph now is  
 vain;—  
 What tho' thy dart a WASHINGTON  
 hath slain,  
 Yet boast, fell tyrant! of thy prize no  
 more;  
 For lo! where seraphs with thy conquest  
 soar;  
 On wings of love they bear him up  
 sublime,  
 Far, far beyond the scenes of sense and  
 time!  
 Heav'n's everlasting portals open wide!  
 Celestial glories pour their dazzling tide!  
 The heav'nly minstrels loud hosannas  
 sing,  
 And his pure spirit to its Maker bring;

In God's effulgent presence, lo! he bows;  
 A crown of well-earn'd glory decks his  
 brows!"

"The introduction of the spirit of Washington into heaven, and its coming up to its Maker and making a bow, (in the opinion of our sapient Reviewers), is neither awfully grand nor elegantly little."

The apparent force of this cavil consists in the act of bowing. The *gentlemen* who made it, must have fancied they were attending a President's levee, or entering a lady's drawing-room. The most elevated ideas may be lessened into meanness by coupling them with ludicrous associations. The passage in question can only become objectionable by affixing to it the ridiculous sense of the Reviewers.

Bowing, in itself, is considered as an act of extreme humiliation. It is an attitude or inclination of the body, used to signify great submission or reverence. There is nothing in those lines which has a tendency to excite mean or ludicrous ideas. The sentence which has been the subject of complaint, is far from wanting elevation. Apposite instances might be selected from the most celebrated poems; nor is it unfrequent in sacred writings. Thus Milton, after the Messiah had been addressing the Father, describes him as bowing before the "Paternal Deity:"

"So said—he, o'er his sceptre *bowing*, rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he  
 sat."

Again, from Shakespeare:

—"Rather let my head  
 Stoop to the block, than these *knees bow*  
 to any  
 Save to the God of heav'n, and to my  
 king."

And in scripture:

"Wherewith shall I come before the  
 Lord, or *bow* myself before the most  
 high God?"

If the passage had not been perused under the influence of a pre-

meditated determination to censure; it is impossible that the remark could have presented itself. A critique so puerile and captious, unequivocally betrays the most contemptible ignorance or illiberality.

Speaking of our rapid advances in cultivation and science, these lines occur in the poem entitled "Peace."

"Whose fruits, delectable to mental taste,  
Now bless the regions late a savage waste:  
For lo! where thorns and thistles lately  
grew,  
A thousand seminaries rise to view."

Notwithstanding this passage has incurred unmerited animadversion, it presents a picture no less real than gratifying in its contemplation. America was but, of late, an uncultivated wild;—the habitation of ferocious animals, and no less savage men. The "thorn" and the "thistle," in reality, occupied those very spots which industry now hath consecrated to the sciences. Amplification is a figure allowed to the orator and the poet; yet, it would be difficult to pronounce whether such *licentia poetica* has been exercised upon this occasion. If our bard should be interdicted from the use of such figure, and the poet rigidly confined to the rules of cold mathematical calculation, perhaps it would not be difficult to prove that his assertion respecting the thousand seminaries, so far from being a *hyperbole*, is strictly and literally true: and that no less a number of colleges and academies have in reality banished the wild thistles of the wilderness.

In the elegy on the death of Dr. Youle, the poet is also accused of extravagance:—

"Nature convuls'd with sympathetic  
throes,  
Sighs sad responses to the Muse's moan;  
And the loud storm expresses, as it blows,  
In dismal strains, the Muse's friend is  
gone!

Ah! there is cause for Nature to complain,  
And those with Nature's warm impressions blest;  
For sure, of all the fav'rites in her train,  
He felt her power, and lov'd her image best."

There is a sarcastic vein in the language of the review too gross and palpable to escape the dustiest observer. It betrays an intention rather to injure than criticise with candour. A sneer is certainly the evidence of ill nature, but it is not always indicative of superior sagacity. Such a review in the days of Pope, would have inevitably conferred upon its authors a conspicuous station in the pages of the Dunciad. Dr. Youle was not a common character. He was not one of those little witlings which now infest the gardens of Parnassus. Possessed of a mind glowing with the most active benevolence, he was making extraordinary advances in philosophy. In an eminent degree he had every quality which is estimable in the friend. Our bard admired and loved him: his effusions must be true to nature, for they flowed spontaneous from the heart.

But to answer the criticism. Every elegiac composition supposes that its author writes under the immediate influence of real or imaginary distress. His sorrows press themselves upon the attention, and create, as it were, a peculiar atmosphere of their own. Every object by which he is surrounded, becomes tinged by melancholy. The poet looks at nature with a different eye: he views creation through a medium created or modified by his imagination; and, in the fervency of his impressions, supposes that the universe sympathizes with his griefs. As far as precedents can be offered in justification, numberless parallel passages might be produced from Shakespeare and other eminent

poets. The language and imagery of passion, would perhaps be unnatural if they were strictly chaste and regular. Violent emotions speak in a bold and impetuous style; and the figures to which they lead, are equally glowing and enthusiastic. If the figures of Mr. L. had been less extravagant, his elegy certainly would have been more cold.

It is admitted that the address to Kotzebue exhibits a faithful portrait of that inimitable author, and conveys remarks that bespeak a "good portion of taste and discrimination as an admirer of the drama." That address is, however, deemed to possess no legitimate pretensions to poetry. It is written in blank verse. From the following specimen, the judicious reader will decide whether it is deficient in numbers, harmony, or spirit.

"Pure is thy gold, oh poet! no alloy  
Of hackney'd sentiment, or vapid wit,  
Its native brightness sullies, or impairs  
Its sterling value; brilliant are thy gems,  
And precious and intrinsic is their worth:  
They, with no counterfeit or borrow'd  
lustre,

On mental vision glare a transient beam,  
And cheat the sense with meretricious  
beauty.

With bold, original, and daring genius,  
With noble independence, and a taste  
Correct and polish'd, thou hast spurn'd  
the bounds

To which scholastic pedantry, to which  
Th' imperious voice of ancient prejudice  
Had long confin'd the drama; broke  
the spell,

(As Albion's *Shakespeare* erst) the slavish  
spell,

By ages consecrated, sanction'd still  
By those who make antiquity their guide;  
Who view its dogmas with religious awe,  
And by its crude opinions square their  
own:

Long its absurd and arbitrary rules  
Have kept in vassalage the mental world,  
Repress'd the fire of genius, and controul'd

And warp'd and fetter'd man's unproving  
powers;

Which nature did ordain with ev'ry age

To grow more perfect, more sublime to  
rise,

And unrestrain'd to wing their tow'ring  
flight.

These artificial rules thy taste contemns,  
These false restraints it greatly sets at  
naught;

Successfully hast thou exploded these,  
Or hast improv'd—No bounds thy ge-  
nius knows,

Except the limits Nature hath prescrib'd,  
And cultivated Reason does approve."

As an example of the author's talents for elegiac poetry, they have certainly cited two of his most tame and spiritless verses. Was this candid and generous, or even impartial? Yet it is in perfect consistency with the general design of the Review.

It is not every poem that furnishes an opportunity of sublimity; nor will every subject admit of that grandeur and majesty which constitute its essence. There are orders in poetry as well as in architecture, each possessing its appropriate beauties, and distinguished by characters too prominent to be mistaken. Thus the pastoral is adapted to the description of rural scenery, of the picturesque, the beautiful, and luxuriantly romantic; serenity and placid impressions are, in general, created by its pictures. The imagination is lulled into repose by the mild tranquillity of the objects it exhibits. He who expects sublimity in the pastoral, should look for thunder in the clear, unruffled sky.

Epic, or heroic poetry, is the proper vehicle of the sublime. It may sometimes flash its lightning into the drama or the ode. Sublimity requires a rare assemblage of powers, which has fallen to the lot of few mortals. Homers, and Virgils, and Ossians, are uncommon characters. Like Cæsar and Bonaparte, ages and revolutions interpose to divide them. If we are moved by the excellent flight of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, or our souls awakened to solemn ecstasy by the transporting harp of the

son of Fingal, we are not the less pleased and sweetly charmed by the soft and dulcet strains of Goldsmith, Grey, or Shenstone.

Mr. Low's collection must be classed among poems of the latter description. In that department, they are entitled to a respectable rank. His descriptions are pleasing, his imagery correct: he displays a vigorous imagination, and, throughout the whole, his versification is easy, flowing, and harmonious.

His "*Camira and Angelica*," "*Alphonso and Agnes*," and the "*Ode to Health*," may be considered among the best productions. The first is in the manner of Goldsmith's celebrated "*Edwin and Angelina*," and the second of the "*Alonzo and Imogene*" of Lewis. An extract from each of these, will furnish a more correct specimen of Mr. L.'s genius and taste, than any which the Reviewers have thought expedient to cite.

Elegant simplicity and unaffected pathos, are the beauties characteristic of Goldsmith's "*Edwin and Angelina*." Whether Mr. L. inherits a spark of the same celestial fire, may be discovered from the following description of Lorenzo:

"By science was his mind inform'd;  
His heart was blest by grace;  
Benevolence his bosom warm'd,  
And mantled in his face:

He lov'd the broken heart to bind,  
The vicious to reclaim;  
He glow'd with love of human kind—  
Their good was all his aim.

His heart was tender and sincere;  
He knew no vice or guile;  
For ev'ry wretch he had a tear,  
For ev'ry friend a smile."

The admirers of "*Alonzo and Imogene*," will compare the following animated description of a scene truly tragical, with the best verses of their favourite production:

"Now swift fly the horses—swift spin  
the wheels round;  
The castle's high turrets recede;  
Scarce seem the fleet couriers to tread on  
the ground,  
They plunge deep in vallies, o'er moun-  
tains they bound,  
They rival the hurricane's speed:

Alphonso endeavours to govern their fire,  
But calls to the drivers in vain;  
Such fury the mettlesome steeds does in-  
spire,  
They more than Herculean exertion re-  
quire,  
Their perilous speed to restrain:

O'er ditches they leap, over hedges they  
fly,  
Now down the fell precipice dash;  
Wheels rattle, steeds snort, lightning  
glares through the sky!  
Winds bellow, and thunder rolls awful  
on high!  
And bursts with a terrible crash!

The shock fills Alphonzo with dreadful  
alarms;  
The virgin clings to him abash'd;  
He fears for her life, while he hangs o'er  
her charms;  
She shrieks, with wild terror—she faints  
in his arms!  
The chariot in pieces is dash'd!"

A specimen of poetic genius, such as that which follows, from the "*Ode to Health*," is surely better adapted to convey an adequate idea of the merits of a writer, than the most laboured animadversions of our Reviewers:

"Yes, all thy charming haunts I know  
and love:

Through woodlands thou art wont to  
rove,

Where, crown'd with oaken leaves, Syl-  
vanus keeps his court,  
And happy native Dryades sport  
Beneath the pendant foliage of the grove,  
Forever blooming, young and fair.  
Propitious Goddess!—Now convey me  
there;

Lay me on some moss-deck'd seat,  
Where limpid streamlets murmur at my  
feet;  
Or, stretch'd incumbent on the sea-beat  
shore,  
Let me hear the Atlantic roar,

Enjoy the ocean-smelling gale,  
And there invigorating breath inhale.  
Romantic Fancy there, thy sportive child,  
Beneath thy smiles, in youth immortal  
lives;

There, with unreal views, and pictures  
wild,

Beastifing visions gives!  
She points to where th' aquatic genius  
dwells,

Hears Tritons sound their dulcet shells,  
To Nereides hears them tell their loves,  
Amid their pearly walks and coral groves.  
Awake, oh Health! these torpid powers  
of mine,

That not ev'n Fancy's mimic arts can  
please;

For thine are all her vivid views, and  
thine

Each scenic charm and image which the  
sees,

Nor only dost thou give illusive joys like  
these—

Where'er thou deignest to reside,  
Peace sits smiling at thy side;  
Hope, exulting, upward springs;  
Love expands his downy wings;  
Plenty opens her garner wide;  
And equable Content her cheerful matins  
sings."

CANDIDUS.

#### *Queries respecting the Jews.*

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

I HAVE wished for some time past to obtain information concerning several points in the history and present state of the Jews. Every believer in christianity must look upon that people with peculiar respect and attachment, when he recollects how intimately their selection and separation from the rest of the world and their future prospects, are connected with the religion which he possesses; and the philosopher must regard their rise, progress, and singular situation, as a wonderful phenomenon in the history of man. I take the liberty to state the following queries through the medium of your excellent Miscellany, in hopes that you, or some

of your readers, will be able to furnish satisfactory answers to them.

1. What is supposed to be the present number of Jews throughout the world?

2. In what part of the globe is the largest body of this people situated?

3. Have this body of religionists any common head, or council for information, advice, and government, as most sects of Christians have?

4. Is the distinction of tribes still kept up among them, as of old? And, if this be the case, is it known to what tribe or tribes the Jews in America, for the most part, belong?

5. Are the Jews divided into sects and parties? If so, what are the names of these parties respectively—what are the distinguishing tenets of each—where are they to be found—and what proportion do they bear to one another in point of number?

6. If, as I have been informed, they have lost all traces of the family of *David*, and indeed know not that any of the lineal descendants of that family are now on earth, how do they look for the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning the lineage of their expected Messiah?

7. Do they expect to be restored to their own land, by their Messiah, when he shall appear?

8. Do they expect that their Messiah, when he comes, will prove to be a divine, or a human deliverer?

BIBLICUS.

*New-York, Sept. 12, 1800.*

#### *Remarks on American Criticism.*

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

I CANNOT help thinking that your bench of critics sometimes decide on American publications

with too much severity. They adopt rules of criticism as rigid as if we were on the other side of the Atlantic; and seem to make no allowance for our youth and the disadvantages which we unavoidably labour under in all pursuits of a literary and scientific nature.

I remember not long since to have heard, that a young Irish gentleman, who came from his native country to New-York two or three years ago, being in conversation with some ladies respecting the *highlands*, on the North-River, through which he had sailed a few days before, and being asked whether he did not think they afforded many grand prospects, answered, that they were, indeed, quite large and respectable for a *young country*. This conceit pleased me exceedingly. Pray advise your Reviewers to judge of every thing which they undertake to dissect, upon similar principles.

It vexes me, Sir, every month to find your critics measuring our American productions by rules precisely such as Tootle, Harris, Kaines, Blair, or Lowth would have applied to British efforts of genius. Do they not see that this is unjust and absurd? They ought to know two things—that there is an *American language*, which can only be criticised upon American principles; and that there is an American size of genius, corresponding to our youthful standing in the republic of letters, which can no more be estimated by transatlantic proportions than a yard measure among the inhabitants of *Lilliput* by a measure of the same denomination in *Brobdingnag*.

It is true, the great cultivators and adorners of English literature have been Britons. On this account, your silly reviewers have supposed, that the more we authors in this western world write like Addison, Swift, Pope, and John-

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son, the nearer we approach to perfection. Hence they talk to us gravely, of strong and weak arguments—of a style perspicuous or obscure, nervous or feeble, harmonious or discordant, &c. Sir, I repeat it again, we are a *young country*, and what is more, we are an *independent country*, and I hope we shall have no more of this ill-judged and unseasonable nicety. What though arguments be erroneous, unavailing, or ridiculous? What though the bathos and the bombastic perpetually alternate in our compositions? What though we disadjust the formal habiliments of your buckram grammarians? Pray let us alone—we wish to be *independent* of all the world, in a *literary* as well as in a *political* sense. Such independence cannot be secured but by our adopting many peculiarities: and we hope nothing will be done by your critics in future to abridge our privileges, to put us out of humour with them, or to prevent their being transmitted, inviolate, to the most distant posterity.

AMERICANUS.

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*A Project for finding an Universal Standard of Measure.* By Ebenezer Burling, of Cortlandt-Town, (New-York) In a Letter to Dr. Mitchill, dated June 1, 1800.

AMONG the many mysteries over which Nature has hung the cloud of obscurity, that of a natural standard of measure has always been esteemed one of the most important. It doubtless has been a subject of inquiry, amongst ingenious men, from the earliest ages down to the present time. Its importance has arisen, more, perhaps, on account of its seeming simplicity, than any real use it might be to the world: for, at the first view,

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it appears to be within the reach of a middling capacity. Men of science know, and to such this is addressed, that philosophers and mathematicians, both in America and Europe, have in vain united their talents to rend the veil from this secret. The national institute of France seem determined to overcome it by dint of labour; but, when they have completed their Herculean measurement, it will still be imperfect; for, though it may be perpetual, yet it will never be universal; as no other nation will ever resort to them; and, to perform the work in their own countries, will be attended with too great an expense. Some law of nature must be found that will be universal, and invariably the same in all places. Nature seems to have deposited this jewel deep, with a design to sport with the genius of philosophers; yet leaving a possibility, that is to be found in a well-known law that governs central forces. It is found, when a body of matter is made to revolve in a vertical direction round a centre, it is acted upon by two powers opposed to each other. The centripetal power is always the same, notwithstanding its increase or decrease of velocity, viz. its own specific gravity. The centrifugal power is increased with the velocity two ways: If the number of revolutions are indefinite, the increase is as the times and distance from the centre; but if the revolutions are fixed, then the increase is as the distance only, and vice versa. It is not difficult to deduce, that if the periodic movements are determinate, the distance necessary to produce a centrifugal force equal to that of the centripetal, will be the same in all experiments, independent of local circumstances.

What has been written, I think is a sufficient explanation of the theoretical principle of my scheme; I therefore proceed to describe the

manner in which I would reduce it to practice.

The first idea that presented to my mind, was to use a common whirling table, which should have an invariable motion during the time of operation; then, with two weights of equal gravity, the one placed on the table to revolve horizontally, the other suspended under the centre of the table, in a line communicating with the first: I would then set the table in motion, at a given rate, and repeat this until I found the place for the first weight, which would be where the two powers were equal. This I would make my standard, or, on the contrary, I would cause the distance to govern the number of revolutions. This machine, no further described, is very imperfect, though capable of being improved until every objection vanishes; but, as I mean to describe another more simple, I think most proper to be minute with that only. This I would perform with water, instead of weights, as follows: Let there be an upright shaft set to move on a point, and by means of wheels. Into the side of this, as far as the centre, I would insert the end of a tube, two yards of which should go off from the centre of the shaft in a horizontal direction, and one fourth of that length should rise perpendicularly at the outer extremity, and from the top of the horizontal part of the tube: this horizontal part should be filled with water and set in motion; the movements increased until the centrifugal force of the water raised it to the top of the perpendicular part of the tube, where it would discover itself by issuing through a small aperture in the centre, which may very nicely be determined by making the water black and fixing paper near where it passes.

The machine being regulated to produce this effect, all that is neces-

sary, is to note the time of its movements. And as in the first, the time is governed by the distance, so, in all future experiments, or in the mechanism of other machines, the time will govern the distance.

This machine may be set in motion by means of a weight, and regulated by a pendulum, to agree with a clock.

As it might be objected that the time could not be ascertained with sufficient exactness, I answer, that as one revolution of the machine determines the distance, either too much

or too little, it cannot be materially affected by what could be called a great error in a time-piece.

There are many minute circumstances necessary to be understood, in order to conceive a just idea of this machine and its effects; but I suppose it cannot be necessary to go farther into particulars, and conclude by recommending it to be a perfect standard for measure, without a single objection that I cannot remove, except the obscurity of its origin.

## American Review.

### ART. XXI.

*Views of the Public Debt, Receipts and Expenditures of the United States.* By Albert Gallatin. 8vo. pp. 61. New-York. M. L. and W. A. Davis. 1800.

THE design of the author of these "Views," and the mode of examination and reasoning adopted by him, in treating of the public debt and revenue, will be best explained in his own words:

"The Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter to the committee of ways and means, dated 22d January, 1800, gave it as his opinion, that 'the principal of the debt of the United States had increased, since the establishment of the present government, the sum of dollars 1,516,338 : 50.' A committee of the House of Representatives, appointed on the 20th March following, 'to examine the accounts of the United States, relating to the public debt, and to report the amount respectively incurred and extinguished, and generally such facts as relate to the increase or diminution of the same, since the establishment of the government of the United States under the present constitution,' reported, on the 8th May, a number of statements, furnished by the Treasury department; and

as the result drawn by them from those statements, that the public debt, instead of having increased one million and a half, as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury, or to a larger amount, as had been suggested, was, on the 1st January 1800, diminished, by a sum 1,092,814 dollars and 48 cents, if contrasted with the debt on the 1st January, 1790; and by a sum of 3,972,878 dollars and 66 cents, if compared with the debt of 1st January, 1791.

"It is intended, in this essay, to examine some of the facts contained in the Treasury statements, to discuss the grounds of the opinion of the committee, and to add some general observations on the financial operations of the government of the United States.

"The progress or diminution of the public debt, during any given period, may be stated in two different ways, which constitute two different views of the subject.

"1st. The amount of the debt, as it did really exist at the beginning and end of the period, may be simply stated without making any deductions resulting from collateral considerations; and the difference between the two amounts will show what may be called the *nominal* increase or diminution of debt during the period.

"2d. From the *nominal* or *apparent* amount of debt, thus existing at the beginning and end of the period, may be



respectively deducted the amount of funds actually possessed at those two different times by government, and applicable to the reduction of the debt; and the result will give a more general comparative view of the financial situation of government than can, perhaps, be derived from the insulated consideration of the amount of public debt.

"The first way is that which has been universally adopted in other countries in statements of that kind. When the amount of the public debt of Great-Britain is stated, the nominal amount is always given, without making any deductions on account of any funds or resources which might be applied to the payment of some part of it. Those funds being perpetually liable to be diverted to other purposes, no deduction is supposed to be allowable, until after the money has actually been applied to the reduction of the debt. Yet, it is certainly proper, in order to have a full and comprehensive view of the subject, to state the account both ways. If an administration shall have contracted, during a certain period, a debt of one million of dollars, but shall leave in the Treasury, one million of dollars more than was in it at the commencement of the period; and that million not charged with any incumbrance, nor requisite to defray any authorized expense, it cannot be denied, that, notwithstanding the nominal increase of debt, the financial situation of the country is not changed. It is, nevertheless, evident, that this last mode is more uncertain and more liable to induce an error; on account of the difficulty of ascertaining, with precision, what are the funds or resources actually possessed by government, and strictly applicable to the reduction of the debt.

"The statements furnished to the committee of the Treasury department, are intended to give the amount of debt as it really did exist on the 1st days of January, 1790, 1791, and 1800, and their result shows simply the nominal difference of debt on those respective

days, with only one exception. The shares owned by government in the Bank of the United States, are deducted from the nominal amount of debt on the 1st January, 1800; and the deduction seems proper, even on the principle of stating that nominal amount, because those shares yield to government annual dividends, which are a proper offset against an equal amount of the interest paid on the public debt. The possession of those shares is precisely the same thing as the reduction of an amount of debt, costing government an annual interest equal to the dividends receivable on the shares.

"The report of the committee is intended to give a comparative view of the financial situation of the United States, by deducting from the nominal amount of debt on those days, what they suppose to be 'certain funds acquired by the government, and which may be applied to face the foregoing debt.'

The amount of public debt, as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury, was, on the 1st of January, 1790, 72,237,301 dollars and 97 cents; on the 1st of January, 1791, 76,781,953 dollars and 14 cents; and on the 1st of January, 1800, 79,403,820 dollars and 30 cents. If the nominal amount of the debt on the 1st of January, 1790, be deducted from the nominal amount of debt on the 1st of January, 1800, the nominal increase will be 7,166,518 dollars and 33 cents.

The committee of the House of Representatives, in their report to ascertain the "real amount of debt" at those periods, deduct from the nominal amounts, several items, as belonging to the creditor side of the account. From the amount of the debt, as stated above, on the first day of January, 1790, they take,

*Dols. Cents.*

"1. Proceeds of lands on lake Erie, sold to Pennsylvania by the former government, and paid in certificates	151,392 41
"2. Debts due to the United States, on balances of accounts which originated under the former government, and received in specie	62,586 74
Carried forward	213,979 15

	Dols. Cents.	Dols. Cents.
Brought forward	213,979 15	
* 3. Debts due by the United States, [being part of the sum of dollars 515,460 94 included in the amount of debt due on 1st January, 1790,] discharged before 1790	15,927 13	
" 4. Cash in Treasury, or in hands of Collectors on 1st January, 1790	111,367 45	
" 5. Uncollected Custom House bonds	590,468 60	
		931,742 33
" This sum deducted from the former, leaves the real amount of debt on 1st January, 1790		71,305,559 64
" From the nominal amount of debt on 1st January, 1800		79,403,820 30
Is deducted, " 1. Twenty-five per cent. advance on the original Bank Stock belonging to the United States	222,000	
" 2. Cash in Treasury, or in hands of Collectors, on 1st January, 1800, deducting a balance due to foreign officers and outstanding registered debt	2,593,931 30	
" 3. Remittance made to Holland, beyond what was necessary to meet all demands for 1799	548,955 84	
" 4. Uncollected Custom-House bonds	5,826,214	
		9,191,101 14
" Leaving ' true amount of debt on 1st January, 1800		70,212,719 16

So that, deducting the nett amount of debt on the 1st of January, 1800, from the nett amount on the 1st of January, 1790, as thus stated by the committee, the public debt has *decreased*, in that period, 1,092,840 dollars and 48 cents.

Mr. G. however, contends that, supposing the statements and deductions of the committee to be accurate and proper, it is not correct to call the result, the "true amount of debt," and to say that the debt "has, in fact, been diminished." He proceeds to show that the amount of debt, as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the 1st of January, 1790, is incorrect in several particulars. On each, he enters into calculations and reasonings to justify the corrections he would make, which are too long for insertion, and of a nature not susceptible of abridgement. The result is as follows:

	Dols. Cents.	Dols. Cents.
" 1. Nominal amount of debt on 1st January, 1790.		
" Amount stated by the Secretary of the Treasury		72,237,301 97
" Add—difference for the interest on domestic debt before 1790		17,670 46
		72,254,972 43
" Deduct, 1. Difference on the French debt	1,216 73	
" 2. Premiums on Dutch debt	263,000	
" 3. Difference on interest on the debt due to foreign officers	11,616 53	
" 4. Grant to General Greene's estate	71,453 36	
" 5. Debts discharged before 1790	15,927 13	
" 6. Proceeds of lands sold to Pennsylvania	151,392 41	
" 7. Debt assumed for debtor States beyond their proportion	2,000,000	
		2,514,606 16
" Amount of debt on 1st January, 1790.		69,740,366 27

The amount of debt for 1st January, 1800, is also corrected and stated by Mr. G. as follows:

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
" On 1st January, 1800.				
" Amount stated by the Secretary of the Treasury -			79,403,820	30
" Add—Outstanding registered debt, and due to foreign officers - - - - -			100,184	18
			<hr/>	
			79,504,004	48
" Deduct, 1. Six per cent. stock returned from Holland	20,373	33		
" 2. Premiums on Dutch debt - - - - -	59,000			
" 3. Advance on Bank stock beyond its cost - - -	222,000			
	<hr/>			
			301,373	33
" Amount of debt on 1st January, 1800 - - -			79,202,631	15
on 1st January, 1790 - - - - -			69,740,366	27
			<hr/>	
" Nominal increase of debt from 1790, till 1800 -			9,462,264	88

In these statements, it may be remarked, that Mr. G. enters into an examination of the fiscal operations of the government of the United States since the adoption of the present constitution. The assumption of the State debts, before the accounts between the debtor and creditor States were adjusted, has increased the funded debt of the United States above two millions more than he thinks ought to have been assumed, which sum he therefore deducts from the amount of nominal debt, as stated on the 1st of January, 1790, as not being a part of the *real debt* due by the old government. The debt paid by the present government to the estate of General Greene, for supplies

to the southern army, is considered as merely *gratuitous*; because, Congress having actually paid the contractors for those supplies, were not bound to indemnify General Greene, who had made himself personally responsible as their security with the merchants who furnished the supplies. These two items, together with the premiums on the Dutch loan, which Mr. G. regards as no part of the principal of the debt, constitute the chief deductions made by him over and above those made by the committee.

He then takes a second and "comparative view, formed by deducting, from the nominal amount of debt, the funds *actually* acquired by government," as follows:

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
" On 1st January, 1790.				
" Nominal amount of debt as per above - - -			69,740,366	27
" Deduct, 1. Debts due under former government to United States, and received in specie - - -			62,586	74
" 2. Debts due under former government to United States, and received in stock - - - - -			24,091	31
" Cash in Holland - - - - -	132,475	31		
in Treasury - - - - -	28,239	61		
in Collector's hands - - - - -	83,127	84		
in Paymaster's dp. - - - - -	107,605	7		
	<hr/>			
			351,447	83
			<hr/>	
			438,125	88
			<hr/>	
			69,302,240	39

* On 1st January, 1800.		
* Nominal amount of debt as per above	- - -	79,202,631 13
* Deduct, 1. Cash in Treasury	2,161,867 67	
in Collector's hands	532,247 81	
	<hr/>	2,694,115 48
* 2. Remittances said to have been made to Holland beyond the payments due in 1799	- - -	548,955 84
		<hr/>
		3,243,071 32
* Amount for 1st January, 1800	- - -	75,959,559 83
1st January, 1790	- - -	69,302,240 39
		<hr/>
* Leaves for <i>increase of debt</i> for those ten years, after deducting all the funds <i>actually acquired</i> by government, and which may possibly be applied towards a reduction of the debt	- - -	6,657,319 44

"And here it may be proper to observe, that the amount of custom-house bonds credited by the committee, and excluded from the above statement, is, for the 1st day of January, 1800, 5,826,214 dollars, and, for the 1st January, 1790, 590,468 dollars and 60 cents. The difference between those two sums, is 5,235,745 dollars and 40 cents, which, deducted from the sum of 6,657,319 dollars and 44 cents, would still leave, even on the inadmissible supposition that those bonds ought to be deducted, an increase of debt, during those ten years, of 1,421,574 dollars and 4 cents."\*

From the results thus stated, the reader will be enabled to discern the points of difference in the respective calculations of the committee and Mr. G. We do not fully comprehend why the premiums agreed to be paid by the old government on the Dutch loan, and belonging to the *financial operations* of that government, should not be considered as part of the debt with which the present government became charged.

It was not the business of the committee to inquire into the *principles* of the *assumption* of the State debts, or the manner in which it

was made. They were directed to ascertain the amount of the public debt on the 1st of January, 1790, and could not, therefore, state the actual amount of the *assumed* debt otherwise than they have done. If two millions was assumed by the present government more than would have been found due by the adjustment of the accounts between the debtor and creditor States, that sum must now remain due to the United States from those States who were found indebted on the final settlement of their respective claims. Part of what was due from the State of New-York has been paid, though not into the Treasury of the United States, yet in a way which, considered in a national point of view, may be regarded as equivalent. But Mr. G. goes further in censuring the "precipitate and random" mode of assumption which was practised, in supposing that it has augmented the debt of the United States more than ten millions. We shall not controvert the soundness of his reasoning, nor re-examine an old and much agitated question of policy and justice, which must now

\* That is, admitting *two millions* deducted by Mr. G. for debt assumed beyond the proportion of the debtor States, from the amount of debt the 1st of January, 1790, which is not noticed by the committee; but if that sum is considered as part of the debt at the above period, as the committee had a right to consider it, after it was assumed, then the debt will have *been diminished*; allowing the other deductions of Mr. G. and admitting the outstanding bonds 578,425 dollars and 96 cents.

be considered as finally settled. It can make little difference to the people of the United States, whether this debt is paid by taxes laid by the government of the United States, or taxes imposed by the State governments. Some difference may arise from the several modes of taxation practised by the several governments; but this difference is, probably, in favour of that of the United States.

The item which constitutes the principal difference in the results of the estimate of the committee and that of Mr. G. is the uncollected custom-house bonds, amounting to 5,826,214 dollars. The committee, in their view of this part of their statement, observe, that the same principles are equally applicable to the accounts of a nation, as to those of an individual; and that, to state the balance of debt in either case, the *debts* and *credits* ought to be drawn into the account: that the uncollected bonds are the property of government, and being personal engagements for money, must be regarded as credits, precisely of the same obligation and effect as if they were executed by individuals for money loaned to them: that the duties paid, or secured by these bonds, are upon the *importation*, not the *consumption*, and the bonds taken for duties which remain uncollected, are to be considered as securities for the revenue of the preceding year. They are fixed and absolute debts; and are, in part, *pledged* for the payment of the public debt.\*

In answer to this reasoning of the committee, it is observed by Mr. G. that,

"The constitution has given to government the command over almost all the resources of the United States, and those resources may, in a general point

of view, be considered as funds acquired to government by the adoption of the constitution. In what, then, do those custom-house bonds differ from the other general and uncollected resources of the country? Not on account of the persons who owe them. Were duties on imported goods, for the securing of which those bonds are given, ultimately paid by the merchants who are answerable for those bonds, then, indeed, the people of the United States, who owe the public debt, might take credit for the amount of those bonded duties payable by a few individuals. But those duties are paid by the consumers, by the people themselves. The merchants are only the collectors of the duties, for which they become answerable on the goods being imported; and the expense of collection costs to the consumers from 20 to 60 per cent. which the importers and other merchants receive, as a compensation for the trouble and risk of collection. The bonds are, in fact, a debt due by the people of the United States themselves, and which cannot be deducted from, or claimed as a credit by them, against the mass of their public debt. The people of the United States owe the whole amount of the public debt, whatever it may be, and the amount of uncollected duties. Give them credit for the amount of bonds given by merchants for the securing of those duties, and they remain still charged with the whole amount of the public debt, *without any deduction*. Those bonds differ from the other resources of the Union, which government may also command, only in one particular, in that their amount and time of payment are ascertained. And, in that particular, they in no way differ from every other tax of the ensuing year. Those bonds are nothing more than a tax assessed, but not yet collected, and they differ in nothing from the land tax, the amount of which was precisely ascertained, and which had been assessed in many of the States on the 1st January, 1800, but was not yet collected. A farmer, whose tax was assessed, was as much indebted to government for the amount of his tax, as the merchant for his bond. Yet the committee have taken no credit for the land tax, which, as well as those bonds, was to be collected in the course of the year 1800. They have not even

\* See the report of a committee of the House of Representatives, published in the different Gazettes in May last.

taken credit for the uncollected duties on spirits distilled and stills, although a great part of these were actually due. The committee were aware that a tax not yet collected, cannot be considered as a set-off against an existing debt; that the probable amount of such a tax is never taken in account, except as making part of the probable receipts of the ensuing year, and as applicable to the expenses of that year. And it appears incredible that they should not have perceived that those bonded duties were precisely in the same situation with all other taxes, to be collected the ensuing year; that they were like other taxes, payable by the body of the people, and that they constituted, in fact, two thirds of the probable receipts of the ensuing year, and were applicable solely to the expenses of that year.

"The committee say that those bonds are 'funds which may be applied to *face* the debt.' The committee well knew that they could not be applied to *pay* the debt. No part of them can be applied to pay any part of the principal of the existing debt, unless there should be a surplus in the receipts of the present year over the current expenditure. And so far was this from being the expectation of Congress, that they authorized a loan of three millions and a half of dollars, in order to cover the excess of expenditures over the receipts of this year."

There appears to be more refinement than justness in the observation of Mr. G. that because the duties are *ultimately* paid by the *consumers* of the merchandize imported, the bonds are, *in fact*, a debt due by the *people* of the United States themselves, and are not to be deducted from or claimed as a credit by them against the mass of their public debt. This argument would evidently prove too much; and there is no necessity to resort to any very subtle or abstract reasoning to detect the mistake of the committee in deducting those bonds from the amount of the debt. The individuals, or *merchants*, who give the bonds, and the people of the United States, are, in the common sense of *men*, two distinct parties. Those

who are accustomed to the consideration of such subjects, will easily decide on the propriety of the deduction made by the committee. In the *ordinary* and *limited* view of the debt of a nation, we should be inclined to believe the reason assigned by Mr. G. for excluding the Custom-house bonds, as correct. But if, from the *nominal* amount of the increase of the public debt is deducted only the funds *actually* in the public treasury, without taking into the account the other funds and resources of the government which have been created and ascertained during the period of ten years, may not the public be led to form as erroneous conclusions of the state of the public finances, as if these funds and credits were also deducted from this supposed balance or increase? A liberal and comprehensive survey of the financial operations of the government, would embrace the whole subject, and discern whether the increase of the debt owing by the United States, produced by extraordinary and unforeseen events, had not been accompanied by an equal augmentation of the property and resources of the government. In the examination and statement of the *affairs* of an individual, the amount of his out-standing debts, and property on hand, would be taken into the account, as well as the amount of debts due from him to others. The committee were governed by this consideration in their admission of the bonds due, as credits, but did not make any allowance for the property acquired by the government, which cannot be applied to discharge any part of the debt.

There is a difference of near three millions in the result, whether the debt, as liquidated and funded by the United States, taken at the period of January 1, 1791, or the amount of the debt as it stood at the

close of the year 1789, be regarded as the true amount of debt with which the present government became charged. The committee supposed the former to be the true amount, after deducting the funds which arose during the year 1790: but they stated the account both ways. The difference chiefly consists in a year's interest, which accrued from the time the present government began its operations, to the period when the old debt was funded and provided for by law. If this year's interest is deducted from the old debt, ought not the Custom-house bonds, which may be considered as applied to pay the interest of the debt for the *current year*, be taken into the account? But in whichever way the calculation is made, the financial situation

of the United States appears to be the same. The subject, in this view, is of no further importance than as to the influence it may have on the opinions of those who measure the *public* prosperity and happiness by the accounts of the treasury. There are *moral* and *political*, as well as arithmetical and fiscal *views*, which present themselves to the mind of an enlightened patriot and philanthropist.

The second branch of this inquiry relates to the "receipts and expenditures" of the United States. Several deductions are made by Mr. G. from the amount of receipts as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury; and the whole amount during ten years, from the commencement of the present government, is as follows:

	Dols.	Cents.	Dols.	Cents.
" Old debts received . . . . .	302,667	13		
" Loans . . . . .	25,775,795	56		
" Sales of Bank stock . . . . .	1,384,260			
" Sales of Land . . . . .	100,339	84		
" Revenue . . . . .	54,242,213	54		
" Sundries . . . . .	1,541,412	54		
			83,346,688	68

" And the <i>expenditures</i> for the same period have been,				
" Payments of principal of the debt . . . . .	20,654,847	30		
" Subscription to the Bank of the United States . . . . .	2,000,000			
" Interest on the public debt . . . . .	27,559,430	35		
" Military establishment, including land and navy . . . . .	21,286,420	84		
" Civil domestic establishment, including civil list and miscellaneous expenses . . . . .	6,324,626	95		
" Intercourse with foreign nations . . . . .	2,810,539	66		
			80,635,865	10

" Leaving for balance unexpended, <i>viz.</i>				
" Cash in Treasury . . . . .	2,161,867	67		
" Remittances to Holland . . . . .	548,955	84		
			2,710,823	51
			83,346,688	68

The *nominal increase* of the debt during that period is thus deduced from the receipts and expenditures, estimated on the preceding principles:

	Dols.	Cents.
" The monies applied to the payment of principal of the debt, are stated at . . . . .	20,654,847	30
" From which deducting the amount of debts discharged before 1790 . . . . .	15,927	13
" Leaves for the true amount of monies applied to the reduction of the debt after 1st January, 1790 . . . . .	20,638,920	17

"To which sum the following additions must be made:

"1. A part of that sum, *to wit*, dollars 1,619,281 24 were applied to *purchases* of the public debt; the amount purchased was, dollars 2,307,661 71; the excess of debt purchased beyond the monies applied to *purchases* is

Dols. Cents. Dols. Cents.

688,380 47

"2. Exclusively of the receipts in specie into the Treasury, payments have been made directly in evidences of public debt, *viz.* for lands sold, dollars 14,005 93; in payment of old debts, dollars 24,091 31; and communication returned by sundry officers, in order to be placed on the pension list, dollars 32,873 71, amounting altogether to

70,970 95

"3. The Bank shares still owned by the United States, at 25 per cent. advance

1,110,000

1,869,351 42

"Total amount of debt *extinguished* from 1st January, 1790, to 1st January, 1800, considering the Bank shares owned by the United States as equivalent to a debt *extinguished*

22,508,271 59

"The monies received on loan are stated at

25,775,795 56

"To which must be added,

"1. The difference between the nominal amount of six per cent. stock issued in 1796, *viz.* 80,000 dollars, and the amount of money for which the same was sold, *viz.* 70,000 dollars

10,000

"2. The interest which accrued after 1st January, 1790, on the domestic and assumed debt, and was funded, instead of being paid

4,184,740 91

"3. The debts assumed for debtor States beyond their proportion

2,000,000

6,194,740 91

"Total amount of debt *incurred* from 1st January, 1790, to 1st January, 1800

31,970,536 47

"From which deducting the amount of debt *extinguished* per above

22,508,271 59

"Leaves for the nominal increase of debt during that period (being the same amount heretofore deducted from a view of the amount of debt existing at the commencement and end of the period)

9,462,264 88

"The statement, No. 4, exhibits a comparative view of the debt incurred and *extinguished* to the 1st day of January, 1800; by which it appears,

"1. That the nominal increase of debt from 1st January, 1790, to 1st January, 1796, amounted to dollars

8,552,978 59

"Which sum consisted of three items, *viz.*

"Interest accrued and funded instead of being paid

4,184,740 91

"State debts assumed for debtor States beyond their proportion

2,000,000

"Excess of expenditures beyond the receipts

2,368,237 68



"2. That there was a nominal decrease of debt from 1st January, 1796, to 1st January, 1799, amounting to

3,874,524 74

"3. And that the debt increased during the year 1799, by a sum of

4,783,811 3

Admitting the principles of calculation adopted by Mr. G. in his view of the public debt, to be just, the same result is produced by the application of them to the receipts and expenditures.

Mr. G. then proceeds to an examination of the amount of monies collected by revenue, and the application of them during the present government. His remarks are so closely connected with the arithmetical calculations, that they cannot well be presented in any other shape, and we must refer the reader to the work itself.

The total expense of the treaty with Algiers, is stated at 1,131,391 dollars and 3 cents; to which is added, an annuity for four years of 288,493 dollars and 26 cents, and extraordinary extortions 80,115 dollars and 71 cents, making in the whole, 1,500,000 dollars.

The military and naval establishments, for the years 1798, 1799, and 1800, are estimated at eleven millions and an half. This sum includes the amount to be applied towards building six 74 gun ships, and the sums then supposed to be probable expenses for the year 1800, as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury. This sum Mr. G. supposes to have been added to the public debt, and *lost to the people by the measures adopted in relation to France*. The weight of this opinion depends on the particular political considerations which may be bestowed on the subject. He does not enter into any examination of the necessity or propriety, of those measures, or indulge in any views

which may lead him from the strict observance of numerical exactness and a rigid analysis of the public debt.

This production exhibits the intimate knowledge which the author possesses of the financial operations of the government, and displays considerable clearness and force of mind. The subject is of too dry a nature to admit of the embellishments of style. Mr. G. has contented himself with plainness and perspicuity. The truth of his reasonings and deductions can only be discovered by a very critical and attentive examination; and the ultimate conclusion, as to the wisdom displayed in the administration of the finances, will depend on the peculiar views and bias of each reader as much as on the intrinsic force of facts and the cogency of argument.

## ART. XXII.

*Letters on the Existence and Character of the Deity, and on the Moral State of Man. Foolscape 8vo. pp. 144. Philadelphia. Dobson. 1799.*

THOUGH the author of this work has not thought proper to prefix his name to it, yet we have good authority for ascribing it to Mr. THOMAS DOBSON, printer and bookseller of Philadelphia. While this public-spirited and useful citizen is engaged in ushering into the world the productions of others; while, with a zeal which, we believe, has not been exceeded by any

other individual of his profession in America, he disseminates the fruits of the genius and learning of others, we find him stepping forward as an author himself, and reckoning time from the bustle of active business, to discuss interesting points in theology and morals.

It always gives us pleasure to see *laymen* speculating on subjects of this nature: not that we suppose them better qualified to do them justice than the *clergy*. This would be as absurd as to say, that other persons were more likely to treat of medical subjects with ability, than physicians; or that the knotty points of law-learning may be expected to be more successfully united by common hands, than by those who are possessed of legal skill. But if religion be a reality, it is the business of every man; and, of consequence, every man who is competent to the task, is bound to think, to inquire, and to decide for himself.

Mr. D. tells us, in his preface, that these "letters were written at the request of a young friend, and were occasioned by some conversations on the interesting subjects of which they treat. Most of the thoughts are such as the author had met with in the course of reading and conversation: some few have been the result of his own reflections. He did not think it needful, and in most cases it was not in his power, to refer to the authors from whom he had gleaned. He arranged these thoughts according to his own judgment, and the whole are only sketches, or outlines not filled up. They were designed as materials or hints for thinking, and are published with an earnest desire of drawing the attention of young persons to the study of those subjects which are universally important."

Mr. D. believes that we are much more indebted to revelation for our knowledge of moral and divine sub-

jects, than even many christians suppose. He thinks that if all the philosophers and advocates for the sufficiency of natural religion, who ever existed, were assembled into one synod, their united wisdom could never discover the existence of a God, and the origin of all things from him, as the Creator. He grants, indeed, that the works of creation do, in themselves, contain evidence of the existence and government of a Supreme Being; but he contends that this evidence is, in a great measure, unintelligible to the mind which is not instructed by revelation.

And as Mr. D. believes that the knowledge of a Deity must have been unattainable without revelation, so he also contends, that no sound moral principles can be drawn from any other source. He asserts that even those who discard revealed truth, have still availed themselves of it in forming their systems of morality: and while they have seized on the treasure, have impiously denied the source from whence it came. But he believes that their systems, though in substance taken from revelation, yet wanting its sanctions, are without energy, without a solid foundation, and present nothing to the mind but the hopes and fears of present good or evil. These discussions occupy the greater part of the three first letters.

The fourth letter is employed in showing the credibility of the apostles and preachers of Jesus Christ. — In this Mr. D. endeavours to prove that they were neither dupes to the designs of an impostor, nor impostors themselves; but that they were so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the doctrines which they preached, and so strongly impressed with a conviction of the importance of these truths, that they were willing to suffer the loss of all

things, and even of life itself, rather than fail of communicating the knowledge of them to mankind.

The remaining three letters are devoted to the consideration of the attributes of Deity, as they are exhibited in the sacred volume; of the character of Christ, as he is spoken of by the inspired writers who *testify of him*; and of the present state of man as a depraved being. With respect to the character of Deity, Mr. D. agrees with all other writers on the subject, in supposing it to be a character of infinite *goodness*; but he differs from many, in concluding that, because God is infinitely good, he will make *all men* to partake of the salvation which he offers to our race. With regard to the character of the Redeemer, Mr. D. seems to adopt the *Arian* creed. He speaks of him as *the first born of every creature*; as the exalted and holy Agent by whom Jehovah created the universe. As to the present condition of man, it is acknowledged to be a state of sin and suffering. In solving some of the phenomena of human misery, especially in infancy, Mr. D. appears to favour the idea of a *pre-existent state*. This he supposes is rather countenanced than opposed by revelation; and he asks, "Is there any other supposition which offers a more rational account of the cause of our present suffering, considered as a part of moral discipline?"

Our author's plan did not admit of his treating these various subjects in any other than a cursory manner. We do not perceive that he has advanced any thing which can be pronounced *new*; nor shall we undertake to decide how far his ideas and positions on the subjects which he discusses are *true or false*; but he writes like a serious, well-informed, and sensible man. He affects no parade of language or of learning, but expresses himself with that unaffected simplicity which

corresponds well enough with the professed design of his work.

The following paragraphs, from the third letter, will enable the reader to judge of Mr. D.'s style and reasoning:

"The truth and authenticity of the Old Testament has evidences, such as appear amply sufficient to satisfy the most scrupulous inquirer.

"The law was given from mount Sinai, in the sight and hearing of the whole people of Israel, without exception. They had been all witnesses of the mighty works whereby God had brought them out of Egypt. They had all seen the sea divided, and every one had passed through the sea on dry ground, while the waters stood up as a wall on each side. They had witnessed the destruction of the Egyptians, by the sea returning to his channel. They had been conducted in the day by a pillar of cloud, and by night the splendour of a pillar of fire had directed their movements: and now, when the whole nation was assembled, in expectation of a public display of the Divine presence, they saw the awful manifestation; and all the individuals in the whole nation were made to hear the words of God, proclaiming in the most unequivocal language, his existence, the relation in which he stood to them, and that glorious law which they ought to keep.

"Here was no ambiguity, the words were explicit, and not only all heard, but every individual understood them; and that all dispute of what the law was, might be precluded, it was written by God himself on two tables of stone, and the custody of it publicly committed to a whole tribe, in the presence of all the people. And that the knowledge of it might continue universal among them, and the practice of the precepts constant, every man was commanded, not only to have a copy of the whole law, but to write it also on the most public places, on the posts of his house and on his gates, that it might become the subject of inquiry to their children, and that every man might be qualified to explain the reasons of the institutions to succeeding generations.

"Their being conducted through the wilderness, and placed in the land which God had promised, was such a proof of the Divine veracity as left no room for doubt to enter. The declarations of

God, that he would bless them if they kept his laws, and would punish them if they were disobedient, have been most accurately accomplished, as is corroborated by the history of other nations: and their dispersion at this day, according to the predictions in the scripture, is such a living witness to the truth of these scriptures, as never was exhibited by any other nation. So accurately indeed have the predictions of the prophets been verified, that those who disputed the Divine authority of the scriptures, finding no other way to evade the force of their evidence, have contended, that the books were written after the events took place; but this allegation was rendered null, by the knowledge, that before several of these events took place, the sacred books were translated into Greek, and copies multiplied in many parts of the world.

"That a man, or a few men, may be themselves deceived, or that they may impose upon others, may be true; but in this case a whole nation are the witnesses, and in cases where the testimony confessedly militates against their own characters; and their very existence in their present state confirms it, and the whole exhibits such a weight of evidence, as seems to set at defiance even incredulity itself.

"So very careful were the Jews of their sacred books, that it is said they counted not only the books and divisions, but even the letters themselves, and carefully noted down not only their relative positions, but even their numerical order in the shorter divisions, that they might guard against the smallest alteration.

"This, it will be said, was a superstitious veneration for the letter of their sacred books, while they neglected the spirit of them.—Be it so.—It has, however, proved one of the means which have brought down the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament to our times, in such purity, that in the collation of many hundreds of the most ancient MS copies which could be found, there is not observed a variation which alters the signification of a law, a prophecy, or a doctrine; and when compared with the Septuagint translation, which was made above two thousand years ago, that is, before the coming of Christ, there is a wonderful harmony and coincidence between them. So that we may safely re-

ly on the integrity of the parts, as well as upon the evidence of the whole."

In the seventh and last letter Mr. D. makes the following remarks on the present state of man:

"The dignity and depravity of human nature are themes which have been largely discarded on, and, doubtless, human nature exhibits evident signs of both. Various conjectures and reasonings have been attempted to account for these appearances, by tracing them to their source.

"Revelation assures us, that God created all things by Jesus Christ; and there seems good reason to conclude, that when his works came from his hand they must have been very good, and, of course, that such must have been the state of man when he came from the hands of his Creator. How he came to be as he now is, has been long a subject of dispute, and not yet settled. It has been supposed, that every individual of mankind existed in a former state as moral agents, enjoying happiness, and capable, by their continued obedience to the law of their God, of continuing in felicity. That by the abuse of their freedom they fell, though not all in equal degrees: that God was pleased to connect them with grosser materials to prevent their destruction, and, placing them in Adam, to render them capable, subjects of a course of moral and physical discipline, for their recovery to a state of moral holiness and consequent happiness; a system which he is carrying on under all the varieties of dispensation which his wisdom sees proper, to induce them to attach themselves to obedience and holiness, as the objects of their deliberate choice, the rational result of their own experience and conviction, and the only way to the highest felicity of which their natures are capable. This supposition does not appear to be any way inconsistent either with scripture, or what we observe among mankind. When man was placed in Eden, it seems pretty obvious that he was in a situation which needed restraint, and he was put under one, and threatened with death as the consequence of disobedience. His Maker said, it was not good for man to be alone; he needed a help, and God made an help meet for him. These hints may intimate, that man was now placed in a situation where

his propensity to evil was restrained, and death might not be necessary; but when he disobeyed he broke through the restraint, and a change in the mode of discipline became necessary: the evil propensities formerly restrained were now loose, and it became proper that he should be subjected to death. The situation to which Adam had now reduced himself, became also the state of his posterity: their propensities were not under the restraint of his former state, and it became equally proper that they should be subjected to the same discipline under which he was now placed.

"It was now that their various dispositions began to appear, and they still appear in such diversity of mildness and ferocity, of candour and duplicity, of docility and obduracy, of intelligence and stupidity, as has afforded ample room for inquiry and discussion, which seem as far from settling the point as at the beginning; therefore there does not appear any impropriety in assuming a supposition, which seems at least as likely to account for these appearances as any other.

"Admitting then, that men, in their former state, had fallen, but not all to the same extent, we may conceive these various dispositions or propensities to result from the different degrees of malignity which they had acquired in their deviation from their original rectitude; and now that their propensities are broke loose from the restraint under which man was placed in Eden, they show themselves in the various appearances which human nature now exhibits. —It will not be a sufficient answer, to say that these are the fruits of imitation; for it is yet to be shown what were the original patterns for this imitation: nor can we say that God placed a pure spirit in a contaminated body, which should pollute it with moral defilement; for thus we should suppose men morally wicked without any personal agency of their own.

"Another circumstance offers itself to our attention. It will be admitted that suffering is the effect of sin: but we know that infants are subject to various kinds and degrees of suffering, and even to death, while they are yet in a state which appears incapable of transgression. Is there any other supposition which offers a more rational account of the cause of that suffering, considered as a part of moral discipline?

"But it will be said, that infants are incapable of discerning the relation between the cause and the effect, and therefore are not proper subjects of moral discipline. The first is true, but it is a difficulty which presses, at least, as much on any other supposition, and therefore does not peculiarly invalidate what has been supposed above. As to the latter, we cannot pronounce, with certainty, that they may not, even in that state, be subjects of moral discipline."

#### ART. XXIII.

*Two Discourses on the Grounds of the Christian's Hope; containing a brief account of the Work of God's Holy Spirit, in a remarkable revival of Religion in West-Hartford, in the Year 1799. Delivered on the first Sabbath of the Year 1800. By Nathan Perkins, A. M. Pastor of the said Church. 8vo. pp. 62. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1800.*

IT seems that, for more than a year past, there has been an unusual attention to religion among the inhabitants of Hartford and the adjacent towns of Connecticut. The number of converts appears to have been considerable, and their subsequent deportment such as evinced their sincerity. Among the distinguished characters who have given this revival of religion their countenance and support, is the reverend author of these discourses.

The passage of scripture which Mr. P. chose as the subject of discourse, is taken from 1 Peter iii. 15. *But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you; with meekness and fear.* From this passage, Mr. P. as he was naturally led, undertakes to explain the duty pressed on christians by the inspired writer, and then to apply the sub-

place in his congregation the preceding year. This is done at considerable length, and in a perspicuous and systematic manner; in a manner which, if it do not command an entire coincidence of opinion in every reader, must command the respect of every serious christian. We could wish his sketch had been a little more *historical* than it is.

Mr. P. evidently adopts that system of religious opinion usually denominated *Calvinism*. The total depravity of human nature; the divinity and atonement of Christ; the necessity of regeneration; and the reality and necessity of the operations of the Holy Spirit on the heart, are doctrines which he considers as lying at the foundation of all christian exercises, hopes, and obedience.

Mr. P.'s style is serious, dignified, and impressive. It is not always correct; but is sufficiently so to please a candid reader. His reasoning is generally lucid, and his illustrations apposite. He often reminds us of the writings of the puritan divines of the last age; for, although his language is much more polished and modern in its cast than theirs, yet he resembles them not a little in his adherence to many modes of speaking on the subject of practical religion, of which they were very fond, and in his frequent recurrence to scripture quotation. These features, however, form no ground of objection against Mr. P.'s composition with us. We are fond of seeing ministers of the gospel conversant with their *bible*, and familiar with its language.

We have only to add, that we presume these discourses will be read with pleasure by serious christians. Though they will not be viewed by any as models of pulpit eloquence, they will be considered as calculated to do good, and as aff-

place in his congregation the preceding year. This is done at considerable length, and in a perspicuous and systematic manner; in a manner which, if it do not command an entire coincidence of opinion in every reader, must command the respect of every serious christian. We could wish his sketch had been a little more *historical* than it is.

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fording very honourable testimony of the piety and talents of the worthy divine who has given them to the public.

#### ART. XXIV.

*Serious Considerations on the Election of a President: addressed to the Citizens of the United States.* 8vo. pp. 36. New-York. J. Furman. 1800.

**I**T is the design of the author of this performance, to state his reasons why Mr. JEFFERSON ought not to be President of the United States. These reasons are wholly of a religious nature. The writer has, with great sincerity and candour, acknowledged the respect which is due to the intellectual and moral character of Mr. Jefferson, while he urges against him, with great zeal, the weighty charge of infidelity and irreligion.

"To the declarations of disinterestedness and sincerity already made, I think it proper to add, that I have no personal resentment whatever against Mr. Jefferson, and that it is with pain I oppose him; that I never was in his company, and would hardly know him; that I honour him as holding a high office in government; that I admire his talents, and feel grateful for the services which he has been instrumental in rendering to his country; and that my objection to his being promoted to the Presidency is founded singly upon his disbelief of the Holy Scriptures; or, in other words, his rejection of the Christian Religion, and open profession of Deism."

From the last words of the preceding paragraph, we expected to have found some explicit and public declaration of deism by Mr. Jefferson; but no unequivocal and open avowal of his infidelity is stated by our author. It is considered matter of fair deduction, and the evidence by which this accusation is to be supported, is drawn

from the writings and conversation of the accused. In the "Notes on the State of Virginia," in remarking on the appearance of shells and other marine productions on the tops of mountains, Mr. J. rejects the belief of an universal deluge as the cause of this phenomenon; and passes by, unnoticed, the account given in sacred history of that event.

On the question whence the first inhabitants of America originated, Mr. Jefferson is of opinion that there are a variety of languages in America radically different, and "a greater number of those radical changes of language having taken place among the red men of America, proves them of greater antiquity than those of Asia." From certain physical distinctions supposed to exist between the blacks and whites, Mr. Jefferson is led to suspect, or believe, that they were originally distinct races of men, and that mankind could not have all descended from a single pair. These two opinions, founded on a total disregard of the scriptural account of the deluge, and of the creation of man, furnish to the author of these "considerations," satisfactory evidence of the disbelief of Mr. Jefferson in the scriptures as of divine revelation. This inference is further supported by the little importance attached by Mr. Jefferson to the bible, as a book of instruction for children.

The following anecdote, our author believes, puts the *deism* of Mr. Jefferson beyond a doubt.

"After what has been produced, who can refuse his belief of what I shall now relate? When the late Rev. Dr. John B. Smith resided in Virginia, the famous MAZZEI happened one night to be his guest. Dr. Smith having, as usual, assembled his family for their evening devotions, the circumstance occasioned some discourse on religion, in which the Italian made no secret of his infidel principles. In the course of conversation he remark-

ed to Dr. Smith, 'Why, your great philosopher and statesman, Mr. Jefferson, is rather farther gone in infidelity than I am;' and related, in confirmation, the following anecdote; that as he was once riding with Mr. Jefferson, he expressed his 'surprise that the people of this country take no better care of their public buildings.' 'What buildings?' exclaimed Mr. Jefferson. 'Is not that a church?' replied he, pointing to a decayed edifice. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Jefferson. 'I am astonished,' said the other, 'that they permit it to be in so ruinous a condition.' 'It is good enough,' rejoined Mr. Jefferson, 'for him that was born in a manger!' Such a contemptuous fling at the blessed Jesus, could issue from the lips of no other than a deadly foe to his name and his cause.\*

From a passage in the "Notes on the State of Virginia,"† and from a sentiment expressed by Mr. Jefferson in conversation, "that he wished to see a government in which no religious opinions were held, and where the security for property and social order rested entirely on the force of laws," our author is led to ask whether it is not natural to suspect him of atheism? We are somewhat at a loss to know how this is to be reconciled with the open profession of *deism* before charged against him. But the author does not press so harsh a conclusion. His mode of reasoning may be seen in the following passage:

"Putting the most favourable construction upon the words in the Notes, they are extremely reprehensible. Does not the belief influence the practice? How then can it be a matter of indifference what a man believes? The doctrine, that a man's life may be good, let his faith be what it may, is contradictory to reason and the experience of mankind. It is true, that a mere opinion

of my neighbour will do me no injury. Government cannot regulate or punish it. The right of private opinion is inalienable. But let my neighbour once persuade himself that there is no God, and he will soon pick my pocket, and break not only my *leg*, but my *neck*. If there be no God, there is no law; no future account; government then is the ordinance of man only, and we cannot be subject for conscience sake. No colours can paint the horrid effects of such a principle, and the deluge of miseries with which it would overwhelm the human race.

"How strongly soever Mr. Jefferson may reason against the punishment by law of erroneous opinions, even of atheism, they are not the less frightful and dangerous in their consequences. He admits the propriety of rejecting the testimony of an atheist in a court of justice, and of fixing a stigma upon him. Just such a stigma the United States ought to fix upon himself. Though neither the constitution, nor any law forbids his election, yet the public opinion ought to disqualify him. On account of his disbelief of the Holy Scriptures, and his attempts to discredit them, he ought to be rejected from the Presidency. No professed deist, be his talents and acquirements what they may, ought to be promoted to this place by the suffrages of a Christian nation. The greater his talents and the more extensive his acquirements, the greater will be his power, and the more extensive his influence in poisoning mankind."

Having shown what are the religious opinions of Mr. Jefferson, the author proceeds to point out the effects which his election would probably produce. He thinks "it would give us an unfavourable character with foreign nations." But he rejects, with disdain, the idea of suffering our political conduct to be influenced by the desire to court the favour of any nation. "How

\* "This story I had from Dr. Smith more than once, and he told it to, I know not how many. I applied to one gentleman, who I knew had heard it from Dr. Smith, and we agreed in the relation. There is no possibility of contradicting it, except by the improbable supposition that Mazzei told a downright falsehood. Dr. Smith was one of the most faithful, zealous, and successful ministers in all this country. His memory will long be precious to those who knew him."

† Page 169, Philadelphia edition, 1788.



desirable soever a reputation with them may be, unless it is founded on a regard to God and our country, it cannot be solid and lasting." A second and more important consideration, in the view of the writer, is the effects likely to be produced on our own citizens, from the influence of example of the first magistrate possessed of the opinions supposed to be entertained by Mr. Jefferson. Though "no attempts should be made to unsettle religious belief," yet, from the natural disposition of human nature, and the pervading influence of the principles and manners of the higher classes of society, it is thought, that one in the elevated station of President, must shed the rays of his influence on those around him.

The third and last consideration, is the fear of incurring the displeasure of God in the election of one who is "an enemy to the religion of Christ."

The author here enters into an earnest and eloquent expostulation with those whom he supposes to be liable to have their judgments and consciences warped by political views. As this part is too long for quotation, and would suffer by an abridgement, we refer our readers to the pamphlet itself.

The charge here made is of a personal and very serious kind. We have endeavoured to state, impartially, the proof and arguments here adduced in its support. The accusation and evidence have been long before the public, and they are now called upon for their decision. An appeal is made to the *religious conscience* of every elector, and to each it belongs to say whether he will listen to it or not. In the decisions of *that forum*, our interference would be improper and useless. Whether the election of Mr. Jefferson to the presidential chair will be conclusive evidence of the public opinion as to his religion, is, con-

sidering the complexity and inconsistency of human actions, very problematical.

Our author delivers his sentiments with a great appearance of honesty and zeal; a zeal which never leads him into intemperance or abuse. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the truth of his deductions, all will unite in their approbation of the general spirit of moderation and candour he has manifested, and of the purity of those motives by which he professes to be actuated.

The style of this performance is forcible and clear, and the warmth and earnestness of the writer is such as must command the attention of the reader.

#### ART. XXV.

*On the Evils of a weak Government: a Sermon, preached on the General Election, at Hartford, in Connecticut, May 8, 1800. By John Smalley, A. M. Pastor of a Church in Berlin. 8vo. pp. 51. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1800.*

**I**N a plain and familiar mode of argument, Mr. Smalley undertakes to prove, "*that to be under a weak government, is one of the greatest calamities ever sent upon a people.*"

Previous to the illustration of this doctrine, the author points out some of the most common causes of the evil, and detects three sources of governmental inefficiency. In the first place, he says, "the fault may be in the constitution;" secondly, "it may be the fault of those entrusted with its administration;" and, thirdly, "the fault of the people themselves."

The author then draws a picture of the disorders and calamities incident to a nation whose government is not invested with energy. In viewing this picture, however, it might be remarked, that some of

the colours used by Mr. S. are borrowed from a state of anarchy, where there exists no constitutional authority, but where the multitude are left entirely to themselves, without the restraint of law, or the fear of punishment from any superior power. If a feeble system of government, and no government at all, are convertible terms, the representation of Mr. S. may then be correct; but if there be a material difference between them, and if it can be admitted that tranquillity and contentment may possibly attend the one state, while licentiousness and misery are the inevitable concomitants of the other, in that case we should deem the portrait not distinctively delineated.

The author, after establishing his doctrine, proceeds to draw some useful inferences, applicable to our own times, and insists, in the first place, "that the holy scriptures may hence be vindicated in their being so much on the side of government, and no more favourable to the insurrections of the people." And, secondly, "that a ready submission to all those burdens which are necessary for the support of good government, and for national defence, is the wisdom as well as duty of the people."

To those who are prone to grumble at the public expenditures, and who contribute to the maintenance of government with tardy and reluctant hands, Mr. S. offers some very seasonable considerations.—From the observations which he makes on the peculiar advantages of a republican form of government, it is evident that he is neither a monarchist nor an aristocrat, neither a preacher of unconditional submission to self-created power, nor an advocate for a legislative establishment independent of the elective interference of the people. He is of opinion, however, that notwithstanding our political advan-

tages, our prospects, after all, are not very fair or promising. He apprehends that the stability of our union will be subject to the assaults of popular licentiousness; and that the intrigues of the revolutionary spirit will be striving to undermine the strength of government; "and yet," says the author, "how any man, on the least sober reflection, should be willing that our citizens should be under less restraint than they now are, appears almost inconceivable." We are then presented with a picture of Connecticut freedom, which, for the sake of republicanism, we are disposed to believe, is a little larger than the life—in some of its members at least.

"In this State, though not near so free as some, great liberties are enjoyed. We have liberty to do every thing that we ought, and a great many things that we ought not. In matters of religion, our liberties are almost unbounded. We may sell, buy, and read, what books we please: the best, or the most atheistical and blasphemous. We may worship what god we choose: a just God, or one who has no justice for men to fear. Every creature has equal liberty to preach the gospel, and to preach what gospel he thinks proper. Those who persuade men by the terrors of the Lord, to stand in awe, and not sin; and those who embolden men in all manner of iniquity, by assurances of no wrath to come, have equal encouragement. Any people may make the firmest legal contract for the support of what minister they will; and any number, or all of them, may break it when they will. In civil matters, our liberty is a little more circumscribed; yet, in these, we have a good deal of elbow-room to do wrong, as well as right. We may honour all men, or defame the most dignified and worthy characters. We may speak the truth, or assert and propagate falsehoods. Men may fulfil their promises, or not fulfil them; pay their debts, or never pay them, without any restraint, or much danger of compulsion. All these liberties, and a thousand others, if not explicitly by law allowed, are taken, very freely by many, in their worst latitude; and taken with impunity, in a multitude of instances."

Mr. S. then proceeds to give some good advice to Legislatures and Judges, with respect to the prevention of individual injustice and private oppression, and takes occasion to enliven his page with some *figurative* wit, which he adroitly discharges at the bulwarks of judiciary.

"If our judges of courts would keep us from oppressing, or being oppressed, they should cause 'judgment to run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.' They should see that the old complaint in Isaiah, 'Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter,' be not applicable to ourselves. They should see, if possible, that their judgment seats be not environed with so high piles of voluminous fortifications, and such numerous garri-sons, armed at all points, and able to defend any thing, that right can hardly be obtained, in the plainest cause, without a siege, as long, and as costly, as the siege of Troy."

If we may carry on the allusion, and if a little punning may be allowed us (grave gentlemen as we are), we would take the liberty to advise Mr. S. to beware how he shoots his sarcasms at the formidable legions which guard the high and labyrinthine walls of justice; for the punctilious serjeants of the coif may perhaps *take a liking to his person*, and dispatch *Corporal Seizin* to explain to him the nature of their *attachment*.

The author concludes by exhorting ministers of the gospel to exert themselves in instructing the people, and in teaching them "to obey those who have rule over them, and to be cautious how they speak evil of dignities."

The character of this Sermon, in a literary point of view, does not excite admiration. The language, however, although not remarkably elegant, is yet sufficiently correct and perspicuous. The style is popular; and we therefore presume

that it was calculated for general reading. Good citizens, anxious for the support of an energetic government, will readily wish for the prevalence of the doctrines inculcated in this Sermon, and will no doubt approve the mode in which Mr. S. has managed the subject.

## ART. XXVI.

*Eulogium, delivered to a large Concourse of respectable Citizens, at the State-House, in the Town of Dover, on the 22d February, 1800, in Commemoration of the Death of General George Washington. By John Vining, Esq. Published at the request of the Committee of Arrangement, appointed to superintend the Ceremony, and take Order on the solemn Occasion. 8vo, pp. 20. Philadelphia. Ormrod, 1800.*

**W**ITHOUT hesitation, we venture to pronounce this a flimsy performance, where the flights of imagination are not more frequent than the wanderings of extravagance, and where the understanding is often offended, without the consolation of being entertained by the correct and finely wrought pictures of fancy.

The reader will, perhaps, find it difficult to determine, whether this eulogium be the impromptu of a rapid compositor, or the offspring of slow and indefatigable industry; for there are some passages so destitute of elegance and accuracy, that we are inclined to impute them to the hurry of performance; and others so stiff and artificial, as evidently to bespeak the exercise of much labour. The author, however, appears to have written with a determination to be brilliant without the expense of weighty materials; for, in the structure of the ora-

tion, he has been more studious to display tinsel ornament, and figurative conceit, than to lay a solid basis of just sentiment, and elegant conception.

Of all the figures of speech, the *Prosopopoeia* seems to be the favourite of Mr. Vining, and he employs it, in several instances, with more boldness than ingenuity. Eternity is personified, and represented as standing on the shore ready to seize on a sailing trophy; and the rivers of our country are converted into the feminine gender, and endowed with speech.

In poetry, great latitude is allowed to this figure, but in prose composition it must be used with more restriction, or it will frequently lead the author to the brink of ridicule. We think Mr. V. has placed himself in an hazardous situation when he exclaims:

"Yes! the Delaware can tell how he defied her dangers, how he passed her rapid cataracts! How he boldly led his handful of troops to conquest and to fame. The Raritan, that arrested the flying enemy and checked his retreat, swells with pride when she relates how a gallant veteran army retired before him.

"But shall the iron bound Hudson be silent? She who beheld an infant army, like Hercules in his cradle, attacking every foe, and defeated by none. Yes, on her *hardy margin*, in letters never to be erased, is a Washington's glory, and his nation's courage, forever recorded."

The Chesapeake, however, although like the Hudson it cannot write letters on its "*hardy margin*," can yet, like the illiterate Normans of old, signify its assent by applying the seal, thus: "The majestic Chesapeake *sealed* and immortalized his valour."

We are somewhat surprised at Mr. V.'s puerility in quoting, on so grave a subject, the following line.

"None but himself was his parallel."

"This," says Martinus Scrib-

lerus, "is profundity itself, unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who wrote in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

"*This is the greatest elephant in the world except himself.*"

The following idea is too monstrous and gigantic for the grasp of our comprehension.

"Great and sublime, Fate itself could not subdue him."

Mr. V. concludes metaphorically, thus:

"Wonderful man! Immortal hero! thou art gone, but the wide-spreading mantle of sympathy and sorrow, wet with the tears of patriotism and virtue, still remains, and so long as patriotism and virtue hold a place on earth, thy laurels will never fade—thy name will never—never be forgotten."

#### ART. XXVII.

*A Funeral Oration upon the Death of General George Washington. Prepared at the request of the Masonic Lodge No. 14, of Wilmington, State of Delaware, and delivered on St. John the Evangelist's Day, being the 27th of December, anno lucis 5799, and now published at the particular desire of the Lodge. By Gunning Bedford, A. M. 4to. pp. 18. Wilmington. Wilson. 1800.*

ALTHOUGH neither originality of conception, or beauty of style characterize this oration, yet it is in no respect below the level of mediocrity. That every gentleman who is called upon to pronounce a funeral eulogium should possess the abilities of a Grecian or Roman orator, and display all the captivating powers of eloquence, would be an unreasonable expectation. An audience may surely be satisfied when they hear just sentiments conveyed in correct language; and may, with propriety, bestow applause on the

speaker, although their minds may not have been overwhelmed with a torrent of the sublime and pathetic, or their imaginations regaled with the rich flowers of refined oratory.

Criticism, however, is more fastidious in her requisitions; and those orators who challenge her regard, by publishing their speeches, must present her with something more than plain sentiment and accurate composition, or they must not expect to receive those plaudits that are in store only for the genius of sublime and nervous eloquence.

So many orations on the death of Washington have already passed in review before the public, that we feel little disposed to analyze the present one, or to arrest the attention of our readers on a subject which, from its frequency of discussion in this particular mode, has naturally become less interesting to the warmest admirers of that great and excellent character. To show, however, that Mr. Bedford is by no means a cold and inanimate speaker, we cite the following passage, which breathes the fervour of piety, and the ardour of enthusiasm.

"To the character of hero and patriot, this good man added that of christian. All his public communications breathe a pure spirit of piety, a resignation to the will of heaven, and a firm reliance upon the providence of God. In those achievements which redounded most to his reputation, we hear him exclaiming with king David, 'Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be the honour and praise.' Although the greatest man upon earth, he disdained not to humble himself before his God, and to trust in the mercies of Christ. He regularly attended in the temples of the Most High, and joined with his fellow mortals, in paying adoration to the Supreme Governor of the Universe, and in supplicating blessings for his country, and pardon and forgiveness for himself.—For thyself, christian, hero, and patriot! thy prayers have been heard. Thy blessed spirit hath ascended from this terrestrial orb, to mingle with congenial spirits above!

there thou wilt drink of those rivers of joy and gladness, that flow from the right hand of the throne of God! there thou wilt be welcomed by the whole host of heaven!—Oh! that we had angels' wings, that we might follow him, and witness his joyful reception into those blest abodes!—Behold the gates of heaven are thrown wide open! See the band of heroes, and martyrs in their country's cause, rushing out to meet their chief, and welcoming him to immortal glory! See the venerable train of patriots, sages, and statesmen, advancing to bid him hail, to mansions of eternal peace and rest! Angels and archangels, and ten thousand times ten thousand glorified spirits, tune their harps at his approach, and the great vault of heaven resounds with one universal song of 'Hosanna to the Highest!' 'Come, come thou blessed of our Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!'

"Oh! that we may all 'die the death of the righteous, and may our latter end be like his!'

Like many other orators on the same occasion, Mr. B. has drawn a picture of hyperbolical grief, which every one to whom it is exhibited knows to have no resemblance in the scenes of reality. The style of exaggeration is agreeable to the wild extravagance of the poet, but can scarcely become the chaste and sober eulogist, who, at the tomb of acknowledged worth and excellence, is presumed to utter the language of unfeigned sorrow and unbought praise. "Let fiction," says Dr. Johnson, "cease with life; and let us, at least, be serious over the grave."

#### ART. XXVIII.

*A Discourse on General Washington, delivered in the Catholic Church of St. Peter, in Baltimore, February 22, 1800. By the Right Reverend Bishop Carrol. 8vo. pp. 24. Baltimore. Warner and Hanna. 1800.*

THE Bishop of the Roman Catholic church in the United States joins with his clerical bre-

thren of other denominations, in deploring the death, and doing honour to the character of the illustrious Washington. The appearance which he makes in this undertaking, is dignified and agreeable. His composition is plain, sensible, unaffected, and perspicuous. He takes a rapid view of the youth, the unfolding talents, the military achievements, the civil administration, and the private virtues of the hero who is the subject of his discourse, and on each bestows appropriate and merited praise. Amidst the many effusions of extravagance which have been offered to the public on the same subject, the Bishop displays a degree of moderation which must command the respect of every reader. Though he is one of those who decidedly and entirely approve the whole system of Washington's public conduct; and though he forms a high estimate of his truly great mind; yet he in general keeps his eulogium within the bounds of probability and nature. We observe some inaccuracies and inelegances in the language; but we find much more to respect, and to praise, than to blame.

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#### ART. XXIX.

*The Majesty and Mortality of created Gods, illustrated and improved: a Funeral Discourse, delivered at North-Haven, December 29, 1799, on the Death of General George Washington. By Benjamin Trumbull, D. D. Pastor of the Church in North-Haven. 8vo. pp. 31. New-Haven. Read and Morse. 1800.*

THE following passage, from the eighty-second Psalm, is selected as the foundation of this discourse: *I have said ye are Gods:*

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*and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.* Dr. T. in discoursing from these words, undertakes, *first*, to show the majesty of civil rulers; or, that God highly exalts some men in genius, dignity and usefulness, above others: and, *secondly*, that, however highly they may be exalted in office, or in other respects above other men, they are equally with them subject to mortality and all its consequences. After discussing these preliminary heads in a judicious and sensible manner, he makes some practical inferences from the doctrine contained in the text; and concludes with an application of the subject to the life, character, and death of Washington. A number of notes are added, chiefly of the historical kind, designed to throw light on different parts of the discourse, forming, in the whole, a valuable mass of information.

Of the character of this learned and venerable divine, as an author, we have had several times occasion to speak in the course of our monthly criticisms. Our readers will remember that we have uniformly considered him as displaying more erudition, and instructive good sense, in his compositions, than liveliness or elegance. This is the case with respect to the present discourse. We see in it much of the dignified seriousness of the divine, and of the information of the scholar; but little of the ease and grace of the accomplished rhetorician.

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#### ART. XXX.

*A Sermon, delivered before the Military Officers, Apollo Lodge, and a large and respectable number of the Citizens of Troy, (N. Y.) in consequence of the Death of Lieutenant General*

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George Washington. By Jonas Coe, A. M. Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Troy. pp. 16. Troy. Moffit and Co. 1800.

THIS sermon deserves to be respectfully noticed among the numerous productions which have issued from the press on the same subject. The text is taken from ii. Samuel ii. 27. *How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!* After a short and appropriate introduction; Mr. C. proceeds to consider the subject with reference to the venerable man whose death occasioned the address. In doing this, he represents him under distinct heads, as *mighty*—in his personal talents and virtues—in his public transactions and achievements—and in his private character and life. The discourse is then concluded, with several practical inferences.

Mr. C. writes with considerable animation. The sketch which he gives of the character of Washington, is brief and rapid. His admiration of that stupendous man is ardent and unbounded; and his mode of delineating his talents and virtues, savours more of the fervour of oratory, than of a disposition to weigh and discriminate with accuracy. But while he paints, in glowing colours, human excellence, he does not forget that serious and becoming reference to the divine agency in all earthly greatness, to which religion demands our continual attention.

Though this will not be classed with the first rate publications on the same subject, it will still occupy a very respectable place in the list.

#### ART. XXXI.

*A History of the life and death, virtues and exploits of Gen. George*

Washington: *Faithfully taken from authentic Documents, and now, in a third edition, improved, respectfully offered to the perusal of his Countrymen, as also of all others who wish to see Human Nature in its most finished form.* By the Rev. M. L. Weems, of Lodge No. 50. Dumfries. 8vo. pp. 84. Philadelphia. Bioren. 1800.

WE should be prompted to laugh at the freaks of this harmless oddity, if it were possible to be amused by the strange combinations of any literary antic, when connected with the venerable name of *Washington*. It is to be regretted that the precious fabric of his character should be touched by rude and disordered hands. But folly is ever ready with the plea of good intention, and wonders that what is well meant should be received with anger or disgust. This rev. author has the merit of good intention, and we see nothing in his performance but what manifests a sincere regard to morality and religion. It is a proof, however, of the good disposition, rather than the *good taste* of the people, that he is encouraged to print a *third* edition of such strange effusions.

Our readers would be greatly diverted by the style of this writer, were we to indulge in quotations, but we shall no farther extend our notice of this whimsical production, than by assuring them, that the very singular *title page* is followed by a more singular *dedication*, which is succeeded by *eighty* pages of as entertaining and edifying matter as can be found in the annals of fanaticism and absurdity. The whole of this heterogeneous compound is concluded by an *epitaph* on the *living* and the *dead*, the language of which has been taken from some country church yard.

## ART. XXXII.

*An Eulogy on George Washington. Delivered January 14, 1800, before the Inhabitants of the Town of Roxbury, at the request of their Committee, and published in compliance with their wishes. By Eliphalet Porter, one of the Ministers of said Town. 8vo. pp. 22. Boston. Manning and Loring. 1800.*

**W**E may apply the author's own language to his own performance, and say with propriety, that he has "selected with judgment, and related with impartial truth, and dignified simplicity, the principal incidents, transactions, and events of the life" of Washington.

## ART. XXXIII.

*An Oration, delivered to the Citizens of Burlington, on the 22d of February, 1800, in commemoration of*

*General George Washington. By William Griffith, Esq. To which is added, a Prayer on the same occasion. By Charles H. Wharton, D. D. and Rector of St. Mary's Church in that City. 8vo. pp. 21. Trenton. Craft. 1800.*

**M**R. GRIFFITH, in this oration, has acquitted himself handsomely. It contains some ingenious remarks, arrayed in language by no means inelegant, which indicate a cultivated mind, and a correct taste.

The subjoined prayer disappointed us. To inform the Deity what Washington had *expressly declared* in his farewell address, appears to us, as do several other things in this short composition, as a singular style for prayer. Accustomed, as we have been, to think highly of the talents and learning of Dr. Wharton, we expected to find more of the unaffected simplicity of devotion in an address of this kind.

## S E L E C T I O N S.

*Extract of a Letter, dated New-York, October, 1798, from Daniel McKinnen, Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Major ———, giving an account of the Country South of Lake Ontario.*

**T**HE country through which I travelled, extends west of the sources of the Mohawk River, along the southern shore of Lake Ontario,\* to the stream which connects it with Lake Erie, and forms the boundary of Upper Canada. Ten years ago it was, for the most part, a vast unexplored forest, affording sustenance to a few tribes of wandering Indians. To behold what it has become in this short interval of

time, may be an object of some interest and curiosity; without, therefore, attempting to elevate the subject by fanciful description, I will endeavour to give you a faithful and accurate picture of the country which I have just visited, having previously submitted my remarks to the inspection of some of its most respectable inhabitants. From the account of an intelligent traveller who took this journey about six years ago, some idea may be formed of its state at that recent period of time.—"The road," says he, "is little better than an Indian path—we found only a few straggling huts from ten to twenty miles from each

\* Called Cadaraquai by the Indians.



other, affording nothing but the conveniency of fire and a kind of shelter from the snow." *Description of the Genesee country,—Printed at Albany, 1798.*

I left *Fort Schuyler*, a small town situated near the western extremity of the Mohawk River, in the beginning of October, 1798. We proceeded over a gentle rising from the beautiful shore of the Mohawk, screened on the south by an elevated range of hills, through a country, which, for twelve miles affords a striking proof of what may be effected by the industry of ten years. The settlement here, called *New-Hartford*, exhibits a continuation of handsome farms on each side of the western road, with neat and convenient dwelling houses, and the appearance of all those comforts which are the first rewards of agricultural labour. There was nothing to indicate what is called a new country, but the standing forest which appeared about a quarter or half a mile from us on each side, in the rear of the farms, and the numerous stumps and burnt trunks of trees which had been destroyed.

Our course lay through a tract of land named *the Oneida Reservation*, near the centre of which lies a village, the present castle or chief residence of the Oneida Indians. The whole of the country which I am about to describe was formerly the territory of the six Indian nations, called by the French writers, the *Iroquois*. They were the original lords of the major part of the State of New-York, and held subject to them many inferior and tributary tribes or communities. From the earliest and most authentic accounts, it appears that nearly two hundred years ago, they were in possession of all the present State of New-York lying west of the Hudson or North River. The Mohawks (who

now reside in Upper Canada), at the first discovery of this country, were settled along the south banks of that interesting river, which will probably bear their name much longer than the existence of their race. The Oneidas; another band of the confederates, make this reservation their chief residence; the rest, the Onondagos, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras, inhabit various spots to the westward. Of the exact time when their league (denominated by the Indians *the strong house*) originated, we have no certain account. The Mohawks are acknowledged to be the eldest of the confederate tribes; the Senecas and Onondagos have the next, and, I believe, equal claims to seniority: the rest are properly the younger tribes. Their languages, though not precisely similar, have been considered as dialects of one radical tongue. These nations, from the part they have acted in the British and French contentions for territory in America, and, lastly, in the revolutionary war, will be entitled to some notice by the future historians of this country. In general, the Indians inhabiting the United States, according to their traditions, have come from the West. It is probable, I think, that the ancestors of the Six Nations crossed the Mississippi, and first inhabited some part of the Carolinas.\*—But to resume my journey.—We entered on the Oneida Reservation, now for the most part belonging to the State of New-York, about an hour before sun-set. I was amusing myself in the contemplation of a fine colonnade of the stems of majestic trees, which line a road from forty to seventy feet wide, when we were overtaken by darkness; and we had the fatigue of spending a great part of the night in the woods, labouring with the difficulties of our way over an

\* See Barton's *New Views of the Origin of the Tribes and Nations of America*, published at Philadelphia, 1798.

almost impassable clayey soil. In the midst of the night we passed through the Oneida village, and I deferred any examination of it till my return. The Oneidas have made some faint advances to civilization, as might be expected from their vicinity to the European settlers. Their *castle* (as it is termed) is quite a picturesque village. It lies on the north side, near the foot of a high range of sylvan hills, and first presents the eye of the traveller, as he emerges from the woods, with a few cultivated spots of corn, backed by a grove of pines and white poplars. Their huts, covered with bark, are scattered over a large green of uneven ground, watered by a clear rivulet, and surrounded by a slight wooden fence. It wears an air of novelty in some slight particulars, which, to a person who has lived all his life within the pale of civilized society, is extremely curious and interesting. I had understood it was their custom to protect their dwelling places with palisadoes, in resemblance of the block-houses surrounded with stockades, which were erected as places of safety and retreat in most of our early settlements. But the Indians of these parts have now entirely neglected the habits and study of war.

From Oneida we continued our course through the woods, and over the Canasaga Creek, running towards the Oneida Lake, to the confines of the next settlements, called the military bounty lands. Here we were gratified by the sight of the growing labours of those enterprising emigrants who have recently established themselves on their farms. The progress of every settler is nearly the same. The first year he begins with clearing a small spot of ground, on which he erects a temporary dwelling of the logs of wood. He then proceeds to destroy the trees by felling them, ringing the barks, and burning the

bodies and branches when they become dry. His cattle in the meanwhile find subsistence in the woods. After a few years, if his neighbourhood should be industrious, he finds himself in another state of existence. The woody country becomes converted into open fields. He generally is enabled, with the assistance of a saw-mill, to complete his barn and a farm house for his habitation. He lays out his garden, and commands all the conveniences of life. The length of time in which this is effected, by ordinary exertion, depends a great deal, as may be supposed, upon the quantity, size, and quality of the timber. The oak is easily subdued; but the beech, which abounds in this part of the country, demands a much greater proportion of time and labour in its demolition. It is remarkable that the New-England farmers select their lands in the heavily-timbered beechen tracts, which are generally best suited to pasture. The Pennsylvanians almost uniformly give a preference to the dry and light soil, in which the oak predominates, and which is preferred for the cultivation of grain. In the military tract we found, on the road side, numerous instances of families in the first stage of settlement; in other places they had advanced much further in their labours; and examples were not wanting, particularly in the district of Manlius, of some complete and respectable farms.

In speaking of the military bounty lands, I must give you a short account of some respectable brethren in arms, who were the first proprietors of this tract. At the conclusion of the revolutionary war, the State of New-York, finding itself indebted to the valiant authors of its independence, in a sum to which its pecuniary resources were unequal, had recourse to the expedient of satisfying them by a grant of lands, which had been derived by

a purchase from the Six Nations. For this purpose, the territory extending from the sources of the Susquehanna to the shore of Lake Ontario, and from the Canasaraga stream to the Seneca Lake, was divided into twenty-eight townships, bearing the names of some of the more distinguished heroes, poets, and philosophers. Each township was subdivided into 100 lots of 600 acres each, and distributed amongst the army, from the soldiers to the general officers, in proportion to their rank. Some, indeed, of the officers, had the magnanimity to refuse any compensation for their services; and many of the poor soldiers who accepted of it, considering the property in so remote a country as little better than lands in the moon, were the dupes of speculators, who made a juster estimate of its future value. Being shifted from hand to hand, and undergoing in many instances repeated sales by the same or fictitious claimants, this tract continues a fruitful source of litigation and fraud. Our first entry on this classic ground, was towards the waist of *Manlius*, the great defender of the Capitol, from whom we were to proceed over *Marcellus* and *Arucilius*, to the great grandsire *Romulus*. As I lay upon a bed much fatigued in coping with the clay of the venerable *Manlius*, I was amused to overhear an equivocal in the next room—a Connecticut emigrant, relating his travels in the southern townships, in conversation round the fire, observed that he had been all through *Tully*, *Locke*, and *Virgil*; “and I now,” said he, “intend to go over *Homer*, which will not take me above two or three days.” The Secretary of State, or whoever planted these hard names in the wilderness, had but a superficial acquaintance, one may suspect, with the originals; for neither *Dryden*, *Milton*, nor *Ovid*, was ever distin-

guished as an example by any of the attributes of heroism. *Galen* may be admitted to designate the lands of the surgeons of the army; but *Tully* and *Cicero* (who are here made distinct persons), when united, were not worth a joint of *Alexander* or *Achilles*, who were entitled, I should have thought, to a sief a-piece, as tenants in capite of ancient renown.

I cannot but admire the great labour which has been employed in cutting a road through this hilly and heavily-timbered country: and, indeed, to the honour of some distinguished gentlemen of liberal and enlarged minds, it must be mentioned, that the justness and the grandeur of their schemes, in promoting the settlement of this western country, has given a direction to the labour employed in its cultivation, which is perhaps without example in the success and rapidity of its progress. The passage of the intended road, is generally from thirty to sixty feet wide, and, for the most part, in a direct line. From some points of view, looking before or behind, you perceive a lengthening aperture through the wood for several miles; and, in the valleys and swampy places, long-extended causeways, on which infinite labour has been bestowed.

The land, after we crossed the Canasaraga, appeared gradually rising till we reached the vicinity of the military tract, and then became mountainous and uneven. Unfortunately, from an ignorance of the spots where it was visible through the trees, we lost a view of the Oneida Lake, which lay stretched at a considerable distance to the north-east. The first water we discovered, was the *Onondago* or Salt Spring Lake, adjoining the Seneca River, which shortly after assumes the name of Oswego, and runs into Lake Ontario. We saw this Lake, surrounded with luxuri-

ant woods, making a picturesque object in perspective, from an eminence above what is called the Onondaga hollow. From an interesting memoir communicated by Mr. Benjamin De Witt to the "Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts, and Manufactures of the State of New-York," it appears that he found the principal salt springs issued from a marsh on a solid bed of calcareous rocks in the vicinity of the Lake; the bottom of which has a whitish appearance. Mr. De Witt obtained from half a pint of the salt water, five hundred and fifty-one grains, or about one ounce and a quarter avoirdupois of salt, twenty-six grains of calcareous earth (lime), and a minute proportion of vitriolic acid, probably united with the fossil alkali, in form of Glauber's salt. The present proceeds of the different salt-works may be estimated at six thousand bushels per annum.

The Onondago Indians, from the etymology of this word in their language, are so denominated from their residence on a marsh at the foot of a mountain, which is the description of the Onondago hollow. This hollow, or vale, surrounded by large elevated hills, where about one hundred of their tribe still reside, is famous in the history of the confederate nations, for having been the seat of their Councils. They have sixty or seventy acres of cleared land at their castle: but soon, like the Mohawks and the Oneidas, they will leave, in the spots which they have inhabited, no other trace of their existence than a name. We proceeded through *Aurelius* and *Marcellus*, now richly painted with the variety of autumnal dyes, in which the scarlet of the maple, and the yellow of the beech were remarkably conspicuous, and after crossing the outlets of *Ostisco*, *Shaneatetes*, and *Owasgo* lakes, which unite with the Os-

wego river, we arrived at the *Cayuga*. You may imagine what a happy relief it afforded the eye, long pent up by surrounding woods, to take a glance over a beautiful expanse of water, mingling in blue perspective with the horizontal sky. The shores of this lake are generally level, and there is an air of pleasing tranquillity in the scenery of its borders. On our return we crossed it in a calm night, when the image of the moon, reflected in its beautiful mirror fringed with the dark shadows of the sylvan banks, presented a picture that entranced us in meditation. The bottom of this lake is muddy, and affords nourishment to very fine eels. Salmon-trout, and various other fish, are caught in it. Amongst the extraordinary exertions of its inhabitants, for which this part of the State is distinguished, it is now in agitation to lay a bridge over the Cayuga lake, towards its northern extremity, where the passage is nearly a mile in extent. The depth of the water does not exceed eight or ten feet on this end of the lake; but to the south, where the land is more elevated, it is not less than eighty fathoms. It is remarkable to an inhabitant of the southern parts of the State, who has been accustomed to the fine pure exhilarating influence of the north-west winds on the atmosphere, that in this quarter they are generally fraught with rain. This is the case also on the Mohawk river, and it may be ascribed to the vicinity of Lake Ontario, from whose exhalations a vapour is precipitated as the wind directs. On the western side of Lake Ontario, I found also that the easterly winds generally produced rain.

Having been ferried by a venerable major over the Cayuga, we again entered into the woods; and, crossing the outlet of a green stream from the Lake, proceeded towards Geneva. I was sensibly struck at

various times on my way with odorous effluvia from some unknown quarters, which I could have fancied as the mingled and concentrated essences of the whole vegetable world around us—for a world it truly seemed whenever we could take a retrospective or bird's eye view of the country. It was one immense interminable forest—*cælum undique et undique sylva*—at this season of the year most beautifully adorned with a variety of colours. It has been observed, that the winters to the west of the Cayuga Lake, are milder than on the eastern side. This, amongst other causes, may be owing as well to a difference in the soil, which becomes more light and dry to the westward, as to a diminution of the quantity of wood.

Geneva is situated on an eminence at the north-west end of the Seneca Lake: on its most commanding point of elevation stands a fine and spacious hotel, which would be worthy of the meridian of Europe. This Lake, formerly called the Conodasago, derives its present appellation from the Seneca Indians, who have inhabited these parts, and are now the most numerous and respectable tribe of the Six Nations. The town on its bank, has been called Geneva, from a resemblance, in point of situation, to the city which bears the same name in Europe. Its situation, with respect to the body and shape of the water, may afford some similitude; but I saw nothing to correspond with the bold and snow-capt mountains of Meillerai, none of the picturesque and shelving banks of the Pays de Vaud. The character of its scenery bears no stronger resemblance to any thing I have seen, than the level and woody margins of the Cayuga. I observed, as I walked the shore, an astonishing

number of bones and organised substances, in a petrified state. A valuable salt spring, I have been informed, has lately been discovered near Geneva.

The next lake we reached was the *Canadarquai*, which lies sixteen miles to the westward of Geneva. The southern extremity of this, and of all the northern communications or fountains of Lake Ontario, as well as of that great Lake itself, affords the deepest water. The *Canadarquai* has been sounded to the south with a line of one hundred and twenty fathoms, without reaching its bottom. It is backed on that quarter by a range of high and picturesque mountains. The beautiful little town of *Canadarquai*, rising on a gentle acclivity from the bottom of the lake, presented to us a sight as unexpected as reviving. It consists of one street about three quarters of a mile long, not only remarkable for the neatness of its dwelling houses, but for some embellishments of architecture and taste. We visited a sulphureous spring, about ten miles distant from *Canadarquai*, with which the air is impregnated at a considerable distance. It deposits a great quantity of pure brimstone, and forms many curious stalactites on the earthy bed from whence it issues.

The ground of which I am now speaking, and which, in a circumference of some thousand miles, comprehends an infinite number of great and minor Lakes, is the highest on the continent of North America. To this, as a common centre, may be traced the sources of the St. Lawrence, Hudson, and Mississippi, and of the rivers which flow into Hudson's Bay, and thro' the north-western continent,\* radiating in almost opposite directions. Whatever may be the cause of a superabundance of water in this

\* According to Mr. M'Kenzie, who has traced them to the Ocean.

Elevated country, it certainly, I think, has diminished, and probably will continue to diminish, in quantity. It is sufficiently proved, I believe, that in Europe and Asia, the waters have in many places gradually left the surface of the globe: strong appearances also serve to justify an opinion, that many parts of this State have been originally covered with water. The Mohawk River, which descends above an hundred miles to its confluence with the Hudson, probably derived its origin from the desiccation of some considerable lakes. It runs in its whole extent between two ranges of mountains, which leave an intermediate vale of level rich lands, except where the Highlands unite at a place called the Little Falls. Here the water descends twenty feet in a cataract. The rocks on both sides of the river, are perfectly composed, and in horizontal layers; but at the Little Falls, or straits of the mountains, the masses of granite incline towards the bed of the river, and exhibit manifest evidences of having sunk from some external pressure, or from the removal of their original substratum. At a considerable height on the shore, above the Falls, the rocks appear much worn, and fretted into holes by the action of water; and in digging the canal which has been lately made there, large bodies \* of trees were dug up at the depth of twenty feet below the surface of the earth. Similar appearances also lead to a conclusion that the waters of the Genesee River, which issue in cataracts into Lake Ontario, were once also embanked on the south shore, and that the extensive flats on each side of the river constituted the bottom of a lake.

From Canadarquai we proceeded

through a cultivated country, settled principally by natives of Connecticut, to the Genesee or Chenesco River, and arrived there at the limits of the inhabited country. The region, extending west, inclosed between the great western lakes Erie and Ontario, the Genesee River on the east, and the sources of the Allegheny on the south, bears yet all the wild and primeval features of nature.

(To be continued.)

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*The following Essay on PREJUDICE is extracted from the Monthly Magazine of London. It is No. xx. of an interesting periodical paper stiled the ENQUIRER. It is so worthy of attention, that we presume our readers will be pleased with its insertion entire.*

#### ON PREJUDICE.

IT is to speculative people, fond of novel doctrines, and who, by accustoming themselves to make the most fundamental truths the subject of discussion, have divested their minds of that reverence which is generally felt for opinions and practices of long standing, that the world is ever to look for its improvement or reformation. But it is also these speculatists who introduce into it absurdities and errors more gross than any which have been established by that common consent of numerous individuals, which opinions long acted upon must have required for their basis. For systems of the latter class must, at least, possess one property,—that of being practicable; and there is likewise a presumption that they are, or, at least, originally were useful, whereas the opinions of the speculatist may turn out to be utterly incongruous and

\* I do not mention this as a singular phenomenon; for it has occurred in various places.

eccentric. The speculatist may invent machines which it is impossible to put in action, or which, when put in action, may possess the tremendous power of tearing up society by the roots. Like the chemist, he is not sure in the moment of projection, whether he shall blow up his own dwelling, and that of his neighbour, or whether he shall be rewarded with a discovery which will secure the health, and prolong the existence of future generations. It becomes us, therefore, to examine with peculiar care those maxims, which, under the appearance of following a closer train of reasoning, militate against the usual practices or genuine feelings of mankind. No subject has been more canvassed than education. With regard to that important object, there is a maxim avowed by many sensible people, which seems to me to deserve particular investigation: Give your child," it is said, "no prejudices: let reason be the only foundation of his opinions; where he cannot reason, let him suspend his belief. Let your great care be, that as he grows up he has nothing to unlearn; and never make use of authority in matters of opinion, for authority is no test of truth." The maxim sounds well, and flatters perhaps the secret pride of man, in supposing him more the creature of reason than he really is; but, I suspect, on examination we shall find it exceedingly fallacious. We must first consider what a *prejudice* is. A prejudice is a sentiment in favour or disfavour of any person, practice, or opinion, previous to, and independent of, examining their merits by reason and investigation. Prejudice is pre-judging; that is, judging previously to evidence. It is therefore sufficiently apparent, that no *philosophical belief* can be founded on mere prejudice; because it is the business of philosophy to go deep into the nature and properties

of things; nor can it be allowable for *those* to indulge prejudice who aspire to lead the public opinion; those to whom the high office is appointed of sifting truth from error, of canvassing the claims of different systems, of exploding old and introducing new tenets. These must investigate with a kind of audacious boldness every subject that comes before them; these, neither impressed with awe for all that mankind have been taught to reverence, nor swayed by affection for whatever the sympathies of our nature incline us to love, must hold the balance with a severe and steady hand, while they are weighing the doubtful scale of probabilities; and, with a stoical apathy of mind, yield their assent to nothing but a preponderancy of evidence. But is this an office for a child? Is it an office for more than one or two men in a century? And is it desirable that a child should grow up without opinions to regulate his conduct, till he is able to form them fairly by the exercise of his own abilities? Such an exercise requires at least the sober period of matured reason: reason not only sharpened by argumentative discussion, but informed by experience. The most sprightly child can only possess the former; for let it be remembered, that though the reasoning powers put forth pretty early in life, the faculty of using them to effect does not come till much later. The first efforts of a child in reasoning, resemble those quick and desultory motions by which he gains the play of his limbs; they show agility and grace, they are pleasing to look at, and necessary for the gradual acquirement of his bodily powers; but his joints must be knit into more firmness, and his movements regulated with more precision, before he is capable of useful labour and manly exertion. A reasoning child is not yet a rea-

sonable being. There is great propriety in the legal phraseology which expresses maturity, not by having arrived at the possession of reason, but of that power, the late result of information, thought, and experience—*discretion*, which alone teaches with regard to *reason*, its powers, its limits, and its use. This, the child of the most sprightly parts cannot have, and therefore his attempts at reasoning, whatever acuteness they may show, and how much soever they may please a parent with the early promise of future excellence, are of no account whatever in the sober search after truth. Besides, taking it for granted (which, however, is utterly impossible) that a youth could be brought up to the age of fifteen or sixteen, without prejudice in favour of any opinions whatever, and that he is then set to examine for himself some important proposition, how is he to set about it? Who is to recommend books to him? Who is to give him the previous information necessary to comprehend the question? Who is to tell him whether or not it is important? Whoever does these, will infallibly lay a bias upon his mind according to the ideas he himself has received upon the subject. Let us suppose the point in debate was the preference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant modes of religion. Can a youth in a Protestant country, born of Protestant parents, with access, probably, to hardly a single controversial book on the Roman Catholic side of the question; can such a one study the subject without prejudice? His knowledge of history, if he has such knowledge, must, according to the books he has read, have already given him a prejudice on the one side or the other; so must the occasional conversation he has been witness to, the appellations he has heard used, the tone of voice with

which he has heard the words monk or priest pronounced, and a thousand other evanescent circumstances. It is likewise to be observed, that every question of any weight and importance has numerous dependencies and points of connection with other subjects, which make it impossible to enter upon the consideration of it without a great variety of previous knowledge. There is no object of investigation perfectly insulated; we must not conceive, therefore, of a man's sitting down to it with a mind perfectly new and untutored; he must have passed more or less through a course of studies, and, according to the colour of those studies, his mind will have received a tincture, that is, a prejudice. But it is, in truth, the most absurd of all suppositions, that a human being can be educated, or even nourished and brought up, without imbibing numberless prejudices from every thing which passes around him: a child cannot learn the signification of words without receiving ideas along with them; he cannot be impressed with affection to his parents and those about him, without conceiving a predilection for their tastes, opinions, and practices. He forms numberless associations of pain or pleasure, and every association begets a prejudice; he sees objects from a particular spot, and his views of things are contracted or extended according to his position in society: as no two individuals can have the same horizon, so neither can any two have the same associations; and different associations will produce different opinions, as necessarily as, by the laws of perspective, different distances will produce different appearances of visible objects.

Let us confess a truth, humiliating, perhaps, to human pride: a very small part only of the opinions of the coolest philosopher, are the



result of fair reasoning; the rest are formed by his education, his temperament, by the age in which he lives, by trains of thought directed to a particular track through some accidental association; in short, by *prejudice*. But why, after all, should we wish to bring up children without prejudices? A child has occasion to act long before he can reason. Shall we leave him destitute of all the principles that should regulate his conduct till he can discover them by the strength of his own genius? If it were possible that one whole generation could be brought up without prejudices, the world must return to the infancy of knowledge, and all the beautiful fabric which has been built up by successive generations, must be begun again from the very foundation. Your child has a claim to the advantages of your experience, which it would be cruel and unjust to deprive him of. Will any father say to his son, "My dear child, you are entering upon a world full of intricate and perplexed paths, in which many miss their way, to their final misery and ruin. Amidst many false systems, and much vain science, there is also some true knowledge; there is a right path. I believe I know it, for I have the advantage of years and experience, but I will instil no prejudices into your mind; I shall therefore leave you to find it out as you can: whether your abilities are great or small, you must take the chance of them. There are various systems in morals; I have examined and found some of a good, others of a bad tendency. There is such a thing as religion; many people think it the most important concern of life: perhaps I am one of them: perhaps I have chosen from amidst the various systems of belief, many of which are extremely absurd, and some even pernicious, that which I cherish as the guide of my life, my comfort

in all my sorrows, and the foundation of my dearest hopes: but far be it from me to influence you in any manner to receive it. When you are grown up, you must read all the books upon these subjects which you can lay your hands on; for neither in the choice of these would I presume to prejudice your mind. Converse with all who pretend to any opinions upon the subject; and, whatever happens to be the result, you must abide by it. In the mean time, concerning these important objects, you must keep your mind in a perfect equilibrium. It is true, you want these principles more now than you can do at any other period of your life, but I had rather you never had them at all, than that you should not come fairly by them."

Should we commend the wisdom or the kindness of such a parent? The parent will perhaps plead in his behalf, that it is by no means his intention to leave the mind of his child in the uncultivated state I have supposed. As soon as his understanding begins to open, he means to discuss with him these propositions on which he wishes him to form an opinion. He will make him read the best books on the subject, and, by free conversation and explaining the arguments on both sides, he does not doubt but the youth will soon be enabled to judge satisfactorily for himself. I have no objection to make against this mode of proceeding: as a mode of *instruction*, it is certainly a very good one; but he must know little of human nature, who thinks that after this process, the youth will be really in a capacity of judging for himself, or that he is less under the dominion of prejudice than if he had received the same truths from the mere authority of his parent; for, most assuredly, the arguments on either side will not have been set before him with equal strength.

or with equal warmth. The persuasive tone, the glowing language, the triumphant retort, will all be reserved for the side on which the parent has formed his own conclusions. It cannot be otherwise: he cannot be convinced himself of what he thinks a truth, without wishing to convey that conviction, nor without thinking all that can be urged on the other side weak and futile. He cannot, in a matter of importance, neutralize his feelings: perfect impartiality can be the result only of indifference. He does not, perhaps, seem to dictate, but he wishes gently to guide his pupil, and that wish is seldom disappointed. The child adopts the opinion of his parent, and seems, to himself, to have adopted it from the decisions of his own judgment; but all these reasonings must be gone over again, and these opinions undergo a fiery ordeal, if ever he comes really to think and determine for himself.

The fact is, that no man, whatever his system may be, refrains from instilling prejudices into his child in any matter he has much at heart. Take a disciple of Rousseau, who contends that it would be very pernicious to give his son any ideas of a Deity, till he is of an age to read Clarke or Leibnitz, and ask him if he waits so long to impress on his mind the sentiments of patriotism—the civic affection. O no! you will find his little heart is early taught to beat at the very name of liberty, and that, long before he is capable of forming a single political idea, he has entered with warmth into all the party sentiments and connections of his parent. He learns to love and hate, to venerate or despise, by rote, and he soon acquires decided opinions, of the real ground of which he can know absolutely nothing. Are not ideas of female honour and decorum impressed first as prejudices; and would any parent wish they

should be so much as canvassed till the most settled habits of propriety have rendered it safe to do it? In teaching first by prejudice that which is afterwards to be proved, we do but follow nature. Instincts are the prejudices she gives us; we follow them implicitly, and they lead us right; but it is not till long afterwards that reason comes and justifies them. Why should we scruple to lead a child to right opinions in the same way by which nature leads him to right practices.

Still it will be urged that man is a rational being, and, therefore, reason is the only true ground of belief, and authority is not reason. This point requires a little discussion. That he who receives a truth upon authority has not a reasonable belief, is, in one sense, true, since he has not drawn it from the result of his own inquiries; but in another it is certainly false, since the authority itself may be to him the best of all reasons for believing it. There are few men, who, from the exercise of the best powers of their minds, could derive so good a reason for believing a mathematical truth, as the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. There are two principles deeply implanted in the mind of man, without which he could never attain knowledge; curiosity, and credulity; the former to lead him to make discoveries himself, the latter to dispose him to receive knowledge from others. The credulity of a child to those who cherish him, is, in early life, unbounded. This is one of the most useful instincts he has, and is, in fact, a precious advantage put into the hands of the parent for storing his mind with ideas of all kinds. Without this principle of assent he could never gain, even the rudiments of knowledge. He receives it, it is true, in the shape of prejudice, but the prejudice itself is founded upon sound reasoning, and conclusive

though imperfect experiment. He finds himself weak, helpless, and ignorant; he sees in his parent a being of knowledge and powers more than his utmost capacity can fathom; almost a God to him. He has often done him good, therefore he believes he loves him; he finds him capable of giving him information upon all the subjects he has applied to him about; his knowledge seems unbounded, and his information has led him right, whenever he has had occasion to try it by actual experiment; the child does not draw out his little reasonings into a logical form, but this is to him a ground of belief, that his parent knows every thing, and is infallible. Though the proposition is not exactly true, it is sufficiently so for him to act upon; and when he believes in his parent with implicit faith, he believes upon grounds as truly rational, as when, in after life, he follows the deductions of his own reason.

But you will say, "I wish my son may have nothing to *unlearn*; and therefore I would have him wait to form an opinion till he is able to do it on solid grounds." And why do you suppose he will have less to unlearn if he follows his own reason than if he followed yours? If he thinks, if he inquires, he will no doubt have a great deal to unlearn, whichever course you take with him; but it is better to have some things to unlearn, than to have nothing learnt. Do you hold your own opinions so loosely, so hesitatingly, as not to think them safer to abide by than the first results of his stammering reason? Are there no truths to learn so indubitable as to be without fear of their not approving themselves to his mature and well-directed judgment? Are there none you esteem so useful as to feel anxious that he be put in possession of them? We are solicitous not

only to put our children in a capacity of acquiring their daily bread, but to bequeath to them riches which they may receive as an inheritance. Have you no mental wealth you wish to transmit, no stock of ideas he may begin with, instead of drawing them all from the labour of his own brain? If, moreover, your son should not adopt your prejudices, he will certainly adopt those of other people; or, if on subjects of high interest he *could* be kept totally indifferent, the consequence would be, that he would conceive either that such matters were not worth the trouble of inquiry, or that nothing satisfactory was to be learnt about them: for there are negative prejudices as well as positive.

Let parents, therefore, not scruple to use the power God and nature have put into their hands for the advantage of their offspring. Let them not fear to impress them with prejudices for whatever is fair and honourable in action, whatever is useful and important in systematic truth. Let such prejudices be wrought into the very texture of the soul. Such truths let them appear to know by intuition. Let the child never remember the period when he did not know them. Instead of sending him to that cold and hesitating belief which is founded on the painful and uncertain consequences of late investigation, let his conviction of all the truths you deem important be mixed up with every warm affection of his nature, and identified with his most cherished recollections: the time will come soon enough when his confidence in you will have received a check. The growth of his own reason, and the development of his powers, will lead him, with a sudden impetus, to examine every thing, to canvass every thing, to suspect every thing. If he finds, as he certainly will find, the results

of his reasoning different in some respects from those you have given him, far from being now disposed to receive your assertions as proofs, he will rather feel disinclined to any opinion you profess, and struggle to free himself from the net you have woven about him.

The calm repose of his mind is broken; the placid lake is become turbid, and reflects distorted and broken images of things; but be not you alarmed at the new workings of his thoughts, it is the angel of reason which descends and troubles the waters. To endeavour to influence by authority, would be as useless now as it was salutary before. Lie by in silence, and wait the result. Do not expect the mind of your son is to resemble yours, as your figure is reflected by the image in the glass: he was formed, like you, to use his own judgment; and he claims the high privilege of his nature. His reason is mature; his mind must now form itself. Happy must you esteem yourself, if, amidst all lesser differences of opinion, and the wreck of many of your favourite ideas, he still preserves those radical and primary truths which are essential to his happiness, and which different trains of thought, and opposite modes of investigation, will very often equally lead to.

Let it be well remembered that we have only been recommending those prejudices which go before reason, not those which are contrary to it. To endeavour to make children, or others over whom we have influence, receive systems which we do not believe, merely because it is convenient to ourselves that they should believe them, though a very fashionable practice, makes no part of the discipline we plead for. These are not prejudices, but impositions. We may also grant

that nothing should be received as a prejudice, which can be easily made the subject of experiment. A child may be allowed to find out for himself that boiling water will scald his fingers, and mustard bite his tongue; but he must be *prejudiced* against rats-bane, because the experiment would be too costly. In like manner it may do him good to have experienced that little instances of inattention or perverseness, draw upon him the displeasure of his parent; but that profligacy is attended with loss of character, is a truth one would rather wish him to take upon trust.

There is no occasion to inculcate by prejudices those truths which it is of no importance for us to know till our powers are able to investigate them. Thus the metaphysical questions of space and time, necessity and free-will, and a thousand others, may safely be left for that age which delights in such discussions. They have no connection with conduct, and none have any business with them at all but those who are able, by such studies, to exercise and sharpen their mental powers: but it is not so with those truths on which our well-being depends; these must be taught to all, not only before they can reason upon them, but independently of the consideration whether they will ever be able to reason upon them as long as they live. What has hitherto been said, relates only to instilling prejudices into *others*; how far a man is to allow them in himself, or, as a celebrated writer expresses it, to *cherish* them, is a different question, on which, perhaps, I may, at some time, offer my thoughts. In the mean time, I cannot help concluding, that to reject the influence of prejudice in education, is itself one of the most unreasonable of prejudices.

*Biographical Account of Mr. Cowper.*

**I**T has been frequently observed, that the life of a man of genius is marked by few incidents. The mind, which grows up amidst the privacies of study, and the character, which is framed by solitary meditation, belong, in a great degree, to a world of their own, from which the passions and events of ordinary life are equally excluded. There is, therefore, nothing very remarkable in the life of the poet to whom these pages are devoted. But in the history of those who have done honour to the English nation, and added richness to the English language, no circumstance is trifling, and no incident unworthy of record; especially, as there is a sort of sanctity attached to these men, which diffuses itself to the minutest transaction in which they have been concerned.

Mr. Cowper was born at Berkhamstead, in Buckinghamshire, his father being the incumbent of the living of that place. Our poet is descended from the first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of England, his grandfather being one of the children of that nobleman.

Mr. Cowper received his education at Westminster school; and a place of considerable profit, that of the clerkship to the House of Lords, a patent office, and which had been a considerable time in the family, was reserved for him. But upon his quitting school and entering into the Temple, he found himself reluctant to undertake a function of activity and business. His native love of retirement, a constitutional timidity of mind, and the languor of a very weak and precarious state of health, discouraged him from undertaking the duties of a situation, which required the most unremitting attention and diligence.

About this time he lived in ha-

bits of close and familiar communication with Dr. Cotton, the elegant and ingenious author of the *Fire-Side*. His intimacy with this gentleman must have contributed to his inclination for poetry, by the instructions and example of his friend. But the first foundation of his poetic excellence, was laid by his familiarity with the best authors of antiquity.

At Huntingdon, a place in which he resided for a few years, he contracted a strong friendship with the Rev. Mr. Unwin, and, on the death of that gentleman, accompanied his widow to Olney. It was in this village, and about this period of his life, that Mr. Cowper produced the earliest compositions that are traced to his pen. The poems he wrote upon this occasion, were hymns, published in a collection called the *Olney Hymns*, and distinguished by the letter C. They bear internal evidence of a cultivated understanding, and an original genius. His time was now wholly dedicated to that literary leisure, in which the mind, left to its own operations, pursues that line of pursuit which is the most congenial to its taste, and the most adapted to its powers. In his garden, in his library, and in his daily walks, he seems to have disciplined his muse to the picturesque and vivid habits of description, which will always distinguish Cowper among our national poets. No writer, except Thomson, seems to have studied nature with more diligence, and to have copied her with more fidelity. An advantage which he has gained over other men, by his disdaining to study her "through the spectacles of books," as Dryden calls it, and by his pursuing her through her haunts, and watching her in all her attitudes, with the eye of a philosopher as well as of a poet.

Mr. Cowper had no propensity for public life; it was not, there-

fore, singular that he should have neglected the study of the law, on which he had entered. That knowledge of active life, which is so requisite for the legal profession, would scarcely be acquired in lonely wanderings on the banks of the Ouse, and in silent contemplations of the beauties of nature. In this retreat, he exchanged, for the society and converse of the muses, the ambition and tumult of a forensic life; dedicating his mind to the cultivation of poetry, and storing it with those images, which he derived from the inexhaustible treasury of a rich and varied scenery in a most beautiful and romantic country.

The first volume of poems, which he published, consists of various pieces, on various subjects. It seems that he had been assiduous in cultivating a turn for grave and argumentative versification, on moral and ethical topics. Of this kind is the Table Talk, and several other pieces in the collection. He, who objects to these poems as containing too great a neglect of harmony in the arrangement of his words, and the use of expressions too prosaic, will condemn him on principles of criticism, which are by no means just, if the object and style of the subject be considered. Horace apologized for the carelessness of his own satires, which are, strictly speaking, only ethical and moral discourses, by observing that those topics required the *pedestrian* and familiar diction, and a form of expression, not elevated to the heights of poetry. But, if the reader will forego the delight of smooth versification, and recollect that poetry does not altogether consist in even and polished metre, he will remark in these productions no ordinary depth of judgment, upon the most important objects; and he

will be occasionally struck with lines, not unworthy of Dryden for their strength and dignity.

The lighter poems are well known. Of these, the verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, on the island of Juan Fernandez, are in the most popular estimation. There is a great originality in the following stanza:

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.

It would be absurd to give one general character of the pieces that were published in this volume: yet this is true concerning Mr. Cowper's productions; that in all the varieties of his style, there may still be discerned the likeness of the same mind; the same unaffected modesty which always rejects unreasonable ambitions and ornaments of language; the same easy vigour; the same serene and cheerful hope, derived from a steady faith in christianity.

I am not prepared to affirm that Mr. Cowper derives any praise from the choice and elegance of his works; but he has the higher praise of having chosen them without affectation. He appears to have used them as he found them; neither introducing fastidious refinements, nor adhering to obsolete barbarisms. He understands the whole science of numbers, and he has practised their different kinds with considerable happiness; and if his verses do not flow so softly as the delicacy of a modern ear requires, that roughness which is objected to his poetry, is his choice, not his defect. But this sort of critics, who admire only what is exquisitely polished, these lovers of "gentleness without sinews,"\* ought to take into their estimate that vast effusion of thought which is so abundantly poured over

\* Dr. Sprat's Life of Cowley.

the writings of Mr. Cowper, without which human discourse is only an idle combination of sounds and syllables.

Let me hasten, however, to that work which has more peculiarly given to Cowper the character of a poet. After an interval of a few years, his *Task* was ushered into the world. The occasion that gave birth to it was a trivial one. A lady had requested him to write a piece in blank verse, and gave him the sofa for his subject. This he expanded into one of the finest moral poems of which the English language has been productive.

It is written in blank verse, of which the construction, though in some respects resembling Milton's, is truly original and characteristic. It is not too stately for familiar description, nor too depressed for sublime and elevated imagery. If it has any fault, it is that of being too much laden with idiomatic expression, a fault which the author, in the rapidity with which his ideas and his utterance seem to have flowed, very naturally incurred.

In this poem his fancy ran with the most excursive freedom. The poet enlarges upon his topics, and confirms his argument by every variety of illustration. He never, however, dwells upon them too long, and leaves off in such a manner, that it seems, it was in his power to have said more.

The arguments of the poem are various. The works of nature, the associations with which they exhibit themselves, the designs of Providence, and the passions of men. Of one advantage the writer has amply availed himself. The work not being rigidly confined to any precise subject, he has indulged himself in all the freedom of a miscellaneous poem. Yet he has still adhered so faithfully to the general laws of congruity, that

whether he inspires the softer affections into his reader, or delights him with keen and playful railery, or discourses on ordinary manners, or holds up the bright pictures of religious consolation to his mind, he adopts, at pleasure, a diction just and appropriate, equal in elevation to the sacred effusions of Christian rapture, and sufficiently easy and familiar for descriptions of domestic life; skilful alike in soaring without effort, and descending without meanness.

He who desires to put into the hands of youth a poem which, not destitute of poetic embellishment, is free from all licentious tendency, will find in the *Task* a book adapted to his purpose. It would be absurd austerity to condemn those productions in which the passion of love constitutes the primary feature. In every age, that passion has been the concernment of life, the theme of the poet, the plot of the stage. Yet there is a sort of amorous sensibility, bordering almost on morbid enthusiasm, which the youthful mind too frequently imbibes from the glowing sentiments of the poets. Their genius describes, in the most splendid colours, the operations of a passion which requires rebuke instead of incentive, and lends to the most grovelling sensuality the enchantments of a rich and creative imagination. But in the *Task* of Cowper there is no licentiousness of description. All is grave, and majestic, and moral. A vein of religious thinking pervades every page, and he discourses, in a strain of the most finished poetry, on the insufficiency and vanity of human pursuits.

Nor is he always severe. He is perpetually enlivening the mind of his reader by sportive descriptions, and by representing, in elevated measures, ludicrous objects and cir-

circumstances, a species of the mock-heroic, of which Philips \* was the first author. In this latter sort of style Mr. Cowper has displayed great powers of versification, and great talents for humour. Of this, the historical account he has given of chairs, in the first book of the *Task*, is a striking specimen.

The attention, however, is the most detained by those passages, in which the charms of rural life, and the endearments of domestic retirement, are pourtrayed. It is in vain to search in any poet of ancient or modern times, for more pathetic touches. The *Task* abounds with incidents, introduced as episodes, and interposing an agreeable relief to the grave and serious parts of the poetry. Who has not admired his *Crazy Kate*? A description in which the calamity of a disordered reason is painted with admirable exactness and simplicity.

\* *She begs an idle pin of all she meets.*"

I know of no poet who would have introduced so minute a circumstance into his representation; yet who is there that does not perceive that it derives its effect altogether from the minuteness with which it is drawn?

It were an endless task to point out the beauties of the poem. It is now established in its reputation, and, by universal consent, it has given Cowper a very high place amongst our national poets. Let those who cannot perceive its beauties dwell with rapture on its defects. The taste or the sensibility of that man is little to be envied, who, in the pride of a fastidious criticism, would be reluctant in attributing to Mr. Cowper, the praise and character of a poet, because in the tide and rapidity of his fancy, he has not been scrupulous in the arrangement of a word or the adjustment of a cadence.

The next work which Mr. Cowper published, was a translation of the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*. The design was worthy of his talents. His object was to present the father of poesy to the English reader, not in English habiliments, and modern attire, but in the graceful and antique habit of his own times. He therefore adopted blank verse. Rhyme, by the uniformity of its cadence and the restrictions which it imposed, rendered the task of translation evidently a paraphrase, because the poet, who could not express the meaning of his author in phrase, and diction, that would accord with his own numbers, must be, of necessity, compelled to mix his own meaning with his author's, to soften and dilute it, as it were, to his own versification. This is the disadvantage of Mr. Pope's *Homer*; a work, which it were blasphemy to despise, and folly to undervalue, while variety and harmony of numbers retain their dominion over the mind of man. Yet no one will deny, that Mr. Pope has frequently forgotten Homer; and that in some passages he has impaired the strength, and debased the majesty of his original. Let it be remembered, however, that it is no mean honour to any poet to have followed the bold and lofty steps of the divine bard; and that he is not to be censured, though he should lag behind him in his course through that sublime region, which Homer only could tread with safety and with confidence.

It is foolish to compare the translation of Pope with that of Cowper. The merits of each are distinct. Pope has exhibited Homer as he would have sung, had he been born in England. Cowper has attempted to pourtray him, as he wrote in Greece, adhering frequently to the peculiarities of his own

\* *The Splendid Shilling.*



idiom, and endeavouring to preserve his strength and energy, as well as his harmony and smoothness.

*Observations of a Foreigner on the Manners and Customs of Great-Britain.*

*Dinner of an Academic Club.*

**A**BOUT forty members of the Royal Society have been, for more than twenty-five years, in the habit of dining annually in one of the taverns of London. Each member has the right of bringing to this club two visitors, whom he chooses among foreigners or the friends of the Royal Society of his own acquaintance. The President may bring a greater number, and can select whoever he pleases for his guests.

We sat down to table at five o'clock: Sir Joseph Banks presided, and filled the place of honour. No napkins were laid before us: indeed, there were none used: the dinner was quite in the English stile.

A member of the club, who is a clergyman (I believe it was the astronomer, Maskelyne), made a short prayer, and blessed the company and the food. The dishes were of the solid kind, such as roast beef, boiled beef, and mutton prepared in various manners, with abundance of potatoes and other vegetables, which each person seasoned as he pleased with the different sauces which were placed on the table.

The beef-steaks and the roast beef were at first sufficiently drenched by large quantities of strong beer, called porter; it was drank out of cylindrical pewter pots, which are, by some, thought preferable to glasses, perhaps because they enable one to swallow a whole pint at a draught.

This prelude being finished, the cloth was removed, and a handsome and well-polished table was covered, as if it were by magic, with a number of fine crystal decanters, filled with the best port, madeira, and claret; this last is the wine of Bourdeaux. Several glasses were distributed to each person, and the libations commenced on a grand scale, in the midst of different kinds of cheeses, which, rolling in mahogany cases from one end of the table to the other, provoked the thirst of the drinkers.

To give more liveliness to the scene, the President announced the health of the Prince of Wales: this was his birth-day. We then drank to the Elector Palatine, who was that day to be admitted a member of the Royal Society. The same compliment was next paid to us foreigners, of whom there were five present.

The members of the club afterward saluted each other, one by one, with a glass of wine. According to this custom, one must drink as many times as there are guests, for it would be thought a want of politeness in England, to drink the health of more persons than one at a time.

A few bottles of champaign soon put all the company in good humour. The tea came next, with butter, marmalade, and all its usual accompaniments: coffee followed, humbly yielding precedence to the tea, though it be the better of the two. In France, we commonly drink only one cup of good coffee after dinner; in England, they drink five or six times that quantity of the most detestable kind.

Brandy, rum, and some other strong liquors, closed this philosophic banquet, which terminated at half past seven, as there was to be a meeting of the Royal Society at eight o'clock. Before we left the club-room, the names of all the

guests were written on a large sheet of paper, and each of us paid seven livres four sous, French money: this was not dear.

I repaired to the Society along with Sir Joseph Banks, —— Cavendish, Dr. Maskelyne, —— Aubert, and Sir —— Englefield; we were all pretty much enlivened, but our gaiety was decorous. Doubtless, I should not wish to partake of similar dinners, if they were to be followed by settling the interests of a great nation, or discussing the best form of a government; such a conduct would neither be wise nor prudent; but to meet to celebrate the admission of an Elector Palatine, who has besides much merit, to a learned Society, is not a circumstance from which any inconvenience can result.

#### *The Royal Society.*

The room in which the meetings of this Society are held, is in the old palace of Somerset House: it appeared to me much too small. It is not long since this part of the palace was rebuilt; but, notwithstanding the freshness and elegance of the decorations, the room wants that noble and severe character which ought to distinguish a place consecrated to the sciences; it resembles a concert-hall rather than a Lyceum; and the manner in which the seats are disposed, tends much to increase this resemblance.

The seats are only simple benches, with backs, ranged in parallel lines, and occupying the whole of the room. The President and Secretaries have alone distinguished places. The former is seated in an elevated chair, of a colossal form. It is made of mahogany, and surmounted with an escutcheon, on which are painted the insignia of the Society. Nothing can be in a more gothic or worse taste than this ornament.

The table which is before the

President's chair, is elevated, and covered, one cannot tell why, with an enormous cushion of crimson velvet. Before this, there is a second table, destined for the Secretaries, upon which there lies a large mace of gilded wood or metal. This is the symbol of all royal institutions.

The Society was assembled precisely at eight o'clock. Sir Joseph Banks presided, and —— Blagden, was one of the Secretaries. The strangers were placed near the members who introduced them; and, however little known they might be, every member behaved to them with the greatest politeness and affability. The detractors of the English character, have reproached them with behaving in a cold and surly manner to foreigners. What has been considered as coldness, is, perhaps, only a proper reserve. Strangers were politely and honourably received in this learned Society, and placed by the side of the members, with whom they were fraternally confounded. The sciences, like the muses, should be regarded as sisters, and ought to know no distinction of country or of government.

The President first read the names of strangers admitted that night, and the names of the members who had presented them. He afterward proposed the Elector Palatine as a candidate for a vacant place. The Elector was admitted with applauses: when the business was finished, the meeting broke up.

#### *The Observatory at Greenwich, and another Dinner.*

This useful institution, which is consecrated to astronomical observations, is situate on a hill, about seven miles from London. I went there in a coach, which arrived in about an hour and a half. The observatory is built on the most

elevated part of the hill; and it affords one of the finest views imaginable.

The Thames flows at your feet, lined up to London-bridge with deep rows of vessels. Streamers wavering in the air; ships under sail, going up and down the river; an immense multitude of men of all nations on this floating city; the more remote masts mingling with the steeples; the church of St. Paul, whose dome and fine proportions excite admiration even at this distance; Westminster-Abbey, with its towers and gothic architecture; the column, called the Monument, rising to the height of two hundred and two feet; all these grand and magnificent objects form a most enchanting picture, the true point of view for which, is from the observatory of Greenwich.

The observatory is built of brick, in a style of the greatest simplicity. Magnificence and research are displayed in the inside only in the perfection of the instruments, which nothing can exceed.

I found the committee assembled, and Dr. Maskelyne, the keeper of the observatory, had the goodness to show me, in detail, the most remarkable objects in that rich collection. The truly learned are easily distinguished by their manners. Nothing can equal their complaisance and affability; for the cultivation of the mind softens the manners, as that of the earth renders its productions more delicate. The man of science, or of literature, who should appear proud, haughty, or self-sufficient, would be very disagreeable; and, whatever his pretensions may be, he must always seem, to the man of sense, an unsocial being, possessing only a mediocrity of talents. Great timidity, habits of retirement, and the importunities to which celebrated men are exposed, may, indeed, give

them a cold and reserved air; but the difference is easily distinguished.

Dr. Maskelyne added to his other kindness, that of introducing me to Mr. William Herschel, who invited me to see his observatory, and the large telescopes of his construction, in the country. We appointed a day for this visit.

The committee having finished their business, we all assembled in a tavern in the neighbourhood. There were about thirty persons at table. The dinner was served in the English manner, and *seasoned*, according to custom, with a preliminary benediction on the guests and the victuals. The repast was excellent, and the company were gay and extremely agreeable.

We rose from the table about seven o'clock, not to depart, but to pass into another room, where tea, coffee, and all their usual accompaniments, were disposed with much show, upon a large table. The tea is always excellent in England; but no where do people drink worse coffee. It would appear, that the English are little sensible of the delicious flavour of this agreeable liquor, which nature seems to have created to solace at once the body and mind: it is not only grateful to the stomach, but re-invigorates the understanding when one is fatigued with too intense thinking. Voltaire, who was extremely fond of coffee, called it the *quintessence of the mind*.

Why, then, does the English government, for political and commercial reasons, prevent the people from using coffee, which they might prepare according to their own taste, and compel them to purchase a kind of inferior quality, and bad flavour, from dealers who have it long in their possession after it is burned. One would imagine that it has been purposely contrived to render this liquor disgusting in a

country where it is so necessary for removing melancholic humours; where the atmosphere is covered with an almost continued gloom; and where, if we may believe the celebrated Fielding, there is more port wine drank in one year than the whole kingdom of Portugal produces in three.

It would certainly be far better policy to substitute for tea, which is brought from China, the coffee which grows in the English colonies: such a change might, perhaps, tend to diminish that alarming consumption of wine, which occasions in this country so much inebriety, and so many diseases.

*The Duke of Argyle's at Inverary.*

The manner in which we spent our time at Inverary castle was extremely agreeable. Each person rose at any hour he pleased in the morning. Some took a ride, others went to the chase. I rose with the sun, and proceeded to examine the natural history of the environs.

At ten o'clock, a bell summoned us to breakfast: we then repaired to a large room, ornamented with historical pictures of the Argyle family; among which there were some by Battoni, Reynolds, and other eminent Italian and English painters. Here we found several breakfast tables, covered with tea, coffee, excellent cream, and every thing the appetite could desire, surrounded with bouquets of flowers, newspapers, and books. There were, besides, in this room, a billiard-table, a piano-forte, and other musical instruments.

After breakfast, some walked in the parks, others amused themselves with reading and music, or returned to their apartments. At half past four the dinner-bell was rung, and we went to the dining room, where we always found a table of twenty-five or thirty covers. When all the company were seat-

ed, the chaplain, according to custom, made a short prayer, and blest the food, which was ate with pleasure. Indeed, the dinners were prepared by an excellent French cook, and every thing was served up in the Paris manner, except a few dishes in the English form, which made a variety, and thus gaye the epicures of every country an opportunity of pleasing their palates.

I was particularly pleased to see napkins on the table, and forks of the same kind as those used in France. I am not much disposed to risk pricking my mouth or my tongue with those little sharp tridents, which are generally used even in the best houses in England. I know that this kind of forks are only intended for seizing and fixing the pieces of meat while they are cut, and that the English knives being rounded at the point, may answer for some of the purposes to which the French forks are applied, particularly in carrying meat to the mouth; but, I must confess, that I use their knives very awkwardly in this way. It is well, however, to accustom oneself to the usages of different countries; and it seemed to me that at table, as well as in several other instances, the English calculate more accurately than we do.

In England, the fork is always held in the left hand, and the knife in the right. The fork holds the meat down, the knife cuts it, and the pieces may be carried to the mouth with either. The motion is quick and precise. The manœuvres at an English dinner are founded upon the same principle as the Prussian discipline. *Not a moment is lost!*

In France, the first manœuvre is similar to that of the English: but when the meat is cut in pieces, the knife is laid down on the right side of the plate, and the fork is chang-

ed from the left to the right hand, with which it is lifted to the mouth: thus our table tactics are more complex than the English, and require more time. The English method is certainly the best; but large knives, with rounded points, are necessary to put it in practice. And why not have them? There would then be an arm less in the hands of the vicious or the foolish.

But howsoever this may be, I must not forget that the knives and forks at the Duke of Argyle's table served to help us to very good things. The different courses, and the after meats, were all done as in France, and with the same variety and abundance. If the poultry was not so juicy as that of Paris, we were amply compensated by the most delicate moor fowl, by delicious fish, and by vegetables, the quality of which did honour to the skill of the Scottish gardeners.

At the desert, the scene changed: cloth, napkins, and every thing disappeared. The mahogany table shone in all the lustre that wood is capable of receiving from art; but it was soon covered with brilliant decanters, filled with the most exquisite wines; cornfits, in fine porcelain, or crystal vases; and fruits of different kinds in beautiful baskets. Plates and glasses were distributed; and in every object elegance and conveniency seemed to rival each other. I was surprised, however, to see, on the same table, in so cold a climate, and in the month of September, peaches, apricots, raisins, prunes, figs, &c. all of an excellent quality, except the figs, which could not be called fine, by a person born in the south of France. It is probable, however, that the greater part of these fruits were produced by much care and expense in hot-houses.

Toward the end of the desert,

the ladies withdrew to a room destined for the tea-table: I was sorry they left us so long alone; but the duke of Argyle informed me that he preserved this old custom in his family, in order that the people of the country might not be offended by the breach of a practice, to which they had always been accustomed. The ceremony of toasts was well kept up in the absence of the ladies; but though they usually continued to go round for at least three quarters of an hour, no person's inclination was violated, and every one drank what he pleased. This, however, did not prevent a great number of healths being drank with spirit, and every demonstration of pleasure. Wines are the greatest luxury of the British table. They drink the best and the dearest that grow in France and Portugal. If the lively champaign should make its diuretic influence be felt, the case is foreseen, and in the angles of the room, the necessary convenience is to be found. \* \* \* \* †

At last they proceeded to the drawing-room, where tea and coffee abounded, and where the ladies did the honour of the table, with much dignity and grace. The tea is always excellent, but it is not so with the coffee: since it was not good in a house like this, where no expense is spared, it cannot be expected to be good any where else in the country. I should imagine that the English and Scotch attach no importance to the fine perfume and flavour of good coffee; for it seems to be all one to them what kind they drink, provided they have four or five cupfuls. Their coffee is always weak, bitter, and completely deprived of its aromatic odour. Thus they want an excellent beverage, which would be a thousand times more favourable to their health than tea. Kæmpfer,

† Here our author makes some ludicrous remarks, which we have omitted.

who resided long in Japan, and who has published some very curious observations upon tea, and the shrub that bears it, remarks that it is of a narcotic nature.

After tea, those who chose it retired to their apartments; those who preferred conversation and music, remained in the room; others went out to walk. At ten o'clock, supper was ready, and those attended it who pleased.

In England, I always found that all classes of people eat a great deal more than the French. I do not know that they are more healthy; indeed, I doubt they are not; but this I know, that Dumoulin, one of the most celebrated physicians of Paris, once told me, that he was never raised in the night to visit any person who had not supped.

#### FONTENELLE.

**W**IT, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his

old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country-house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce."—"But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but, on his return, found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs, he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

#### Artful Question.

**D**OMINICO, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, Sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.

### MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

#### DOMESTIC.

##### EMMONS'S SERMONS.

**T**HE Reverend Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Massachusetts, has just published a volume of "Sermons on some of the first Principles and Doctrines of true Religion." They are twenty in number, and appear to be executed in a manner honourable to the author, and calculated to do good. Some farther account of this volume may be expected soon to appear in our department of Review.

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#### CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

Since our last we have seen the two first numbers of a new periodical work, printed at Hartford, and entitled the *Connecticut Evangelical Magazine*. This work is designed to appear monthly, each number to consist of forty pages, at the price of *twelve and a half cents* to subscribers, and *fourteen cents* to non-subscribers. The following gentlemen appear as editors of the work, viz. the Rev. Mess. *James Cogswell, D. D. Nathan Williams, D. D. John Smalley,*

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A. M. *Jeremiah Day*, A. M. *Benjamin Trumbull*, D. D. *Levi Hart*, A. M. *Samuel F. Mills*, A. M. *Isaac Lewis*, D. D. *Elijah Parsons*, A. M. *Charles Backus*, A. M. *David Ely*, A. M. *Nathan Strong*, A. M. *Nathan Perkins*, A. M. *Zebulon Ely*, A. M. *Abel Flint*, A. M. From the character of the above gentlemen for erudition, talents, and piety; and from the specimens which we have seen of their work, we think the religious world may expect much entertainment and instruction from their labours.

#### BEAUTIES of NATURE DELINEATED.

The Reverend Mr. Thaddeus M. Harris, a respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood of Boston, has lately published a work under the following title: "Beauties of Nature Delineated; or, Philosophical and Pious Contemplations on the Works of Nature and the Seasons of the Year—Selected from Sturm's Reflections." This work is from the press of Mr. Etheridge, of Charlestown, and is very neatly printed.

#### LOW'S POEMS.

There has just issued from the press of Messrs. Swords, a second volume of Poems, by Mr. Samuel Low, of this city. This publication will be noticed in a future number of our work.

#### WILSON'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

The late James Wilson, Esq. a Judge in the Supreme Court of the United States, and whose merits and services are well known, has left behind him several treatises and dissertations on legal and political subjects. These are collected by his son, and are proposed to be published by subscription, by Asberry Dickens, printer and bookseller of Philadelphia.

#### NEW PERIODICAL WORK.

A new periodical miscellany, called *The Cabinet*, is about to be published. It is a monthly work, and was to issue on the first of September, provided the public would be so good as to give it leave. This work is to contain fifty-six pages, and the price will be twenty-five cents. The editor is Daniel Tilton, of Boston.

#### DENNIE'S LAY-PREACHER AND FARRAGO.

Mr. Dennie, who deserves to be placed high in the list of American writers, is about to collect and to re-publish, with corrections and additions, two series of essays, one called *The Farrago*, and the other *The Lay-Preacher*, the first in one volume, and the latter in two vols. octavo.—Mr. Dennie has treated us American readers with considerable severity. He charges us with possessing a spirit sordidly devoted to traffic and gain, or servilely and tamely led in the trammels of European prejudices. We would willingly believe that these censures have been too indiscriminately applied, but must sincerely hope that the fate of his own performances may not be an example of their justice. The intrinsic merit of these essays, will entitle them to praise and to purchasers; and the world may evince, by its liberal patronage of this author, that it is able to distinguish and reward excellence, even though it be of the growth and culture of our own country.

#### CLIFTON'S POEMS.

Mr. Fenno, of this city, is preparing for the press a collection of the poems of the late William Clifton, of Philadelphia. This young man died, lately, in the prime of life, and deserved to be much better known than he is. We have

had many bards, some of them aspirers to the brightest wreath, and attempters of the highest walk of the muse; and there are, of course, different estimates formed of their merit; but there is a great number by whom William Clifton is believed to be the only one truly deserving the name of poet, among those who have put in a claim to that title in America. The public will probably soon have an opportunity of judging how far this opinion is correct.

#### DAVIS'S POEMS.

A volume of poems, by the late Mr. Richard Davis, of this city, an ingenious young man, who fell a victim to the pestilence of last year, will soon be put to press by Messrs. Swords. Some of these poetic pieces have appeared in the newspapers, and in the periodical publications of the time in which they were written. A great part, however, have never been published.

#### BLANCHET'S RECHERCHES.

Within a few weeks, a valuable work, in the French language, has issued from the press of Monsieur Parisot, of this city. It is entitled, *Recherches sur la Medecine, ou l'Application de la Chimie a la Medecine*. This work is the production of Mr. Francis Blanchet, a young gentleman, a native of Canada, who has been for some time engaged in the study of medicine in this city. It contains a number of ingenious and interesting speculations; and will, we doubt not, be read by the chemist and physician with much pleasure. The author is an ardent votary of science, a bold and independent thinker, and bids fair to distinguish himself in the departments of knowledge, to the cultivation of which his talents are devoted. Some farther account of this work will be given in a future number.

#### NON-DESCRIPT ANIMAL.

A gentleman from Ulster county, State of New-York, brings us the following very curious and interesting information; that about twelve or thirteen miles to the west of Newburgh, a Dutchman, by the name of Masten, was lately digging for marle on a low piece of ground, where this manure is generally and plentifully found in the neighbouring country—that having arrived near to the stratum of marle, he struck upon the bones of a huge animal, about ten or twelve feet from the surface of the earth: some of the bones were immediately procured, but the water rushing in with much rapidity, the persons employed were compelled to desist: since which time, the neighbours have made another attempt to obtain the whole of the skeleton; they succeeded only in part: several of the bones of the hind legs have been dug out, which are more than four feet in length, and measure round the joints upwards of forty inches in circumference, and, on the solid bone, thirty-six inches. The bone of the back was also obtained in part; and the orifice, occasioned by the decay of marrow, is more than three inches in diameter. The upper teeth are perfectly sound and white, measure seven inches in length, and are nearly four broad. From the best calculations, made by the best naturalists and gentlemen of the country, who have seen the bones already procured, it is thought the animal must have been between fifteen and twenty feet in height when alive.

This is the seventh or eighth skeleton already discovered within this vicinity of eight miles, from a common centre, since the citizens of that country have been in the habit of draining these places for manure, which has not been customary but a few years.



## NEW-HAVEN COMMENCEMENT.

The anniversary commencement at Yale College, was celebrated on Wednesday the 10th instant.

About 9 o'clock A. M. the procession moved from the College-Chapel to the brick meeting house, in the customary order, where the following exercises were performed, before a very numerous and brilliant assembly.

A prayer by the President.

A Latin salutatory oration, by Thomas Adams.

A forensick dispute on the question—"Can a state of Equality exist in civilized society?" by Amos Benedict and Pitkin Cowles.

An Oration on the consequences of the invention of printing, by Thomas P. Grosvenor.

The Swiss Soldier, a poetical Dialogue, by Saul Elvord, Shubael Bartlett, David Ely, Moses Hatch, and Chauncey Whittlesey.

A Colloquy on Energy of Government, by Amos Benedict, Hezekiah Flagg, and Giles C. Kellogg.

The Deserted House, a Poem, by Moses Hatch.

A Poem, on the present state of Literature in the United States, by Mr. Warren Dutton.

A Valedictory Oration, by Daniel B. Brown.

The President then conferred the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, on the following gentlemen:

Thomas Adams, Saul Alword, Shubael Bartlett, Amos Benedict, Jesse Bradley, Daniel B. Brown, Abijah Carrington, Harvey Chase, Pitkin Cowles, Asaph Dunbar, David Ely, Hezekiah Flagg, James Gilbert, Thomas P. Grosvenor, Enoch Hanford, Moses Hatch, Joseph Howland, Samuel G. Huntington, Samuel Jones, Philander Judson, Giles C. Kellogg, Hugh Knox, Prentice Law, Elisha Phelps, Elisha Sheldon, Henry Smith, John Stevens, Lewis St. John,

Abraham Stoddard, Thomas Strong, Erastus Swift, Giles Wade, Joel Walter, C. Whittlesey, Thomas Williams, *Alumni*.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on

Diodate Brockway, Warren Dutton, Samuel A. Foot, William A. Foot, Ira Hart, Bethul Judd, Asa Lyman, James Murdock, Ephraim Woodruff, *Alumni*.

Vinson Gould, A. M. Williams' College, and Holland Weeks, A. M. Dartmouth, were admitted *ad eundem*.

The honorary Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Hezekiah Wright Strong, Esq. of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and Philo Ruggles, Esq. of New-Milford, in this State.

The Degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Azel Roe, of Woodbridge, in New-Jersey.

The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. John Treadwell, Esq. Lieutenant Governor, and on the Hon. Jesse Root, Esq. Chief Justice of the State.

The exercises of the day were then concluded with prayer by the President.

## RHODE-ISLAND COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday, the 4th of September, the anniversary commencement was observed.

*Exercises*—1. A Salutatory Oration on Slavery of opinion, by P. J. Tillinghast.—2. An Oration on the Importance of Historical Information, by G. Conant.—3. A Dissertation on the Rise and Fall of Empires (in Latin), by D. Loring.—4. Dispute on this question, "Would passive Commerce be more advantageous to the *United States* than their present active Commerce?" by T. A. Foster, T. Burgess, and A. Russell.—5. An Oration on the Influence of the

Passions, by J. M. Bradford.—6. An Oration on the Pleasures of Sensibility, by L. Tower.—7. A Dissertation in Greek, Union necessary to the Support of a Republican Government, by A. Rawson.—8. A Dissertation on the Utility of Science in a Republican Government, by D. Young.—9. An Oration on Female Education, by C. Tilden.—10. An Oration on Party Spirit, by N. Todd.—11. An Oration on the Advantages of Prejudice, by M. Miller.—12. A Dissertation on the necessity of Religion to the Support of Government, by G. Taft.—13. An Oration on Civil Dissentions considered as a prelude to a change in Government, by T. Burgess.—14. A Dissertation on Atheism, by E. Cutler.—15. A Dispute on this question, "Is Marriage conducive to Happiness?" by R. Farnum, J. M. Bradford, and C. Tilden.—16. An Oration on the Influence of Improved Taste on Society, by A. Russell.—17. An Oration on the Constitution of the United States, and the influence it has on the spirit of the people, by T. A. Foster.—18. An Oration on Literature as the Basis of Happiness, by R. Farnum.—19. Dialogue, the Fall of Fashion, by B. Bourn, jun. M. Miller, G. Taft, W. R. Theus, and N. Todd.—20. A Dissertation on Instrumental Music, showing its Effects on the Passions, by L. Rawson.—21. An Oration on Literature as necessary to the support of Independence, by B. Bourn, jun.—22. An Oration on Mental Improvement, by W. R. Theus.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following young gentlemen, *alumni* of the College:

Benjamin Bourn, jun. John M. Bradford, Thomas Burgess, Gaius Conant, Enos Cutler, John G. Dorrance, Royal Farnum, Theodore A. Foster, Jonathan Gilmore,

Daniel Loring, John M'Kie, Moses Miller, Andrew Rawson, Liberty Rawson, Abiel Russell, Gravenner Taft, William R. Theus, Calvin Tilden, Paris J. Tillinghast, Nathaniel Todd, Levi Tower, John Tucker, Daniel Young.

The following young gentlemen, *alumni* of the College, were admitted to the Degree of Master of Arts:

Peter A. Alden, Horatio G. Bowen, William Collier, Joseph B. Cooke, Horace Everett, Abijah Draper, Nathan Holman, Samuel King, Charles O. Screven.

The Rev. Ebenezer Bradford, of Rowley, an *alumnus* of Princeton College, was admitted *ad eundem* in Rhode-Island College.

The honorary Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following gentlemen:

The Hon. Samuel Elam, Esq. of Portsmouth (Rhode-Island), George Gibbs, jun. of Newport, the Rev. Henry Holcombe, of Savannah (Georgia), and the Rev. Stephen Gano, of Providence.

The Degree of Doctor in Divinity on the following:

The Rev. Richard Furman, of Charleston (South-Carolina), and the Rev. David Parsons, of Amherst (Massachusetts).

It is with great pleasure we now announce to the public, that Samuel Elam, Esq. has, in the course of the year past, generously given to the College *eight hundred dollars*, for the purpose of procuring philosophical apparatus.

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## FOREIGN.

### DARWIN'S NEW WORK.

A NEW prose work of Dr. Darwin, entitled *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*, which we announced in August last, as being then in the

press, has been since published, and has reached this country. In this work, Dr. D. attempts a theory of vegetation, deduced principally from the experiments of Hales, Grew, Malpighi, Bonnet, Du Hamel, Buffon, Spallanzani, Priestley, and the Philosophers of the Linnæan school, together with a number of observations and opinions of his own, some of which have in part appeared already in *Zoonomia*, and in the notes to the Botanic Garden, but are here corrected, and greatly enlarged. To the former of these works, the Doctor wishes the present to be considered a supplement, as it is properly a continuation of the subject.

#### PETER PINDAR'S NOVEL.

Peter Pindar, with whose inimitable productions in *verse* the public have been delighted many years, is preparing a satirical work in *prose*, in the manner of a novel, of which report speaks highly.

#### COFFEE IN SWEDEN.

The government of Sweden has probably had more reason than any other to fix its attention on the use of coffee. This beverage is now almost generally used in that country, and will probably become still more general, while it is expensive in Sweden, as that country is one of the remotest countries from the climates where it is produced, and possesses no colonies which could furnish her with that article.

Several years since, a decree was proclaimed, forbidding the use of this favourite decoction; a law which, as might be expected, did not long maintain its effect, so that a renewal of it became necessary. In the mean time, a Mr. Cavander published an account of a substitute for coffee, composed of the flower of rye, and yellow English potatoes, which are much sweeter than any other sort. These ingredients are

first boiled, then made into a kind of cake, which is dried in an oven, and afterwards reduced to a powder resembling ground coffee. The inventor has procured a certificate from the Royal Medical College at Stockholm, stating, that this beverage is very similar to coffee in its taste, as well as in other properties, and that its composition is not in the least detrimental to health.

From a number of experiments made on this subject, in several countries, and almost every where without success, it is matter of regret that we are obliged to doubt the good reception of this factitious coffee in Sweden; though several merchants who deal in it, have lately published their addresses to the public. It would perhaps be less difficult to make the Swedes abandon the use of wine than of *real* coffee. In the cold climates, the inhabitants may easily supply the want of wine, by strong beer, and other liquors; while coffee, which is more requisite than in hot climates, cannot be effectually replaced by any other substitute.

#### CONCENTRATED LEMON JUICE.

Dr. Brugnatelli filters the expressed juice of ripe lemons through linen. He then adds some highly rectified alcohol, and places the mixture, for some days, in a closely stopped phial; during this time, a considerable quantity of mucous sediment is deposited, which must be separated by passing the liquid through a filtering paper; and if it should be too thick for percolation, it ought to be mixed with an additional quantity of alcohol. This filtrated liquor contains the purest citric acid, combined with alcohol; the latter may be separated by slow evaporation. After having been deprived of all the alcohol and watery particles, the acid assumes a yellowish colour, and is so strong as to be similar in taste to a mineral acid.

# POETRY.

## *The MORNING of LIFE.*

**A**LL hail! ye sweet and youthful hours,

Endear'd by Friendship's winning powers,  
And soft delights of love;

Whilst as we tread Life's path so green,  
Contentment sheds her ray serene,  
And shines where'er we rove.

All hail! ye pure and harmless days,  
When bright ey'd Hope the bosom  
fsways,

Uncheck'd by gloomy Fear;  
While Fancy, as her raptures glow,  
With rosy garland binds the brow,  
Chasing away each tear.

Oh youth! thy fun with quick'ning ray,  
Bids in the heart each fibre play,  
The eye with transport roll,

Then Truth displays her radiant form,  
Then brave desires the bosom warm,  
And triumphs swell the soul.

Dear season! when Misfortune's dart  
Has never rankled in the heart,  
Nor cold Indifference reign'd,  
When sad Experience ne'er has thrown,  
O'er future life, its cheerless gloom,  
Or its gay prospects stain'd.

When Mem'ry's mild and magic powers,  
Recalling sweet departed hours,  
The flattering hope excites,  
From 'mongst the flowers that once had  
bloom,

To form a wreath for years to come,  
Of ever rich delights.

Oh Life! amidst thy varying scene,  
Though sorrows sometimes intervene,  
Yet sure they quick depart;  
Then why should restless man complain,  
Since joys so pure to thee pertain  
To fill the feeling heart.

JUVENIA.

*Brunswick.*

## *The SEASONS.*

**I** LOVE the soften'd grace, the vary-  
ing charms,  
Which on the earth's, enamell'd bosom  
play,  
When Nature bursts from April's humid  
arms,  
And springs impatient to the ides of May.

I love the ripening beam, the fervid glow,  
Which crown with full maturity the year;  
When busy Summer shows his swarthy  
brow,

And severs from its root the bending ear.

I love the rich profusion Autumn yields,  
When in his party-colour'd robes array'd  
He treads triumphant o'er the lighten'd  
fields,

And binds their rifled honours round his  
head.

I love the bright effulgence Winter wears,  
When o'er the plains his fleecy showers  
descend,

And the soft germs which shivering  
nature bears,  
From the rude blast, and piercing frost  
defend.

I love—but ah! such matchless beauties  
rise,

So thick the forms of varied goodness  
throng,

That sweet confusion dims my wondering  
eyes,

And swelling transport overpowers my  
song,

For still the impress of a hand divine  
Marks each mutation of this earthly ball,  
Thro' all its scenes a parent's bounties  
shine;

Father of light and life! I love them *all*.

CALISTA.

*New-York.*

*New-Year's Address from the Carrier of a  
Newspaper.*

**W**HILST genial friendship on this  
festive day,

Prompts each kind Cit his compliments  
to pay;

Whilst generous joy with each enlivening  
grace

Glow in all hearts, and beams from  
every face;

Say, will it chafe your smiles, if he once  
more,

Who brings each morn the Paper to your  
door,

Now comes to greet you with his annual  
frains,

And ask a little pay for all his pains?

And ah! he strain'd indeed these strains  
to write,  
Oft smote his breast and thump'd his  
vacant head,  
Hopeless beheld his lamp's expiring light,  
And sleepless tumbled on his lonely bed.

Thus to the Nine I rais'd my invocation;  
Celestial Queens! your tuneful influence  
shed,  
For tho' most lowly is my occupation,  
Yet must I write my verse, or lose my  
bread,

Some, prompted by ambition, write for  
fame,  
Praise all their object, and their aim  
bright glory,  
All for the very highest seat to gain,  
Of Fame's high temple in the upper story.

Yet oft these Bards, who think sublime  
they soar,  
Are very much, oh Fame, mistaken found,  
And when they think they're on the  
garret floor,  
Are grov'ling in the cellar, on the ground.

No seat in Fame's fine temple I desire,  
No branches from the Olympian grove I  
claim;  
I only want a seat beside my fire,  
Sweet Nymphs, I want the wood to raise  
the flame.

I write not for a badge to make a show,  
But for a coat to guard me from the  
storm;  
Not for a myrtle wreath to deck my brow,  
But only for a hat to keep it warm.

I do not write for name, ah no! but need,  
I do not pant for praise, but only pelf;  
Not write for critics on my lines to feed,  
But only, lovely muse, to feed myself.

Effulgent maids, the brightest of your kind,  
Who round Castalia's crystal waters play,  
Then spread your sapphire pinions to the  
wind,  
And to sublime Parnassus tune your way.

Oh from your glittering plumes, one  
quill bestow,  
Wet with Picrian dew so chaste and clear,

Then with sweet melody my strains shall  
flow,  
And win the hearts of all my Patrons  
dear.

While to the muses thus I raised my  
prayer,  
Entreating their kind aid to tune my lay;  
One came methought, and whisper'd in  
my ear,  
And said with gentle voice,—or seem'd to  
say,

For Heaven's sake stop! Why all this  
mighty flutter?  
Do not disturb your heart with anxious  
care;  
If now your scatter'd wits you cannot  
muster,  
Thou must not yet surrender to despair.

Kind are your friends, sweet Charity  
they love,  
And of its stings harsh Poverty disarm,  
They want no song their sympathy to  
move,  
No verse, their liberality to charm.

Tell them in simple phrase your small de-  
mand,  
And how for them you toil at early day;  
Quickly they'll open wide the liberal  
hand,  
And with the New-Year's gift your toils  
repay.

Oh yes! I'll take thy counsel, then,  
cried I,  
With joy, with gratitude, and wonder  
too,  
And so kind friends you see I've come  
to try,  
If my good whispering guide has told  
me true.

Now Heaven preserve you all full many  
a year,  
Place guardian Cherubs round with  
watchful eyes,  
To keep your lives, my friends, in safety  
here,  
Then lend their little wings, and lift you  
to the skies.

January 1.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is under the necessity of postponing, till the next Number, the insertion of the poetical piece entitled "Edward and Susan," and also the elegy signed "Oscar."

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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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VOL. III.]

OCTOBER, 1800.

[No. 4.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*For the Monthly Magazine.*

ON AMERICAN PALACES.

**I** Was walking lately with a friend in the metropolis of these States, when he took occasion to observe, "What true republicans are you Americans, and how must a stranger be astonished at the differences between this country and those on the other side of the Atlantic?"

"What," said I, "suggests your remark at present?"

"See *there* (pointing to a spacious house opposite). Only reflect upon the history of that habitation. Who were its tenants a year ago?"

"It belonged to the President of the United States."

"True, it was then the palace of your king, your consul, your doge, your stadtholder, your president, or what you please to call him, and now it is metamorphosed into a *tavern*: strange transition, from which an European might draw extensive inferences as to your political state."

"Why, what," said I, "could he infer?"

"Elsewhere the mansion of the supreme magistrate is generally a public building. From its extent and grandeur it is unfit for any private citizen, or any local purpose;

and it would appear a kind of profanation to turn it into an inn or hotel."

"And yet," said I, "there are instances of a much grosser profanation in your own country."

"Ay, in times of war and revolution. St. Paul's cathedral was turned once into an horse-stable. The chapel of St. James's convent, in Paris, has been made a meeting place for a political society, and the Senate-house of the French republic was once a play-house, resorted to by the king and his courtiers. The French of a former age turned the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, into a brothel; and the French of this age made the palace of an Egyptian bey, at Cairo, a hall for Parisian chemists and astronomers to meet in: but these were times of war and revolution. I do not remember any recent instance of a palace being metamorphosed, in peaceful and orderly times, into a tavern. It is remarkable that this has been the case in both your principal cities. In New-York a delightful spot was selected, and a vast building was erected, to accommodate the first magistrate of the State. The last time I went thither I took up my lodging in this same palace, and

shared its roof with a score or two of way-farers; a motly set, from all quarters of the world, and of all hues, from the spruce clerk in a public office to the swaggering adventurer from Cork. *Sic transit gloria*, cried I, as I entered its doors."

"If you mean to infer any thing from this circumstance," said I, "as to the meanness of our national character, give me leave to say, that you are in the wrong. What would you have? How ridiculously lavish should we be, if the public money, instead of mending roads, building bridges, digging wells, &c. should be wasted upon fluted columns, stuccoed walls, and carved mantle-trees, to accommodate whom? One whom his personal repute and merit only have raised, and who needs no illustration from such meretricious ornaments. They who *inherit* power, and may probably be dolts or changelings, need these artificial decorations to preserve them from contempt."

"Why, what the plague," said my friend; "whom are you talking of? Surely not your own countrymen. Have they not built magnificent houses for the very purpose of doing this absurd honour to their governors? In New-York, in Philadelphia, and in Washington, overgrown fabrics have arisen, from this very ostentatious spirit which you condemn. If the origin of these edifices be ridiculous, their subsequent history is still more so. One of them, after being a while inhabited by the governor, is emptied by a new revolution in politics, and becomes, in the true spirit of a trafficking people, a tavern at one time, and a custom-house at another."

"Another building of this kind has remained for some time uninhabited, a dreary, lonely, and forlorn monument of absurd taste and capricious prodigality; and lately, to complete the farce, it has been publicly sold, to the highest bidder,

for a fourth part of its cost! What but mere chance hindered it from being bought by some opulent procreass, or some manufacturer of soft soap and farthing candles? In all this the eye of a stranger sees nothing but preposterous waste and incongruity."

"Nay, nay," said I, for I wished to change the conversation, "a little consideration will cure you of your contempt; and what you regard as symptoms of an ostentatious and sordid spirit are only the natural fruits of that equality, that proneness to rectify our own errors, and to profit by experience, which eminently distinguish such governments as ours. If you question it, I appeal to this lady who is coming forward, and to whom, by the way, you should have paid your compliments a week ago."

I shall not trouble you, Mr. Editor, with the result of this appeal, but shall submit the notions of my friend, without further comment, to the consideration of your readers.

L. M.

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*For the Monthly Magazine.*

#### COMPARISON of BLANK VERSE and RHYME.

**T**HERE are few persons of a literary life and conversation of whom the inquiry has not been made, Do you prefer rhyme to blank verse in English poetry? The true answer, the species of versification to which our preference is due, may be easily decided.

Wherein do rhyme and blank verse differ? Only in the circumstance of the last syllable of each line resembling, in sound, that which is next to it.

As to numbers, there is but one kind of verse, the ten syllabled, iambic, heroic verse, which usage allows to be *blank*. Rhyme may consist of any number of syllables in

any kind of succession. Of kinds of rhyming verse there are examples to be found, perhaps, of a score. In this number the iambic, or heroic, or decasyllabic is included, and is only *one* out of twenty. Now, that surely deserves the preference which is susceptible of twenty variations, when that with which it is compared is susceptible of none at all. No one will be permitted to write blank verse of eight, or six, or four syllables, or to adopt the anapestic or trochaic measure without rhyming ends.

But let us consider separately the heroic measure, and compare the unrhyming iambics of Milton with the rhyming one of Dryden. Which of these *ought* to give us most pleasure?

There is but one circumstance in which they absolutely differ: the similarity of endings in the rhyme, and the dissimilarity in the other. In number of syllables or feet, in the distribution of cadences and pauses, they are alike. Even in the continuation of the sense or sentence beyond the couplet, they do not differ. Rhyme admits of it as well as blank verse. A fastidious scruple may make us shun this connection between couplets, as harsh and ungraceful; and Pope has pretty generally done it; but other poets have been less scrupulous; and the scruple is far from having taken the shape of an inviolable rule. Is, then, the recurrence of similar sounds, at the end of lines, pleasurable or not?

\* To talk, as Milton did, of the Gothic barbarism of rhyme, to quote the examples of Romans and Greeks, is quite silly. It is the nature of man to be delighted with harmony and concord. When this passion is thwarted and controuled, the power that domineers is custom or habit. Ideas of what is classical and pure grow out of temporary and arbitrary circumstances. Ex-

ample made the Romans abhor two lines that ended alike. Example among ourselves has made current, has legitimated these endings; and, in English verse, usage and authority have set just as valid a seal on rhyme as on blank verse.

It is worth observing that the Romans were, in a strict sense, the most rhyming people in the world. In consequence of conjugation and inflection, of varying the meaning of a word by varying its last syllables, words that rhyme together are perpetually occurring. What we do by employing distinct words, they accomplish by the use of different words, which agree or rhyme together in their last syllable. Mark, for instance, the occurrence of the same sound in the verses of the Latin poets!

If the Romans could endure their eternal repetition of *trum* and *busque*, in the same line or sentence, and yet were startled at lines or sentences that ended with agreeing sounds, how evident it is that their taste in this respect was the creature of mere fashion.

Since the usage, however, of the best writers fully sanctions the employment of rhymes in English verse; since all the variety of pauses and cadences incident to blank verse is likewise incident to rhyme; and since, *superadded* to all these excellences is the concord of terminating sounds in rhyming verse, I am obliged to conclude in favour of the latter.

K.

For the Monthly Magazine.

DIFFERENCES between SHADE and SHADOW.

THESE words are seldom confounded in discourse; but it is still more seldom that any clear conceptions are possessed of their precise and respective significations.



They are both of Saxon origin, and from the same root. Time and accident have made them two branches, which, in their dimension and direction, vary from each other.

Shadow is the *figure* of a body, produced by the rays of any luminary being partly intercepted by that body. That surface of the body which is opposite the luminary will, of course, arrest a certain number of its rays. The rest, if not by other means directed, will fall upon some plane, and produce a figure, which shall have more or less correspondence with the real figure of the body, though in no case can this correspondence be exact.

That space upon the plane from which the rays are reflected, is said to be *light* or illuminated. That space from which an interposing body hinders them from being reflected, is *shaded*, or is said to be *in shade*. *Shadow* is an idea flowing from the consideration of the outlines of this *shaded* portion of the surface.

The space between the intercepting body and the plane is void of those rays which are reflected from the exterior surface of the body. The shade is that part of the space into which no rays are *directly* admitted, and any body within that space is said to be shaded.

The reverse of shade is sun-shine, moon-shine, or taper-shine, according as the rays directed are those of sun, moon or taper.

A man standing under a shed, or in an house, is not said to stand in the shade. On the outside of a wall, however, he may stand in the shade.

Under the roof of an arbour, or in the midst of a grove, we are not said to be shaded; yet, on the outside of the arbour, or at the skirt of the grove, or under a single tree, we may be shaded. Whence proceed these differences?

It seems as if the *visible* proximity

of *shine* were requisite to *shade*. As shadow, which is the outline of shade, cannot exist but in connection with shade, so shade can never be severed from shadow. Under a single tree, on the outside of a wall, or at the skirt of a grove, we see the limits of the shade; that is, the *shadow* of the wall, the tree, or the grove; but within the wall or the grove no *shadow*; that is, no figure defined by the direct incidence of the rays is observable.

To stand *within* those boundaries that constitute the *shadow* of a body, is to stand *in* the *shade* of that body.

*Umbrage* seems to correspond not with *shadow* but with *shade*. The Roman word *Umbra* is equivalent to both. In that respect, therefore, the Roman language is deficient.

*Umbra* has three meanings; two of which are represented by *shade*, and the third by *shadow*. *Shadow*, as the *figure* formed upon a plane, by the direct incidence of rays, and *shade*, as the space contained *within* that figure, have already been discussed; but *shade* likewise signifies the figure of the dead risen from their grave and flitting about.

The "shadow of a shade" is a phrase commonly used as an example of a solecism; but in this phrase there is more error, considered in one way, and more truth, considered in another way, than they who use it are aware of. In the *first* sense of the word *shade*, this phrase is equivalent to—the shadow of a name—(*nominis umbra*)—or "the shadow of a rainbow, which are as great absurdities as can be conceived.

In the second sense of the word *shade* (as equivalent to spectre or ghost), this phrase is perfectly proper. A spectre is conceived to possess an independent substance, however great the tenuity of that substance may be, something sufficiently opaque to be *seen*, and, conse-

quently, such as to intercept the rays, and produce a shadow. Hence, strange as it may seem, the "shadow of a shade" is no contradiction. L.

*For the Monthly Magazine.*

#### REMARKS on the CYCLOPS.

Trunca manu pinus regit, et vestigia firmat,  
Lanigeræ comitantur oves: ea sola voluptas  
Solamenque mali, de collo fistula pendet.

**V**IRGIL introduces a giant, stalking along the shore of an island where certain navigators had accidentally landed. This creature is furnished with but one eye; and the only circumstance mentioned of his dress, is a musical pipe hanging (by a leathern thong, perhaps,) from his neck.

A picture like this may suggest a thousand different reflections to different readers. By some, considering it in relation to the genius of the poet, it may be admired, and by others contemned. Some may view it as a specimen of those ideas on which the invention of a certain age builds its imaginary edifices; while others may deduce from it an endless train of reflections, moral, metaphysical, and ludicrous or grave.

For my part, I cannot help reflecting on the disposition which most poets indulge, to wander out of the precincts of nature, and to create forms totally unlike what they ordinarily meet with. There is an instance of a creature, whose stature could not fall short of sixty or eighty feet, and who, unlike not only man, but every animated being with which we are acquainted, has but *one eye*. No invention could produce a more wild and grotesque phantom than this. Giants, that is, men of enormous stature, are very plenty in the works of the Go-

thic Fabulists and Chivalrous bards; and the ignorance and grossness of their age will account for the belief of their existence. So Homer's age being illiterate and savage, it is no wonder that the tale of one-eyed giants should be gravely related, and currently believed; but one is at a loss to conceive by what perverseness of judgment a poet of an enlightened age could be induced to adopt, and tell over again the monstrous story. There cannot be a better instance of the reverence for antiquity, and the idolatry for Homer which has prevailed among the European nations, than the mode in which Virgil, in the Augustan age, and Fenelon, in modern times, have thought proper to exercise their genius.

If I mistake not, the Gothic poets, though they sometimes talk of giants, do not introduce personages that exceed the ordinary stature of men, by more than has often been exemplified in real individuals. Individuals are frequently mentioned, in sacred and profane history, higher by an *half* than common men, and it is a point, not absolutely decided, whether there be not a race of such *enormities*. But none but Homer, Virgil, and Lemuel Gulliver, have recorded the existence, not of individuals merely, but of a *tribe*, whose stature was ten or fifteen times greater than that of common men; and none but the two former, I believe, have given us the portrait of a *one-eyed* creature.

Polyphemus and his brethren are described as shepherds. Their employment was to tend, and their subsistence was the milk and flesh of only one domesticated species of cattle. They did not cultivate the earth, nor build houses, nor make themselves clothes. Shelter for themselves and their sheep they found in the excavated sides of mountains.

The fictions of some poets, be-

ing mere copies from antique models, or produced with a wanton disregard of congruity, are not to be tried by a philosophical scale; yet it is not unamusing or useless to inquire into the entire or collateral circumstances of such a race as Homer and Virgil have described, and as Homer's contemporaries, probably, believed to inhabit the Isle of Sicily. What state of society, property and arts, subsisted among these Monoculi?

In some things they appear in the lowest state imaginable. Their houses were caves; they were without covering of any kind. They knew how to kindle fire, to warm themselves in winter, but they used it not to prepare their food. They seized their prey when they found it, and dashing it against the ground, devoured it after the manner of a tyger or a wolf.

Yet these savages had the use of speech, and had reduced the taming and managing of cattle to a system. One of them was blind, and, it seems, had wit enough to fashion the trunk of a pine into a walking-stick. He had also formed or fashioned some piece of porous wood into a cylindrical shape, and had hollowed out the middle, and converted it, at length, into a *whistle* (fistula). He had, therefore, some skill in the working of wood, and was acquainted with the simplest form in which a musical instrument can appear.

The story of Ulysses not only evinces the personal superiority of that leader to the *one-eyed* race in cunning, but seems to indicate a constitutional defect in the minds of the latter. We are so much accustomed to place man, as we now see him, at the head of animals, that we find no difficulty in admitting his inherent superiority, even to creatures having his general resemblance, but exceeding him ten or twenty fold in bulk.

The giants of Gothic poetry are commonly awkward, witless and slothful, and no match for the prowess of the errant knight. Polypheme was over-reached by very gross artifices, and such as (in addition to his whistle) show him to be merely childish in his intellects. It is also remarkable that the only gigantic race whose existence has been made a question, are always represented as in the rudest and simplest state of society.

There is nothing inconsistent or absurd in the supposition of a race of animals, bearing some similitude to man, but sixty feet high. There is nothing inconsistent with this idea in the records of our religion, if we suppose such a race to be *specifically* different from the progeny of Adam. Animals are distinguished from each other not always by actual differences. Suppose twin children, male and female, were turned, when infants, with a mother that was dumb, upon a desert isle; and the mother, ignorant and helpless while she lived, should die when the children were able to shift for themselves. Suppose the isle to be tropical, to abound with esculent products, but to be free from beasts of prey.

Now, the actual state of this pair, there is little doubt, would differ from that of their civilized brethren as widely as that of many of the tribe of Simia does; yet they would be men, and not monkeys, in consequence of their original capacities, of the power which circumstances would have over them.

The true difference between the *Ourang* and the man lies in the improvement of the former being stopped by boundaries which the latter is able to overleap. If a class of creatures were discovered who could not be made, by the same opportunities and culture, as skilful as the human race is found to be, it would follow that there was an

essential, though, perhaps, an unseen difference in their structure; and that, however slight that difference should prove, they could not properly be stiled of the same species with man.

Hence, if any one should choose to describe the globe we inhabit as having been previously, or during a very early age, occupied by giants or pigmies, who, like the Cyclops of the poets, never did, nor, in fact, ever could, arrive at higher skill than that of taming some species of the *pecora*, and subsisting on their flesh and milk—and as having been gradually displaced by men, a more cunning and inventive race, we might not admit the truth of the tale, but we could not deny the possibility of its truth.

MORPHEUS.

For the Monthly Magazine.

CASE of LONG LIFE in GASPARD  
COURTRAI.

To ———.

Philadelphia, April, 1800.

**I** SHOULD not write to you, at present, my friend, but because I have some leisure, and because I have something to write about which may possibly amuse you. I know your disposition, and would willingly assist you in your favourite pursuits.

A few weeks ago I was casually looking over the old books, in the new apartment of the library.\* I had no precise view, but suffered the caprice of the moment to determine my choice of a volume. I wanted entertainment for an hour, and thought that it might chance to present itself even from these shelves of musty and antiquated erudition.

At length I lighted on an old-fashioned quarto, entitled *Opera Steim-*

*beckei*. The name of Steimbeck was new to me; and so, in order to ascertain whether he was philologist, divine or physician, I took down the book. I found it to be a Flemish production, published anno 1740, at Antwerp. It consisted of several distinct treatises, one of which arrested my eye, on account of its singular title—*de vita semper producenda*. I expected to find in it some speculation recommended by its wildness, or some fact curious from its obscurity. In the first expectation I was disappointed, but in the second I was gratified beyond my most sanguine hopes. The theory was vague and crude; but among many incidents, frivolous or trite, or not sufficiently authentic, there was one which, to my mind, was extremely worthy of attention. The fact I allude to seems to have given the author the hint for the whole treatise: it therefore occupies the larger part of it.

Steimbeck is no master of composition. There is neither purity in his language, nor perspicuity in his method. I shall therefore give you a general idea of his relation, leaving you to examine the original performance at your leisure. In truth, I have neither time nor inclination to be very particular, and merely design to stimulate your own inquiries, and the book may always be had.

Steimbeck, it seems, was many years a surgeon in the French troops. Returning to the Netherlands after the campaign of 1734, in Italy, he passed through Burgundy to Switzerland. He made some stay at Dijon; and his curiosity being excited by something that occurred in conversation with an advocate of that city, respecting one who had been accused, in 1702, of flagrant crimes, before the principal parliament, he prolonged his stay a

\* Loganian Library.

few days beyond his original purpose, and procured access to the archives of this tribunal, in which the particulars of this accusation were preserved. From these records he extracted the story which is published in his book, and which I shall now take the trouble to repeat to you.

The subject of this charge was the *Sieur Gaspard Courtrai*, who inhabited one of the obscure vallies formed by the mountains which divide France from Switzerland. The charge of diabolical agency was built on nothing but the extreme age of the man, united with a vigour and activity seldom found, in the usual course of nature, in those who have passed their fiftieth year.

On a special examination it was found, that many creditable people had known the *Sieur Courtrai* for thirty or forty years, during the whole of which time there was no visible change whatever in his countenance or constitution. At the end of that period he was, to all appearance, precisely the same person as he was at the beginning.

These witnesses likewise deposed that their fathers had constantly reported the same thing: the accused being represented by them as having always appeared to them, from their earliest infancy, in the light of a man of perfect health and constitution, who had not passed the prime of his life. \*

From these incidents, a suspicion had arisen in the minds of his neighbours, that this person had acquired some impious or unlawful secret, by which he had ensured to himself a perpetual existence. In that age, the belief of some mysterious agent, by which all metals can be turned into gold, and life be prolonged at pleasure, was extremely rife. This opinion was prevalent not only among the vulgar, but among the learned and noble; and, what is not

easily accounted for, this power was always supposed to imply some enormous guilt in the possessor, and was generally ascribed to witchcraft.

The *Sieur Courtrai*, indeed, had never given cause for suspecting him of any preternatural power over riches. He had always, within the memory of the oldest person in his neighbourhood, resided on the same spot, and subsisted on the rents of a small seignory, inherited from his ancestors. There was nothing remarkable about him but the power which he apparently possessed over life, together with certain modes and habits which attracted attention merely because they were associated with his long life.

His butler, a grey-headed veteran, a native of Valengin, and the oldest of his domestics, deposed that he had come into *Courtrai's* service at thirty years of age, and had continued in the chateau fifty-seven years. During this whole period he had never known his master mount on horseback, or get into a carriage, or go above a mile from home. He had never known him receive any but accidental visitants, or send any letter abroad. He had never known him deviate from a certain distribution of his time. He had never known him indisposed for half an hour together.

It appeared from the testimony of the butler and of others, his tenants and domestics, that *Courtrai* lived upon a simple and spare diet, and divided his hours between the covert of a neighbouring forest, which was his scene of exercise for some hours during each day, and his closet, where he passed his time alone among books and papers.

His disposition was reserved. He seldom, and only when necessity required, opened his lips. His household being frugal and orderly, and long residence with him making every one familiar with his ha-

bits, there was seldom occasion for his express directions or commands. Hence it sometimes happened, that six or eight weeks passed away without his being known to have uttered a word.

His books and papers being examined, a large number of the former were found, but nothing of importance was discovered among his manuscripts. The books were an extensive and miscellaneous collection of the books then popular, consisting of history, theology and morals, and a few tracts in natural philosophy. His domestics had frequently seen him with pen in hand; but the most diligent search was unable to discover any writing of consequence.

The obscurity in which this man had so long remained, arose from several circumstances: partly from the reserve and seclusion of his own manners; from his shunning all long excursions from home, and all correspondence with people abroad; and partly from his local situation.

The seignory of Courtrai lay in the wildest part of Burgundy. The tracks around it were thinly peopled, were penetrated only by craggy and difficult roads, and abounded with forests and rocks. One of those lateral branches of the ——— which extend themselves westward into this province, at ten or twelve miles from the principal ridge, is found to dispart, and to form two ridges that separate for a small distance, and join again at a league from the place where it divided.

In this opening is a narrow valley, which, though lower than the ridges that confine it, is very lofty when compared with the distant plains, or the sea. Our author had the curiosity to visit this valley, and has given us an accurate account of it. The air he found to be eminently pure and wholesome, the summers being cool, and the

wintery skies usually bright and clear.

The access to this valley was by an arduous road on the right, up a very steep ascent. From the top of the hill, or the entrance of the valley, the way leads through the forest of Risbrac, fifteen miles to the first village. The road is naturally so difficult, and has been so little frequented, that it required no small diligence to find, and perseverance to pursue it.

This valley, consisting of three or four thousand acres, is rocky and sterile, and affords a poor subsistence to about twenty families of peasants, collected into a hamlet, adjoining the mansion of the Lord, which was a spacious and antique building, in the old style of defence. These poor people had little intercourse with the rest of the world. The way to the seats of trade being difficult, and their products being few, and little more than their own wants required, their modes were, in the utmost degree, simple.

For a great many years, all religious services were performed by an old ecclesiastic, who had lived time out of mind as chaplain to the Seigneur. This man, at length, died, and his place was filled by a young man from Dijon, a nephew to the deceased chaplain, and invited to succeed him at his particular and dying request.

The young priest seems to have brought into the valley views and dispositions very different from those of his predecessor. His curiosity and zeal instantly found employment in scanning the behaviour of Courtrai. This was by no means adapted to his notions of propriety. He appears to have been of a social and restless spirit; and, while his pride was offended at that distance and reserve which was maintained between them, his piety was scandalized at the total

negligence of all his devotional duties evinced by his superior.

Resentment and suspicion being thus awakened, he became a thoughtful and keen observer, and at length formed the resolution of charging Courtrai with heresy and witchcraft. This accusation found a ready hearing from the supreme tribunal of the province; and Courtrai was seized in his closet, by officers of justice, and thrown into prison at Dijon.

He was thus subjected to numerous indignities and hardships, without, for some time, knowing the cause of his persecution, or the person of its author. At length, being closely interrogated, they extorted from him a very minute account of his life and situation. The substance of his story was as follows:

The remotest of his ancestors of whom he had any knowledge was his great grand-father. His name was Gaspard Courtrai, and was born in Saxony in 1313. The family was noble; but, incurring the Elector's enmity, from some political cause, Gaspard eluded death by withdrawing into France, at the age of twenty-five years. He enlisted in the military service, and, during forty-six years, was a faithful servant of the reigning princes, in their wars with the Germans, English, and Spaniards. He died at the age of eighty-nine years, in a skirmish in the civil war between the Burgundians and Armagnacs. The munificence of the prince had bestowed upon him considerable estates in Burgundy.

The second Gaspard, one among several children, was twenty-three years old at his father's death. He trod in his father's footsteps, and had a considerable share in all the public transactions of the times. He was assassinated at Amiens, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, by order of Lewis XI.

A numerous progeny of the first

and second Gaspard had perished in their infancy, or in early age. In both cases, only one son survived them of their own name. The third Gaspard was born eight years before the death of his father, and was trained up, by his mother, in retirement at Courtrai. His education unfitted him, and indisposed him for warlike or civil broils; and a long life was spent, partly in travelling, and partly in domestic studies and pursuits. He died by a fall from his horse, at the age of ninety-seven, at his own house of Courtrai.

The third Gaspard married a daughter of one of his own tenants, by whom he had two sons and several daughters. The women were left at their patrimonial estate, and the sons, in early youth, went to seek their fortunes in the world. Gaspard was sixteen years of age (1551) when he left the valley with his elder brother. He returned to it at the age of ninety-six (1631), and continued in it till the period of his arrest, that is seventy-one years.

During his sojourn abroad he had witnessed the accession and death of six French princes, from Francis II. to Lewis XIV. He had acted in the cause of the reformed as soldier, writer, and negociator; and had seen the rise, progress, declension, and fall of the new religion in France. He had been in most parts of Europe, and had passed through most of the scenes and intrigues that produced and accompanied the war of thirty years in Germany. All these details, and very ample they were, are preserved in the records of this cause.

Tired of the world and its crimes, he had shut himself up at length in his alpine valley, and passed his time in such occupations and amusements as were consistent with his situation. His life, though so

far prolonged beyond the usual lot of man, had been exposed to hazards and hardships without number, but no illicit or extraordinary means had been employed to effect this end.

The charge of witchcraft was impossible to be made good against this unfortunate man. The guilt of heresy, however, was not disowned; but the penalty of banishment or execution was eluded by a voluntary death. After freely confessing all that his judges were disposed to know, he took poison and perished in his dungeon.

This case is recounted by our author chiefly with the ideas of a physician. The comments which he makes upon it, and the inquiries which he institutes, are directed more to the physiology than to the moral peculiarities or consequences of this case. Before and after his death, his body was examined by physicians. The terms of their reports are too technical for me to understand or remember; but, from the whole of them, I collect that all the organs and functions of Courtrai were sound and vigorous. His teeth were fair and entire: his hair was luxuriant, and slightly tinged with grey; his sight and hearing were undecayed; and the muscles had lost no more of their elasticity and firmness than is common at fifty years of age.

From an accurate comparison of dates, our author tells us that the first of this family was born in 1313. Hence it appears that a succession of *four* lives occupied a period of three hundred and eighty-nine years, or very near four centuries. This, which in general is not uncommon, is made remarkable by these four being lineally a kin to each other.

It is also to be noted that each of these was born after his parent had passed his sixtieth year. The last Gaspard was born in the eightieth year of his father's life.

It is not to be forgotten, too, that each of these may be said to have died of a violent death, and before any evident symptoms of decay had appeared. It is highly probable, therefore, that, exclusive of external accidents, the lives of those men might have been spun out many years longer. The three first died under their hundredth year, and the fourth had completed *one hundred and sixty-seven years*.

The last of these periods is not without a parallel; yet no man will admit the truth of it but upon substantial evidence. I have given you an abstract of the story as I have found it in Steimbeck's Treatise. I confess I see no reason for doubting it. The facts, in themselves, though singular, are not marvelous; and there is one proof of this author's veracity of considerable weight with me; which is, that in other parts of his book, he gives no proof of a genius equal to the contrivance of a story like this. Besides, his narrative is simple, unaffected, and circumstantial.

Admitting, then, the truth of the relation, I think it must suggest, to thoughtful readers, a great number of valuable reflections. The inferences that may be drawn from it by naturalists and physicians, as to the possible duration of human life, the entailing of a certain constellation upon offspring, and the influence of mountain airs, forest walks, and rural estates, in keeping death at bay, do not belong to my province.

Our author, indeed, with the customary longing after immortality, seems to have heated his imagination to a great degree, by reflection on this and some other instances. He tries to persuade himself that though no man can be exempted from external accidents, yet, that such an organization of body, and system of thoughts, are sometimes to be found as to remain sound and uniform, if not forever, yet for an



indefinite period. He desires us to recollect that, in the history of the Courtrai's, there is no instance of what he calls a natural death. A premature end appears to have been put to the lives of all of them, either by accident or by disease, none of them being suffered to expire through the mere influence of old age. The frames of all of them, so far as he was able to discover from the reports of physicians, who were actuated by the same curiosity with himself, were, previous to the accident or disease which destroyed them, in good condition.

I am sorry, for my own part, that Steimbeck paid so much attention to the mere physiology of the case, that he did not transcribe more of the history of this extraordinary family. He tells us that the minutes of notaries, and the interrogations of judges, were extremely copious and minute, but he merely extracted from these what was necessary to explain the fact, considered medically.

This case will be of greater moment to you, who delight in catching human nature in its less common aspects; of displaying the parts of pictures which mankind generally glance at inattentively or overlook. Now here is a portrait which it would be worthy of the most enlightened pencil to delineate; and years might not unprofitably be spent at the task.

Every man's enthusiasm has received a particular direction, in consequence of which all his labours are directed to one pursuit, or one set of objects. There are many men in the world who would travel a thousand miles, and devote half a dozen years, in pouring over, copying, and digesting those volumes of testimony taken in this cause, which, according to Steimbeck, lay buried in the chests and closets of the public offices at Dijon. The French tribunals were always famous for the

strictness of their scrutinies into the lives of accused persons, for the length and number of their inquiries, and the copiousness of their records. Many an instructive and authentic story might be formed from the materials which they supply.

The case of Courtrai seems to be eminently memorable, not only for the importance of those events in which he was engaged, but for the duration of his part. Only consider what sort of experience his must have been, who remained upon the public stage for no less than *eighty* years, vigorous and alert, frequently an actor, and always an observer of the most important scenes, in an age illustrious for its revolutions in government, manners and religion!

Eighty *active* years, compared with the usual career of men, is a kind of eternity. This is time enough for the world to assume half a dozen new faces. At that time the principle of *change* was peculiarly busy. No period since has abounded in events so astonishing and unforeseen. The French revolution, though by being present it engrosses much of our fancy, is far from being more stupendous in its appearances, or its probable effects, in future, than the revolutions which were brought about by Luther.

While Courtrai was an actor in the world, Francis I. Charles IX. Henry IV. of France; Charles V. and Philip II. of Spain; Gustavus, the Swede; and the English sovereigns, from Henry VIII. to Oliver Cromwell, were performers on the same stage. If we were allowed to suppose Courtrai to have been a spectator of the great drama during his retirement, the same mind would contain the long experience of a century and an half.

Some imaginations will find it hard to realize this sort of existence. Our customary span is so narrow, that a witness of the transactions of

Louis XIV. and the English revolution in 1688, appears to us in the same guise with a companion of Charlemagne, or a contemporary of Julius Cæsar. The present age deals much in the marvellous; but it will always be found, that the truth, thoroughly investigated, is more creative of wonder, and more stupendous, than any caprice of an extravagant fancy can ever be. No doubt it was in such cases as that of Courtrai that men founded their belief of wandering Jews and immortalizing potions.

The idea of human immortality has always had strong hold of the passions, and sometimes of the belief, of mankind. Yet there is nothing in this chimerical thought more astounding to the faculties, than such a duration as the lives of many, and among the rest, of Gaspard Courtrai, have attained.

In order to conceive this better, suppose your next door neighbour is (at this year 1800) a hale, active, and ruddy person, who takes his morning walks, shares the daily theme of conversation, and speculates upon the passing state of things, like any other man of middle age. Let us name him, for distinction sake, Alciphron.

In looking over the history of this man's life, suppose you go backward from interval to interval till you arrive at his time of birth. Twelve years ago, it seems, he was called by some engagement to Europe, whence he has lately returned. During his absence, he was, of course, a witness of the origin and progress of the French revolution, and of those ruinous commotions and wars which have sprung from it.

The five years preceding this voyage he spent in America. The erection of these Provinces into States, and the establishment of the federal government, were events, therefore, immediately beneath his eye, and which, it is very proba-

ble, he bore no small share in producing.

In 1774 he was a resident in London, and, being much interested in the cause of human happiness, he came to America, attached himself to the person and fortunes of Washington, and was no insignificant agent in the various scenes of our eventful drama.

During the five preceding years, which formed an interval of peace, he was engaged in contemplation, or in travelling; in acquiring new stores of knowledge, and in digesting, with new accuracy, the recollections of the past. Thus have elapsed *thirty years*; but this period, if we trust appearances, which indicate, at present, the age of fifty, must place him merely on the eve of manhood.

The contrary of this, however, is the truth; for those who saw him thirty years ago, discovered in him merely the tokens of a man of fifty years of age. Let us then, this first error being rectified, proceed with him still backward to the year 1740, when he was probably just emerging from infancy. How were the subsequent thirty years employed?

During the first eight of it there was a general and very destructive war in Europe. The next nine years were peaceful and prosperous. The arts and sciences were in rapid progress; and the foundations were laying for those changes in religion and politics which have recently occurred. Then ensued the commotions in which all the European nations were engaged, and which ended in the aggrandizement of the Prussian Frederick in Germany, and of the English in America. There then ensued another pacific series of seven years.

During this period, Alciphron, being of vigorous age and active mind, may be well supposed not to have been idle. His life was

varied by passage from one kingdom to another; by changes of society and friendships; by vicissitudes in his own opinions and fortunes; and by those important events by which the destiny of nations was controuled. During this time he was resident in France or Italy, or engaged in the secret counsels or military transactions of the exiled family of Stuart. He was aid-de-camp to the Pretender at Culloden, and an engineer in the army of Montcalm, in Canada. The intervals of peace, sixteen years in the whole, were spent in the cultivation of his mental powers and social affections, in the cities or provinces of Italy and France.

At the beginning of this second period, sixty years from the present time, instead of finding him a raw and unexperienced youth, we see, in his form and visage, the very counterpart of him who now stands before us. With our wonder somewhat roused, and our curiosity enforced, let us take up the thread once more, and attempt to trace him through the various scenes of his existence for thirty years more. This will lead us so far back as the year 1710.

These thirty years were not signalized by any very remarkable wars. Yet the scene of human life was forever shifting. Conspicuous persons were constantly rising to the view, and disappearing in all the walks of literature or ambition. Commerce, and arts, and books, were incessantly working changes in the opinions, conduct, and habits of all nations. The mind of Alciphron, of course, exemplified this mutability. Every year saw some change in his intellectual or external condition; a condition necessarily modified by what was present, but modified likewise by all that had passed.

We need not stop to mark his course from one region, from one

family, from one profession, from one pursuit, and from one set of passions and desires to another, but hasten to the commencement of the third period of thirty years, and have we not arrived at his youth or his childhood at last?

No. *Ninety years* ago his person exhibited exactly the same appearances as at the present hour. He was then, as now, apparently in the flower of his days. All his functions were complete, and his faculties mature. A long career of study, observation and experience had, at that time, been run. Now it is evident that this series is exactly parallel to that through which Gaspard Courtrai actually passed. It was not till after ninety years of activity had passed, that he withdrew to his mountains. How would our imagination be affected by incidents like these? With what emotions should we gaze upon one who fought at Blenheim, at Culloden, at Quebec, and at Germantown; who conspired to advance Charles Stuart to the British throne in 1745, and who gave his voice for the American federal constitution in 1787.

This parallel, however, though valid as far as it goes, is evidently incomplete. To make Alciphron a suitable companion for Courtrai, we must once more take up the thread, and, finding the subject of our curiosity at a mature age in 1710, we must include within our retrospect another thirty years, which will carry us back to 1680.

This fourth period was contemporary to the English revolution; with the wars of the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Marlborough; with the poets and politicians of Queen Ann's reign. What stations, public and private, what adventures signalized the fate of Alciphron during *these* thirty years? What walks did he pursue? What arts did he acquire? What experiments did he make of the

folly of ambition, the deceitfulness of human wishes? Were they passed in the halls of a college, in the concourse of a city, or the tumults of a camp? In the courts of princes, or in conjugal and domestic enjoyments? Even during this short period, how many friends must he have survived; how many passions exhausted; how many schemes have relinquished in despair, or have pursued to their completion!

Yet we have not done. Though we have traversed one hundred and twenty years, there is still no symptom of youth in our pilgrim. It is impossible, by any observation we are able directly to make, to conjecture at what distance we are still removed from his birth.

Let us, then, betake ourselves to foreign and superior aid, and be led by those who possess the secret of his true history immediately to his cradle. In pursuance of this resolution, we are led, perhaps, to a chamber in the castle of a nobleman, in a wild part of Lancashire. Looking about us, we observe the rites of baptism administered to a new born infant, according to the Romish ritual, and are told that the reigning king is Charles I. who is now in the ninth year of his reign (1633), and the ceremony of whose coronation was performing that very day at Edinburgh. This infant, born in a time of trouble and disaster, is no other than Alciphron.

His father being a royalist and catholic, lost his life and his fortunes in the civil war, and his mother carried the boy, while yet a child, into Flanders. At the age of eighteen he entered into the service and family of the exiled prince, and nine years after (1660), returned, with his master, from exile. He gained possession of his father's estate; and, from that period till the revolution (twenty-eight years), he lived chiefly in retirement, and

passed his life among his books and his groves. In consequence of his religion, and of his adherence to the banished king, he again lost his property, and was compelled to withdraw, for a while, from his native country. Some idea has already been given of the sequel of his history.

You see, my friend, how easily one may imagine a probable series of accidents, which acquire importance merely by their connection with a life of equal duration with that recorded by Steimbeck. Those who lived at the time of Courtrai's death, must have been affected by a review of the life of that extraordinary person, just as you and I should be by joining hands and conversing with a man who played chess with Charles II. at Breda, and had talked, in a London coffee-house, with Dryden and Swift; by seeing a man concur in ratifying the federal constitution in 1787, who had been the companion of William Penn's first voyage to America, one hundred and ten years before.

When we consider the succession of ideas in the human mind, the process by which knowledge is gained, and our observation and experience rendered subservient to our mental improvement, one is sunk into astonishment at contemplating the effects upon the reason and the passions, which a life of one hundred and fifty years must produce. Such a man, by actually surviving three or four generations, would have tasted many of the consequences of possessing an immortal duration.

When we reflect upon the uncertainty of history, of every thing which we are obliged to receive on the credit of other men's assertions and testimony, what an inestimable privilege must he possess who is able, like Alciphron or Courtrai, to connect the history of the present

and past age by his own immediate observation.

But there is one thing which affects me in a manner hardly to be described. You will smile, perhaps, at my visionary confidence, yet I cannot relinquish it. We are told that Courtrai was a warrior, a negotiator, and a writer. We well know the customs of that age. Every man that could hold a pen, thought it his duty to write his own history. Now is it certain that such an history was not written by Courtrai, which his disgust at the world, or his contempt of fame, or dread of persecution, might induce him to destroy or neglect? Who knows but that a diligent or lucky search might meet, in some dark and unsuspected nook, with manuscripts which all the solitary hours of Courtrai had been spent in composing, and which might far surpass, in extent and in value, the secret memoirs of D'Aubigne, or the general history of De Thou?

This I know you will call a romantic thought. Call it what you please; experience has surely furnished adequate reasons for cherishing it. You are no stranger to the history of most of the works of the ancients. Some of them, and those of most value, were enclosed in a single piece of parchment, which had lain for three or four hundred, nay, in some cases, for a thousand years, in the vaults of some mouldering tower in the wilds of Franconia or the rocks of Tyrol.

In fact, there must be, at this moment, a thousand treasures of this kind buried in neglected parchment in the numerous castles dispersed through France and Germany. I have a good mind to revive, in my own person, at least, the old spirit of literary errantry, which wandered from one province to another in search of manuscript memorials of the past age, whose zeal was directed to deliver from

their dungeons and their durandé; not captive knights and ill-starred damsels, but poets and historians of old time and obscure remembrance. I am sure, that if I were to go to France, and could reconcile a journey to Burgundy with my engagements, I should visit the vale of Courtrai with very strong emotions, and take some pains to investigate the truth of the story which nobody but Steimbeck seems to have thought it worth his while to relate.

I recommend it to you, my friend, who have more leisure than I, to reflect upon this story. I think you might make some entertaining and instructive use of it. At least, the simple fact deserves to be known more generally than it is at present. It is certainly a very remarkable case, whether we view it as physicians or moralists; and, as far as I know, it has hitherto escaped the attention of those who devote their meditations to such subjects. If you wish for a sight of the musty volume itself, I will contrive to procure the book and send it to you.

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*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

AS the bird, known by the names of Goatsucker of Carolina, East-India Bat, Musqueto-Hawk, P'Engoulevent de la Caroline, Chick-Willow, Chuck-Will's-Widow, and Whip-poor-Will, has been lately brought before the public in your Magazine, I send you a few remarks, which I have occasionally made during a summer's residence in the State of New-Jersey, pointing out, at the same time, their agreement or disagreement with the authors who have mentioned this subject of natural history.

Your correspondent, C. D. is cer-

tainly right in his assertion that the name of Whip-poor-Will was commonly applied to this bird long before the British troops visited America, if he means those troops whose purpose was to reduce the rebellious colonies to the yoke of Great-Britain; but this name only prevailed in the northern, eastern, and middle parts, whilst, in the south, the bird was known by the name of Chick-Willow and Chuck-Will's-Widow. Mr. Kalm found it under the name of Whip-poor-Will, given it, as he says, from the fancied resemblance of its note to those words, although he very justly observes, the "real sound is likest to Whipperwhip, with a strong accent on the first and last syllable." This song is to be perceived in the month of May. I never heard it but in the evening and during the season of incubation; at other times their note is a shrill cry, emitted while in pursuit of their prey, which is flies, beetles, &c. the same as that of swallows, and taken in the same manner. The strange noise which authors have compared to the "turning of a great spinning-wheel," is not a note of the bird, but proceeds from the rushing of the air into its enormous mouth, when, on the wing, it receives, or attempts to take, an insect.

Mr. Pennant asserts, on the authority of Dr. Garden and Mr. Clayton, that these birds are extremely rare towards the sea side. I reside upon the sea coast, within view of the atlantic ocean, and can affirm that they are, on the contrary, *extremely numerous*. I am induced to believe that they prefer the mountainous country for breeding, although I know them to lay and hatch within a stone's throw of the salt water; and as their song, like that of most other birds, is only heard at that season, superficial observers have been led into the error here detected.

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Catesby asserts that they never appear in the day. This is an error. I have seen them at all seasons of the day, but they are to be seen in the greatest numbers in the afternoon.

Errors similar to those here noticed are frequent in the best European authors, when treating of the natural history of this country. I hope to see some American taking up the pen, and paying, by accurate information of this nature, a part of the immense debt which we owe to the old world. W. D. Perth-Amboy, October 12, 1800.

For the Monthly Magazine.

THE SPECULATIST: NO. III.

AS soon as my friend had closed the door of my apartment I threw myself into an arm-chair, and, resting my elbow on an old-fashioned escritoire which stood beside me, sunk into an intense meditation. Perhaps on this occasion I was borne away by an imagination, whose benevolent ardours the frost of three score winters has not been able to repress. It has frequently deceived me by false representations of men and things; yet still I am inclined to resign myself to its influence: and, old as I am, my bosom throbbed when I contemplated a community in which justice should be considered as an universal and sacred duty, and perfect sincerity the privilege of every rational being. As the term *justice* is liable to different acceptations, it may be necessary to explain what I mean by the use of it. Justice, with me, is not that partial thing which confines its views to a family, a class, a nation, or even to the human species. It comprehends the whole of intelligent existence. It unites adoration of the Creator with fervent love to the creature—to the lowest and last degree of intelligence. In short, if

is rendering to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which belongs to him. In such a state of things, every inducement to prevarication would be removed, and the pure, substantial loveliness of virtue substituted for a shadow. Philosophy and truth should again be reconciled; and order, peace, and harmony pervade the moral universe. Yet I must acknowledge, that after having sufficiently treated my imagination with such images as these, I found it necessary to reverse the picture, and take a cooler view of things.

When I endeavoured to analyze the present social system; when I forbore to contemplate man as he ought to be, and confined myself to the consideration of man as he is, I perceived it to be impracticable to reconcile expediency with those sublime theories. Man, at present, is debased by error, and society convulsed by tempestuous passions, which it is the direct tendency of present institutions to foster and inflame. It is beyond the prescience of the most enlightened philanthropist, to decide whether the human species universally shall ever emerge from these calamities. But if ever we do arrive at the highest degree of wisdom and happiness of which we are capable, at that state of perfection which is comprised in the christian precepts, it must be by slow gradations. The child of reason and virtue must acquire his full vigour by more arduous exertion, and by instructions more frequently reiterated, than the child of nature. "Hitherto," said the apostle, "I have fed you with milk and not with meat, because ye were not able to bear it." And perhaps the unlimited privilege of speaking truth, may be classed amongst the highest attainments of man.

It is undoubtedly the dictate of wisdom, that our conduct as individuals should be, in some measure,

modified by the circumstances in which we are placed. If I am travelling through a country infested by banditti, and carry with me a large sum of money, it is by no means advisable to inform every person with whom I happen to meet, that I am in possession of this treasure. Yet this would be the truth; and, in certain circumstances, this degree of sincerity would not be dangerous. If I have a friend to whom I am very much attached, and discover in him some dangerous errors, it is my duty to endeavour to remove them; yet it behoves me to act with great caution and address. Suppose him to be extremely tenacious of his opinions; if I attack them openly, if I at once express my belief of their fallacy, or perhaps their enormity, I lose my hold in his esteem, by which alone I can expect to triumph over his errors. Yet this would be speaking the truth, and if he were a wise man, he would prize me the more for my sincerity. Perhaps it is allowable to extend this mode of reasoning still further, and treat the world at large somewhat as the skilful nurse treats a wayward child; that is, make some sacrifices to its caprices in matters of less importance, in order to obtain the power of controuling it in those of greater.

Yet I should be far from justifying the expression of sentiments that are false, or excusing any further deviation from the most perfect sincerity than is necessary in order to retain the power of being useful to our fellows. I am placed in society, and it is a duty incumbent on me to procure to my fellow-beings every benefit which it is in my power to bestow. But so long as men are led by their affections, I destroy in myself the power of doing good, if I declare open hostilities with their follies and weaknesses, and thus forfeit that esteem by which alone I can hope to influence their

judgments to choose the good and refuse the evil. It is true that reputation founded on qualities which we are conscious we do not, and are not desirous to possess, is, in itself, a worthless thing; yet, as it may facilitate the practice of our duty, it may sometimes be wisdom to acquiesce in the possession, if it be voluntarily bestowed.

It is unnecessary to describe the pleasure resulting from the practice of sincerity, to the man who has once felt the pure sunshine which it diffuses through the mind. To such an one, every suppression of his genuine sentiments will be a painful sacrifice, however necessary it may be to conform, in some degree, to present circumstances. Let, then, every lover of mankind redouble his efforts to remove the obstacles to the universal practice of sincerity. Let him labour to convince his contemporaries of the inestimable advantage of possessing the reality of virtue rather than the semblance. Let him bid them remember, at all times, that however they may elude the sagacity of man, their most secret actions, and every wandering wish of their hearts, are eternally unveiled before that Being who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with approbation.

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*Thoughts on American Newspapers.*

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

"THE Americans," said a splenetic friend of mine, who has travelled a good deal in America, "are a nation of readers. Taking one with another, a far greater number of the people devote some of their time to reading, than of any other people in the world. In Great-Britain, France, and Germany, those who *do*, or who *can* read, bear a very small proportion

to the rest. They are scarcely one to twenty; but, in America, almost every man is a student.

"They read, not casually, or now and then, but regularly and daily. They betake themselves to reading as punctually as to dine or to labour. Surely, then, they must be a very learned nation. All their minds must be turned to a generous and enlightened key. Society must wear, among them, a face totally different from that of any other nation—and is not this so?"

"Why, one must pause a little and inquire what is it they read? Books of history, or poetry, or science, or morals? Much depends upon their kind of reading. Are they meagre ballads, or fabulous legends? If they be, we can only expect them to be confirmed in every silly prejudice or vile superstition. A sort of volume is left, daily, at every man's door. What are its usual contents? To judge of its efficacy, it is necessary to know the tenour of it.

"If we examine them, we shall find them to be nothing more than *newspapers*; pages in which the two factions, who divide the nation, perpetually fight their battles; and, in every species of invective and stratagem, endeavour to get the better of their adversaries. In this school, you may judge what progress the American student is likely to make in the art of governing his passions, enriching his fancy, or enlarging his understanding."

It is thus that the traveller affected to sneer at us poor Americans for our attachment to the noble pursuits of history and politics. "I would fain know, Mr. Caviller," returned I, "how the time of a citizen can be better employed than in watching the conduct of his governors, in detecting their mistakes, and, if need be, censuring or displacing them. For what end has the power of choosing our governors



and legislators been vested in us, if we do not exercise it with judgment and vigilance; if we do not inquire into their claims to our favours, and regulate our choice by the tendency of those measures which we know they will adopt?

“But mere political discussions do not wholly engross these publications. Are they not continually supplied with intelligence from all parts of the world? And do they not inform us of the fate of battles, the schemes of statesmen, and the change of rulers in every part of the world? And what objects are more sublime, more interesting to the rational inquirer, than the successive scenes of this great drama?

“There is no soul among us so sordid and groveling that has not an active curiosity in relation to these great events. He will always lay down his groat for the sake of knowing what they are about in Germany, Egypt, or Bengal. The scene cannot be so remote but we have an eye to it; and Sultan Tip-poo, and Field Marshal Suwarroff, are people with whom every American, the meanest and most laborious among us, is as intimately acquainted as with his next door neighbour.”

Not convinced by these reasonings, my companion continued to insinuate, that to know the incidents of a German and Italian campaign, cannot very materially benefit a native of America, who has his bread to get by his industry, and his family to cherish by domestic virtues. He prated much about the necessity of limiting our attention, in the first place, to our own family affairs; and, if those will allow any of our time to be employed in general pursuits, he urged that it ought to be devoted to the improvement of the heart and the understanding, by writings that explain to us our personal duties, and illustrate them by familiar, perti-

nent, and amusing examples; by books that advance us in the knowledge of the properties and processes of nature; that make us, or *tend to* make us, better fathers, husbands, and neighbours, better artists or husbandmen.

“Now, no instruction of this kind,” he continued, “can be gained from the bickerings of faction, vulgarly called politics, and from the shreds and fragments, trifling, contradictory, and vague, to be found in newspapers, and gravely dignified with the name of history. Is any professional skill, any maxim of domestic economy or of social conduct, any improvement in the condition of ourselves or our neighbours, to be drawn from these fountains? How is any man the better in his taste, his temper, or his fortune; how is any man the wiser, in any art or science worth knowing, by hearing that so many Austrians were killed in *this* affair, and so many Frenchmen in *that*; that the Pope died in Tuscany, and Suwarroff in Lithuania; that the Queen of Naples passed from one part of Italy to another in a Russian frigate; and the like particulars?

“A newspaper, considered as one among a merchant’s documents, is a very good thing: as conveying, in due season, information of what is to be bought and sold; of ships arrived, or departing, or taken, or shipwrecked,—may not be conveniently dispensed with by the owners of ships, and the venders and buyers of commodities; but why so many of its pages should be stuffed with declamation against individuals, and with scraps of news respecting the operations of armies and ambassadors in another hemisphere, is not easily conceived.

“If these events are worth knowing, it is ridiculously absurd to seek the knowledge in this way. Stay till a little time has rendered the issue of transactions certain, and

stay till you have the whole of a particular event, in all its parts and incidents, before you, instead of indulging a childish impatience, and eagerly swallowing every mutilated lying rumour. A little time will not only afford you an authentic account of an event, but will save you all that expense of time which is wasted in procuring and reading premature, unauthentic, and, what is worse, unintelligible statements.

"If the knowledge of great events, passing in the other hemisphere, be of any value, newspapers, as at present conducted, are liable to insurmountable objections; inasmuch as, instead of faithfully and accurately affording this knowledge, they only tend to confuse, bewilder and mislead. In all they give us, there is such confusion or contradiction of dates—such opposite accounts of the same events—such idle and incessant repetitions, that no mortal can extricate himself from out the chaos. After a week or a month's study, a man may safely conclude that a certain battle has been fought, or a certain treaty has been ratified; but as to the causes and circumstances that belong to them, the memory is burthened with a discordant and obscure mass. Of these he knows nothing, till some impartial and enlightened observer has collected, arranged, sifted and weighed the accompanying testimony, and, profiting by lights for which it was requisite patiently to wait, or deeply to search, he delivers, in a narrative of half a page, what had filled, in its impure and chaotic state, not less, perhaps, than an hundred columns of an hundred gazettes.

"But even admitting that there is some use in perusing these desultory and impertinent details of news, what have I, a plain farmer perhaps, or a man of some studious vocation; physician, lawyer or divine—or a country shopkeeper or city

artisan—what has such an one as I to do with this long history of shipping—this catalogue of sloops and brigs to be sold or freighted—these lists of goods, wet and dry, to be found at such a corner or in such an alley? These things occupy three out of the four huge and overflowing pages which I daily receive, and are absolutely of no use but as blank paper.

"A daily gazette contains, when collected, at a year's end, no less than twelve hundred and fifty-two pages, and these are equivalent to, at least, twelve thousand pages of a good sized octavo, and these would make, at least, *twenty-four* bulky octavo volumes. When we reflect upon the infinite variety and quantity of valuable matter which might be squeezed into twenty octavos, how must we lament when we come to scan their actual contents! Three-fourths of them are nothing to the world at large. They are of use, of temporary use, only to the traders—to one of the numerous callings into which the people are distributed. To all the rest they are just as foreign as if some eminent taylor should send his ledgers and receipt-books, for the last ten years, to the press, and I should be served, every morning, with half a volume full of the precious contents. What is the cargo of the ship *Sail-fast* to me? What is the bale of dry goods, or a thousand bags of *prime green coffee*, to be sold *to-morrow* by an auctioneer, to me, who live an hundred miles off, or whose pursuits have nothing in them of a mercantile cast? Yet such is the vanity of fashion, and the caprice of the passions, that two thousand copies of such stuff shall be daily printed, and dispersed within a sphere of an hundred miles. Though never read by any but traders, it is brought and laid upon the table, because it is connected with the news and politics of the day; a connec-

tion that is perfectly incongruous, and irrational and unnecessary.

"Among other causes for regret, which the contemplation of the world and its ways furnishes to a friend of mankind, is the absurd or pernicious application of an instrument capable of the most illustrious and permanent use. It is impossible to praise too highly the invention of the *press*. Of all the forms of publication, that of a large sheet, filled with small type, and printed and dispersed daily, is the most to be admired. By this means, a man shall have, for eight dollars, in daily and convenient portions, put into his hand, without effort or forethought of his own, a quantity equal to twenty-four volumes in octavo.

"How powerful in the cause of true virtue and beneficial knowledge might this instrument be made! Put into the hands of philanthropy and genius, what wonders would be wrought by it! How might the knowledge diffused through costly, or inaccessible, or widely scattered volumes, be compressed, with new forms, arrangements and illustrations, into this easy and current vehicle! How might the truths of science, the maxims of morals and economy, be modelled and distributed anew, be familiarized, and rendered, at the same time, captivating and intelligible, in a daily paper!

"Such are its possible uses; but it is mournful to reflect on the actual application of it. Three-fourths of its contents are wholly useless and foreign to nine-tenths of its readers. By the remaining fourth, the illusions and misrepresentations of faction are conveyed to us. Our understandings are misled by sophistry, and our passions are irritated and depraved by invective and by slander, or a silly curiosity is tantalized (not gratified) by the shreds and patches, void of con-

nection, authenticity and order, of events in which we have no concern, and attention to which usurps the place of every salutary study.

"Considering the popular newspaper as the test of civilization or wisdom in its readers, how very low must sink our opinion of Americans! Their connection with us, as natives of a common country, may rescue them from our contempt, and prompt us to extenuate the censure, by extending it from *Americans to men*; and, by studied comparisons, to show, that if Americans are no *better*, in this respect, than other nations, yet it may, at least, be said that they are not *worse*."

Such was my good friend's invective against newspapers. It is easy to see that there was much error and extravagance in it; and that the fault thus imputed to the people at large, can only fall on the head of the editors or publishers of newspapers. As to the contempt cast upon the mercantile portion of a gazette, it is plainly absurd, since intelligence of what is to be bought and sold, is useful to every one who buys and sells; and that is the case with every member of society. Every man is not interested in every article, but there are some to whom every article is of use; and, in proposing the gratification or advantage of all, each one must be contented with a little.

In a performance of this kind, nothing is more unreasonable than for any one man, or one class, to expect that his benefit or pleasure shall be solely consulted. It is sufficient that there is something, among a multitude of things, which is of use to him, and the scantiness of each portion is made up by the number of those who receive it.

There is no valid reason why mercantile intelligence and general speculations should not be connected in the same paper. Every merchant and townsman is a citizen

and a man, though every citizen is not a merchant or inhabitant of a town; and, while one is contented to receive (for he need not read) the salesman's catalogue for the sake of the literature or politics connected with it, the trader is prompted to extend his view beyond his professional concerns by the vicinity of other topics.

As to the politics of newspapers, the curiosity that is attentive to the character and conduct of our rulers, so far from being merely harmless, or only moderately useful, seems to be the grand and indispensable duty of every citizen. Since it is our privilege to choose, it is our duty to choose wisely; and, for that end, to be vigilant in scanning the practices and principles of public men, to employ all practicable means of forming a true decision ourselves, and to recommend that true decision to our neighbours.

In all transactions with our fellow-men, we must make account for the influence of passions and prejudices, and draw from their folly, their precipitation, and their selfishness, new motives for industry in searching truth for ourselves, and for perseverance and ardour in combating the passions and rectifying the ignorance of others.

If newspapers be, in general, the vehicles of falsehood, and men are betrayed, by faithless guides, in the pursuit of their true interest, and the selection of their true friends, it is criminal to stand idly aloof, or to content ourselves with reviling either the deceiver or the dupe. No; it is our business to exert ourselves to show them their preferable path; and, by shunning all absurd reproaches, all groundless calumnies, all personal altercations which obscure the penetration in proportion as they inflame the passions of men, we may confer the most signal and illustrious benefits upon our countrymen.

Political intelligence, as conveyed to us through newspapers, is liable to many objections; but some of these objections arise from the nature of the thing, and are inseparable from human testimony; but much, it is evident, must depend upon the industry, and candour, and judgment of the publisher. The proofs of momentous events must ever be wanting in absolute consistency and certainty; and, in general, mere rumour and conjecture are just as likely to be wrong as right: but this is not applicable to every document or intimation, and there is constantly occurring proofs of a proper and legitimate kind. The selection of these evidences, and the conveyance of them to the inquisitive or studious part of mankind, are surely laudable and beneficial undertakings, and afford large scope for the exercise of diligence, penetration, and impartiality.

The constitution of a newspaper will always allow some columns to be assigned to general information or speculative disquisition. It is, in this respect, chiefly, that it is an important and inestimable instrument for influencing human society; and that a wise superintendant will have occasion for all his wisdom.

Three or four columns of economical or moral discussion, daily supplied, will be quite as much as the occupations of mankind will allow them to attend to. More would be tedious and redundant; and the narrower be the compass of our lucubrations, the more incumbent on us will be the careful selection, and the judicious management of our topics. Instead of lamenting that three-fourths are otherwise engrossed, the friend of mankind should rejoice that literature and morals occupy so large a portion of a production that so widely circulates; and, instead of censuring the connection that is thus formed

between literature, and lucre, and politics, he should give honour to his countrymen for permitting the alliance, and ardently approve of such effectual means for introducing the teacher of virtue, and the preceptor in useful arts, to the counters, desks and tea-tables of every rank and profession in society.

Your efforts, Mr. Editor, to attain these useful ends, will gain you the approbation of every lover of his country, and, among the rest, of a

LOOKER-ON.

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*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

**I**N estimating the various means of enlarging the understanding and meliorating the heart, I have long considered periodical publications extensively useful. Influenced by this sentiment, I no sooner saw your proposals than I became a subscriber to your Magazine. To intimate that I have parted with my money without an equivalent, or perused the several numbers without benefit, would be uncandid: but being neither philosopher nor critic, physician nor divine, I have certainly derived less pleasure and improvement from the work than my knowledge of your character had led me to expect. My animadversions, however, are not intended to imply a censure on the execution of the several departments, but to show the impropriety of admitting some of them into the plan.

The operations of nature in the production of a shark may, indeed, attract the scrutiny of an individual, and the result of his speculations on the mysterious subject afford some gratification to the curiosity of a few; but that the great mass of our fellow beings will be in any degree benefited by such an exhibition, is a position not quite so clear. To

the anatomist alone is the detail intelligible.—The relation of chemical experiments is, in my apprehension, not less objectionable; for, although, as connected with the science of medicine, it must be allowed to rank high in the scale of usefulness, yet it surely does not follow, that disquisitions on the properties of hydrogen and oxygen gas will prove interesting or intelligible to the generality of your readers.

Fragments of divinity, and mutilated orations, are illy adapted to our improvement in religion or politics. Were the sermons and the harangues given us entire, much edification would not be derived from them: for preachers of every denomination generally narrow their discourse to suit the peculiar tenets of the sect to which they are united; and modern declaimers on political topics serve but to fan the flame of party zeal, already too intolerant.

The province of the critic is to refine our taste and correct our judgment. To effect this, he ought to select, for the exercise of his art, specimens of composition, at least as remarkable for their excellences as for the want of them. The requisites will, therefore, seldom be found in extemporary harangues. Hence I conclude that the reviews of sermons and orations will attract the notice of but few readers, and to this number be productive of little amusement, and less benefit.

The enlightened moralist has for his pursuits a nobler object, and more extensive range. He labours for the improvement of the heart, and assumes, at will, the guise best suited to his purpose. With the splendid trappings of fiction and of poetry, he arrests the attention of the gay; and, while he amuses the fancy, insinuates his moral to the heart. In the plain garb of sober reason, he approaches the cynic and the recluse; and, by the clear deductions of unadorned ratiocina-

tion, unmasks their prejudices and dissipates their errors. Every species of composition has its peculiar excellence, and, whatever mode he may adopt to communicate and enforce his principles, his success must be proportionate to his attainment of that excellence. Thus will he accomplish the two-fold purpose of cultivating, at the same time, the intellectual and moral faculties. For, although he furnishes no rules for the selection and arrangement of words, yet he exhibits what is of infinitely more consequence to the generality of readers, a model of good style. And very many who have neither the leisure nor the opportunity of studying the principles of language, may, nevertheless, acquire a considerably accurate and extensive knowledge of its use, by the frequent perusal of classical compositions. The power of imitation is universal; and, by the exercise of this power, the well-read, though unlearned, not unfrequently equal the best models. The science of morals, from the circumstance of its comprehending a great variety of parts, simple and easily detached, its universal use and intelligibility, possesses a peculiar and pre-eminent claim to the notice of the periodical essayist. Such are the reasons which have induced me to believe that an appropriation of a much larger portion of your Magazine to the labours of the moralist, would procure it a more extensive circulation, and consequently enhance your interest and the benefit of the public.

I address to you these observations with much diffidence, because I highly respect your judgment; yet, with great freedom, as I sincerely wish you success. If, therefore, you think them worthy a place in your Magazine, the public will appreciate their merit, and you, perhaps, hear again from your friend,

A. Z.

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[The Editor is ever ready to listen to the remarks of his friends and correspondents, and to profit by their advice in his exertions to please and benefit those who honour his work with a perusal. His scheme, as first announced, is very comprehensive, adapted as well to the moralist as the philosopher, critic, physician, and divine. Literature and science have a strong connection with morality: and, although the Editor is not less sensible than A. Z. of the superior importance of those performances which have immediate relation to the latter, he cannot but think that a plan which comprehends other branches of knowledge, will be approved by the majority of readers. His design is to render his work as *extensively useful* as possible; to furnish a respectable *vehicle* for all those who have leisure and inclination to write, to convey their thoughts to the public. The department of *morals* is not *limited*; and it depends on the number and zeal of his correspondents whether it shall contain more or less. They may be assured that they will find ample space for their accommodation. The department of *criticism* is, in the opinion of many friends, in whose judgment the Editor justly places strong reliance, not the least important or interesting. It is certainly an object of liberal curiosity to those who attend to the character of their country, to ascertain the *quantity* and *quality* of the literary products of America; how much, and what is produced in every branch of literature and science, whether the same be great or small, valuable or worthless. That this end may be best accomplished by a review, without encroaching on the higher department of morals, cannot be denied. Whether the Review is well or ill conducted, the public must decide.]

# American Review.

## ART. XXXIV.

*Poems, by Samuel Low. In two volumes. 12mo. Vol. ii. pp. 168. New-York. T. and J. Swords. 1800.*

OUR Number for July last contains a review of the first volume of these poems; and, as several of our former observations are found to be applicable to the second volume, now under inspection, we take the liberty to refer thereto such of our readers as have not yet entertained themselves with a critique on the poetical effusions of the author.

As Americans, who feel a solicitude for the literary fame of our countrymen, we wish ever to be among the first to announce and applaud the elegant productions of domestic genius. We disclaim acquiescence in the opinion which some have had the freedom to declare, that the atmosphere of America is ungenial to the spirit of poetry; and that, like Lord Chesterfield's fine gentleman, we must be content to listen to the music of strangers, without ever venturing to fiddle for ourselves.

We must, however, acknowledge, that although our country can boast of several writers who have become entitled to the honours appropriated to the excelling bard, poetry is by no means as yet our staple commodity. A Trumbull, a Dwight, and a Barlow, will ever be excepted in the general observation.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Low, has very laudably exerted himself in making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land of the Muses; and if, on his appearance before the public, he

does not receive the plaudits which he fancies are due to his labours, he may very reasonably exclaim, "Tis not in mortals to command success." We shall regret, however, that Mr. L. had not done something more.

The present volume consists of a poem called "Winter," of "Sonnets," "Juvenile Levities," and "Effusions of Fancy," and begins with a poetical dedication to the author of Junius. We have no right to find fault with our author for offering this address to his unknown friend; at the same time, however, we cannot refrain from recollecting the consequential school-master, who once wrote a spelling-book and dedicated it "To the Universe."

The poem first mentioned, "attempted after the manner of Thomson, a part of which was written at the age of sixteen," is of considerable length, and is pretty minutely descriptive of the various scenes and circumstances peculiar to that season. Considered as the production of a boy, it is deserving of commendation, although it discovers but faint tokens of that genius which will sometimes *leap in numbers*. As the author, however, mentions that he has since "altered it in such a manner as to render it more fit for the public eye," the immaturity of years can no longer be allowed as an excuse for its defects. They who regard rhyme and poetry as convertible terms, will perhaps be at a loss to find fault with many parts of the present poem. Readers, however, of another description, who do not think "that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry," will be equally at a loss on what parts to fix their admiration. There

are, no doubt, many single lines, and some couplets that may be called poetical; but they are constantly degraded by an association with others that wear the features of prose; and, by their awkward gait, plainly show that they have no business in the hallowed grounds of poetry.

One will hardly imagine that he is reading what the Nine inspired, when he encounters the following verses:

"Thus blest is he, who safe on shore,  
can view  
The shiv'ring vessel and the drowning  
crew;  
The mighty deep enrag'd and toss'd he  
spys,  
And hears, perhaps, the seaman's dismal  
cries,  
Whom near to land impetuous billows  
urge:  
He sees them, struggling with the foam-  
ing surge,  
Now disappear, and now again emerge;  
Till soon their mangled limbs deform the  
strand:  
Then blest indeed is he on shore to stand;  
And tho' this shocking sight, this dreadful scene,  
Affect his feeling breast with sorrow keen,  
Yet, when he views these ills he need not  
fear,  
His life and safety then become more dear;  
When he compares his lot with woe like this,  
The contrast makes him doubly feel his bliss.

"Tho' such events afflict this northern  
coast,  
A temp'rate clime our continent can boast;  
For what is Winter's worst inclemence here,  
To that which polar skies inflict severe,  
With unrelenting sway, the long, long year."

Again,

"Tho' sports like these are hazardous  
and rough,  
The conquest's great and noble—that's  
enough  
To prompt impetuous youth to risque all  
harm."

"Of keener cold and piercing frost I  
sing,  
Engend'ring in the air, which soon will  
cling  
Fast hold on all beneath, which soon will  
throw  
A robe of whiteness over all below:

Stern winter, now confirm'd, in wrath  
impends;  
With all his gloomy ensigns he descends;  
For, lo! he gives the ripen'd mischief  
birth,  
And shakes his vapoury produce on the  
earth:  
'Tis come, dread Winter's hoary badge is  
come,  
And bids the earth prepare to meet its  
doom."

—"Next comes the thrifty milk-maid,  
early taught  
To shun destructive sloth, which oft hath  
brought  
Its slaves to want, to vice, disease and  
woe,  
And all the num'rous evils mortals know;  
She comes to drain the kine; industrious  
she,  
Domestic work to ply; with heartfelt  
glee,  
She treads her native snow, she cheerly  
sings  
Her simple rural strains, and with her  
brings  
Her ample pails, pure as contiguous snow,  
Which soon with copious streams of milk  
o'erflow.  
Now, laden with the luscious spoil, she  
trips,  
And, as she treads incautious, often slips."

With quotations of this sort we might crowd our pages; but, as we are sincerely disposed to do justice to Mr. L. we shall not dwell so long on his defects, as to be forgetful of his better parts. We cite the following passage as a more favourable specimen:

"Disast'rous moment when that lapse  
took place  
Which gave dire Winter to the human  
race!  
And banish'd happiness the vernal plain.  
But hold, my muse! remit thy mourn'ring  
strain;  
For Winter's rage is spent, his power hath  
fled;  
The solar beam will soon revive the dead,  
With life inspire the vegetable race,  
That long lay torpid in his cold embrace:  
Tho' Nature now of ev'ry charm is void;  
She soon shall flourish in Arcadian pride,  
Ope all her treasures at the breath of  
Spring,  
That on the southern breeze its sweets  
shall bring.



Benignant season! haste, resume thy reign;

Let joy and melody renew their strain;  
Already, lo! thy harbingers appear,  
I feel, I feel the renovation near!

And hark! the northern blast hath ceas'd  
to roar,

And light, and life, and joy return once more!"

Of his "Sonnets," twenty in number, the first eight are correct in one particular; they contain exactly fourteen lines each; and we may with propriety say with the old pedagogue, in "Love's Labour Lost," "Here are only numbers ratified; but for the elegance, the facility, and golden cadence of poetry, *caret*." The rest, however, are pretty well written, and several of them display some liveliness of fancy, with luxuriance of expression. In the last sonnet, the author manifests the high opinion he entertains of his own labours. He gives thanks to the Spirit of Song for having taught him so much, and for adorning his brow with a laurel leaf in spite of envy's *futile* venom.

We suspect that this sonnet has been written since our review of the first volume of the work, to solace the author for any chagrin he may experience at finding that his poetry is not admired by all who undertake to read it. We presume, too, that the "*venom*" of which he speaks, is the venom of us *envious* critics; and that the *laurel* which graces his brow, has been placed there by his enraptured friend.\* Since, therefore, the poet's temples are now bedecked with the honoured wreath, let him exclaim with Horace, "*Me doctarum edera premia frontium dis miscent superis*;" and, since his friend has had the goodness to rank him with Gray, Shenstone, and Goldsmith, let him go on, and cry out again, "*Su-*

*blimi feriam sidere vertice!*—I shall knock my head against the stars!"

Of his "Effusions of Fancy," we are pleased with the verses on a "Fish," and on a "Spring of Water." The first piece is pretty in its style; and, in its moral, striking and ingenious: the other is neat and smooth, and somewhat poetical.

His "Juvenile Levities" have neither wit nor sprightliness.

His meditations on "Passaic Falls," discover some exertion of fancy, and a considerable degree of skill in picturesque description. There is nothing, however, very original in the ideas, or beautiful in the phraseology.

In several instances throughout the work, we are of opinion that Mr. L. has been unhappy in his choice of circumstances intended to heighten description; thus, in representing the power of the storm, he says it is able to break the surges of the ocean:

"Its force heaven's everlasting pillars  
shakes,  
And ocean's formidable surges breaks."

Now, every one knows that no great force is requisite to break a surge, which is very apt to break and tumble to pieces by its own weight.

So, again, when describing the tranquil ease which the rustics enjoy by their fire-sides in a winter's evening, while the storm is raging without, he remarks, among other circumstances, the cracking of the roof, overloaded with snow:

"The cricket chirrups blythsome in  
the hearth,  
And all conspire to heighten harmless  
mirth.  
The roof, that ponderous heaps of snow  
sustains,  
Now loudly cracking, of the storm com-  
plains."

Of all things in the world tending to banish tranquillity and to excite

\* See CANDIDUS in our last Number.

terror, nothing can exceed the circumstance of a ponderous roof loudly threatening to crush us with its fall.

As authors are partial to their works, we presume that the present writer will be somewhat displeased with the freedom we have used in examining his productions. Let him not, however, accuse us of prejudice or envy; we are not his antagonists in the field of politics, and most certainly not his competitors in the career of poetical renown. In common with all other readers, we exercise a right to pronounce our opinions on the merits or demerits of every author who challenges criticism by publishing his labours. We aspire to no pretensions superior to the rest of mankind; nor have we the vanity to imagine that any *dictum* of our tribunal will be sufficient to shut out a votary of the muses from the temple of fame. Our critical remarks are not calculated to establish any unfavourable prepossessions against the author, or to intercept the emolument he expects to levy on the curiosity and taste of the public. Our strictures are liable to every scrutiny and contradiction which the writer or his friends may be pleased to attempt; and the same vehicle which conveys the charge, shall give equal currency to the refutation.

The publisher of the present poems has already the satisfaction to find that he owns *one* admirer, who possesses ability to vindicate his inheritance of "*a spark of that celestial fire*" which glowed in the bosom of Goldsmith; and has dexterity enough to display the beauties of his muse in the most captivating attitudes. This ingenious and satirical vindicator of the inspired bard, can now make another appeal to the discrimination of the literary republic, and exert once more the magic wand of his wit and elo-

quence "in working up into froth, at least, what he may not be able to exalt into spirit."

#### ART. XXXV.

*The Voice of Warning to Christians, on the ensuing Election of a President of the United States.* 8vo. pp. 40. New-York. Hopkins.

THE present state of our country exhibits a very uncommon spectacle. We do not recollect a parallel instance in the history of the world. In modern times, religion has always been of greatest moment in discussing the merits of the heirs or claimants of government; but formerly, the doubt lay between different sects or forms of religion. Now, in the gradual progress of events by which the moral structure of society is perpetually changing, we have come, not to inquire whether the candidate adheres to the Pope or to Luther, whether he is Christian or Mahometan, but whether he is a believer in *God* or not.

The present is a sort of æra in the history of society. The decision of the ensuing election will be a kind of thermometer by which we may estimate the state of religious opinion in the country, and determine at what distance we are from that state of things in which the opinions of a man on the question of the being or attributes of God, or, at least, of a written revelation, will be matter of the same indifference as any speculative creed in chemistry or mathematics.

The nature of the subject is naturally two-fold, and the reasoners on both sides have discussed, in the first place, the truth of the charge urged against the candidate; and next, the validity of the objection, supposing the charge true.

The terms of a controversy like

this, must fix the attention of every rational observer. That man must be strangely unenlightened and incurious, who is unaffected by it, even if no ties of patriotism or motives of private interest should engage his passions in the issue of the contest, or even if his modes of thinking cause him to be absolutely indifferent to religious topics. As actuated by pious or impious zeal, by patriotic or ambitious motives, I must, of course, be deeply anxious for the issue; and, as merely a remote spectator of the drama, I must look on what is passing with a very lively curiosity.

This is the second *pleading* (in the pamphlet form) which has been delivered in this great cause; and, as the crisis is hastening, there will scarcely be time for replies or rejoinders. We have listened very attentively to the pleader, and, while we excuse ourselves from declaring whether we join *issue* or *demur*, or coincide with his advocate, we shall not scruple to applaud the accuracy and force of his style, the ingenuity of his reasonings, and the earnestness, not to say eloquence, of his manner.

The topics here discussed are nearly the same with those of the first performance\* on this subject. The writer's spirit is somewhat different; more tinged with indignation and asperity; less forbearing to (what he deems the mischievous) designs of his adversaries. Allowances it is always reasonable to make for the strength of conviction and the ardour of zeal in a momentous cause; for that spirit in a vehement debater which is prone to consider its opponents, not as unintentionally, but wilfully erring; not as deceived, but deceivers. Integrity is frequently indignant at the imagined selfishness or artifices which are employed against it. Sophistry

awakens its ire; its arguments are winged with contempt, or with anger; and, while it is impossible to censure the fervours which arise from *sincere belief* in any cause, we may yet regret, perhaps, even for the writer's sake, that a milder strain was not adopted; that his sentiments have not been presented to the view in a guise more likely to procure the submission of his adversaries.

The end of all rational debate is not merely to display the truth in the view of the audience, but to prevail on them to *look at it*; not merely to *remove the veil* that covered the picture, but to take away the film that obscured the sight; not merely to acquit ourselves to *ourselves*, by avowing our belief, but to do good by making others believe; not only to convince, but conciliate; not only to argue, but persuade; not only, in fine, to change convictions, but remove prejudices; since, while you merely embarrass, or humble, or exasperate the hearer, the cause you defend is more injured by your passion than promoted by your arguments.

We are far from intending, by these remarks, any particular censure on the author of the piece before us. If we prefer the mild to the acrimonious and indignant reasoner, it is not because the former is more eloquent or zealous in the cause of truth, but merely because he is more likely to obtain converts and followers. Whatever be the true merits of the cause depending, and we do not presume to decide its merits, we shall, as impartial observers, be always delighted with *truth*; be more delighted with truth connected with *sincerity*; and be delighted, above all, with truth and sincerity united with *candour*.

On a noted passage in Mr. Jef-

\* Serious Considerations, &c. see Review for September, p. 202.

person's book, in which opinions relating to religion are said not to be the proper objects of legal restraint, because they occasion no private injury, the following remarks occur:

"Ponder well this paragraph. Ten thousand impieties and mischiefs lurk in its womb. Mr. Jefferson maintains not only the inviolability of *opinion*, but of *opinion propagated*. And that no class or character of abomination might be excluded from the sanctuary of such laws as he wishes to see established, he pleads for the impunity of *published error* in its most dangerous and execrable form. Polytheism or atheism, 'twenty gods or no god,' is perfectly indifferent to Mr. Jefferson's good citizen. A wretch may trumpet atheism from New-Hampshire to Georgia; may laugh at all the realities of futurity; may scoff and teach others to scoff at their accountability; it is no matter, says Mr. Jefferson, 'it neither picks my pocket, nor breaks my leg.' This is nothing less than representing civil society as founded in atheism. For there can be no religion without God. And if it does me or my neighbor no injury, to subvert the very foundation of religion, by denying the being of God, then religion is not one of the constituent principles of society, and consequently society is perfect without it; that is, is perfect in atheism. Christians! what think you of this doctrine? Have you *so* learned Christ or truth? Is atheism indeed no injury to society? Is it no injury to untie all the cords which bind you to the God of Heaven, and your deeds to his throne of judgment; which form the strength of personal virtue, give energy to the duties, and infuse sweetness into the charities of human life? Is it indeed no injury to you, or to those around you, that ~~your~~ neighbour buries his conscience, and all his sense of moral obligation, in the gulph of atheism? Is it no injury to you, that the oath ceases to be sacred? That the eye of the Omniscient no more pervades the abode of crime? That you have no hold on your dearest friend, farther than the law is able to reach his person? Have you yet to learn that the peace and happiness of society depend upon things which the laws of men can never embrace? And whence, I pray

you, are righteous laws to emanate, if rulers, by adopting atheism, be freed from the coercion of future retribution? Would you not rather be scourged with sword, and famine, and pestilence, than see your country converted into a den of atheism? Yet, says Mr. Jefferson, it is a harmless thing. 'It does me no injury; it neither picks my pocket, nor breaks my leg.' This is perfectly of a piece with his favourite wish to see a government administered without any religious principle among either rulers or ruled. Pardon me, Christian: this is the morality of devils, which would break in an instant every link in the chain of human friendship, and transform the globe into one equal scene of desolation and horror, where fiend would prowl with fiend for plunder and blood—yet atheism 'neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg.' I will not abuse you by asking, whether the author of such an opinion can be a Christian? or whether he has any regard for the scriptures which confine all wisdom, and blessedness, and glory, both personal and social, to the fear and the favor of God?"

On the alliance between religion and politics we have the following observations, with which we shall dismiss this pamphlet:

"That religion has, in *fact*, nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it, is a melancholy truth. But that it has, of *right*, no concern with political transactions, is quite a new discovery. If such opinions, however, prevail, there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct, in political matters, violates every precept, and flanders every principle, of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science and the exercise of civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on his authority, and extending to all our relations personal and social? Yet *religion has nothing to do with politics!* Where did you learn this maxim? The bible is full of directions for your behaviour as *citizens*. It is plain, pointed, awful in its injunctions on rulers and ruled *as such*: yet *religion has nothing to do with politics*. You are commanded 'in *ALL your ways* to acknowledge him!' \* In *EVERY THING*, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests,

be made known unto God,\* 'And WHATSOEVER YE DO, IN WORD OR DEED, TO DO ALL IN THE NAME of the Lord Jesus.'† Yet religion has nothing to do with politics! Most astonishing! And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be, without law to God, and not under the law of Christ? Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood, and corruption which pervade the systems of party, and burst out like a flood at the public elections, are to be blotted from the catalogue of unchristian deeds, because they are politics? Or that a minister of the gospel may see his people, in their political career, bid defiance to their God, in breaking through every moral restraint, and keep a guiltless silence because religion has nothing to do with politics? I forbear to press the argument farther; observing only, that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had had more to do with our politics; if, in the pride of our citizenship, we had not forgotten our Christianity: if we had prayed more and wrangled less about the affairs of our country, it would have been infinitely better for us at this day."

[So many Sermons and Orations on the Death of Washington have already passed in review before our Readers, and so much time has elapsed since the publication of those announced in our present Number, that we presume we shall be readily excused for dispatching, in a concise and summary way, the five following Discourses. As they are all on the same subject, and display no views of character, or topics of reflection, but what have already become familiar to our Readers, we shall, at present, confine our examination to a few general remarks on their style and composition.]

\* Phil. iv. 6.

#### ART. XXXVI.

*God the Author of Human Greatness! a Discourse on the Death of General George Washington; delivered at the North Congregational Church in Newburyport, December 29, 1799. By Samuel Spring, Pastor. 8vo. pp. 28. Newburyport. Blunt. 1800.*

IN very humble language, and in a style by no means classical, Mr. Spring delivers a number of common-place remarks, which, of course, neither interest the mind, nor seem quite commensurate with the dignity of the subject. All this, however, may have been deemed tolerably good within the precincts of his pulpit; but the author, when he was committing his production to the wild wing of the press, should have reflected that it might chance to fall among those who are strangers to his intrinsic merit, and who, regarding this discourse as the standard of his talents, might draw conclusions unfavourable to his reputation as a writer.

#### ART. XXXVII.

*Greatness the Result of Goodness: a Sermon, occasioned by the Death of George Washington, late Commander in Chief of the Armies, and First President, of the United States of America, who died December 14, 1799, aged 68. By Samuel West, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Hollis Street, Boston. 8vo. pp. 17. Boston. Manning and Loring. 1800.*

*A Discourse, delivered at Hartford February 22, 1800, the Day set apart by Recommendation of Congress, to pay a Tribute of Respect to the Memory of General George*

† Col. iii. 17.

Washington, who died December 14, 1799. By Abel Flint, Pastor of the South Church in Hartford. 8vo. pp. 22. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1800.

OUR praise of these two discourses (if praise it may be called) is of the negative kind. They are not tedious, for both together make but about twenty-six short pages. They do not offend the understanding by any extravagancies of fancy, nor make any violent efforts at lofty conceptions. The style is in no way so crude as to betray an unpractised pen, nor the remarks so common as to be totally uninteresting. On so great a theme, however, one naturally expects from an orator something superior to either of the present compositions.

ART. XXXVIII.

*A Discourse, delivered on Friday, December 27, 1799, the Day set apart by the Citizens of Hartford, to lament, before God, the Death of General George Washington; who died December 14, 1799. By Nathan Strong, Pastor of the North Presbyterian Church in Hartford. 8vo. pp. 26. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1800.*

A SENSIBLE and well written discourse, but not calculated "to wake the soul by tender strokes of art," or to elevate the mind to the grandeur of the subject. It possesses, however, some warmth without vehemence; and, although not adorned with the flowers of rhetoric, is tolerably well furnished with the embellishments of style.

ART. XXXIX.

*A Discourse on the Dignity and Excellence of the Human Character; illustrated in the Life of General*

George Washington, late Commander of the Armies, and President of the United States, in Commemoration of the afflictive Event of his Death. Delivered February 22, 1800, in the Benevolent Congregational Church in Providence; and published by Request of that Society. By Enos Hitchcock, D. D. Member of the Society of the Cincinnati. 8vo. pp. 35. Providence. Carter. 1800.

NEAT language, and a correct arrangement of sentences, appear to be the principal characteristics of this composition. The style, however, seems to want that graceful simplicity and venerable air, so highly becoming on an occasion solemn and affecting.

If it never is ridiculous to compare great things with small, then we are not to laugh at the following little comparison. "Washington," says the author, "in his retreat through the Jerseys, was pursued like a hunted hare by a large and victorious army."

ART. XL.

*The Present State of Literature: a Poem, delivered in New-Haven, at the Public Commencement of Yale-College, September 10, 1800. By Warren Dutton. 8vo. pp. 16. Hartford. Hudson and Goodwin. 1800.*

THE author of this poem bids fair to be ranked among those distinguished American poets, the early effusions of whose genius were exhibited at the same college.\* As a satyrist, Mr. Dutton possesses more of the sportive ease of Horace, than the glowing energy of Juvenal. He has chosen, perhaps, the looser models of Gifford and Mathias, the former of which

\* Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, &c.

deserves even more praise than is to be found in the following lines:

"The cobweb Bards, by Della Crusca taught,  
To draw ten splendid threads, to catch one thought,\*  
Industrious, wove their web, and gaily spread  
The tinsel texture o'er the critic's head;  
Till classic Gifford rose in merry guise,  
And brush'd it down before their anguish'd eyes."

Mr. D. aims the shafts of his wit at the follies, rather than the vices of his countrymen: The slaves of traffic, the sons of *mammon*, the votaries of fashion, the loungers at theatres, and self-created arbiters of dramatic merit, the boasting, busy, lying land-jobber, pass in rapid succession before him, and, as they pass, receive the stroke of his moral scourge. He thus dismisses the motley herd:

"Peace to all such, whose minds, unform'd, untaught,  
Conceive no useful act, no generous thought;  
Who give to Mother Dulness no offence,  
By sparks of wit, or accidental sense;  
Whose hungry maw no sweeter food requires,  
Than ignorance gives to pedants and to liars."

The *philosophers* of the present age escape not his notice:

"Remote from view, by poets yet untold,  
Where night and day an equal empire hold;  
Where embryo forms, and shapeless phantoms dwell;  
The Abstract Writer keeps his wizard cell.  
No rising suns, here, struggle into day;  
Nor Cynthia's beams, in mild reflection, play;  
No tuneful groves e'er charm the listening ear;  
No sportive fairies dance their ringlets here;

\* \* Royal Tyler, Esq. first began to ridicule this style of poetry in the 'Farmer's Museum.'—Mr. Gifford has since pursued the business to a greater length, in the 'Baviad and Mæviad.'

† ——— Oft have I seen  
A timely parted ghost of ashy semblance,  
Pale and bloodless."

*Shakspeare.*

But o'er the lurid lake the breezes sleep,  
And sluggish streams, without a murmur, creep;

Uncertain shadows meet the straining-eye,  
And heaven and earth, in dim confusion lie.

The Sorcerer, here, his wand of magic plies;  
Each summon'd thought, before him, fades and dies;  
Bereft of all that strength and beauty give,

Like timely parted ghosts,† that seem to live,  
They fly the touch, dissolve in liquid air,  
And leave us to exclaim 'There's nothing there!'

"Thus thoughts, by modern wits, are so refin'd,  
That sense, like liveried servants, rides behind."

He next satyrizes the bombast of our daily orators and newspaper scribblers.—Every American will unite in the wish of the author:

"O; that some native bard, whose rapid eye,  
Quick as the lightning's glimpse, that spans the sky,  
Arrests the gorgeous images that move  
On earth beneath, in air, or heaven above;  
Whose bosom, kindling with the living fire,  
That blaz'd in Grecian song, and woke the lyre;  
Whose fervid mind, sagacious, unconfin'd,  
By freedom hallow'd, and by truth refin'd,  
Darts her exploring glance, and quick surveys  
The various shades that character displays;  
To whose blest Muse th' exquisite gifts belong  
Of grace, and ease, and melody of song;  
To Washington, alone, could sweep the strings,  
And grow immortal as the theme he sings!"

The following tribute to a popular poet, evinces the good taste, as well as poetry of the author:

"Thy labours, Cowper, in the cause  
are done!  
'Thy sorrows o'er, thy crown immortal  
won!  
Still would the eye thy brightening path  
pursue,  
And gaze, in tears, a long and last  
adieu.  
'While others rear the monumental  
bust,  
The dull, cold record, of the sleeping  
dust,  
Shall thy own "Charity," on hovering  
wing,  
Hang o'er thy hallow'd urn, and sweetly  
sing:  
Here sleeps the Bard, by all the Muses  
lov'd,  
By Wisdom laurell'd, and by Heaven  
approv'd;  
Whose wit, and learning, never knew  
abuse,  
But shone, with radiance, in his Maker's  
use;

Who sung of nature;—lo, with glad  
surprise,  
She stands confess, the daughter of the  
skies!

'Who urg'd the flighted cause, I make  
my own,  
'Confess'd my power, and made my tri-  
umphs known."

The present state of literature afforded a wider field for the display of moral discrimination, a pure and correct taste, and the bright effusions of wit and genius, than Mr. D. has chosen to occupy. Yet this brief sketch of a subject so various and extensive, affords pleasing proofs of his poetical talents. He speaks in numbers smooth, flowing, and musical. Though the reader is not surprised with the novelty or frequency of splendid images, he is never offended by the turgid phrases, puerile conceits, or prosaic heaviness of too many of those who urge their claims to the meed of genius in these "degenerate days."

## SELECTIONS.

*Extract of a Letter, dated New-York, October, 1798, from Daniel M'Kinnen, Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Major ———, giving an account of the Country south of Lake Ontario.*

[Continued from p. 217, and concluded.]

### THE WILDERNESS.

**A**FTER having crossed a fine flat on the west of the Genesee river, a mile in extent, we penetrated into the silence and solitude of the wilderness. Our route lay along an Indian pathway, which conducted us to Lake Erie. There is an interest which the mind feels in the remoteness of situation, and in the pleasure of contemplating scenes which wear all the graces of nature in her primitive attire, that will scarcely yield to the most pic-

turesque charms of culture and population.

Traversing these wilds, and observing often nothing but an immense forest around me, where the cultivated spots comparatively upon a smaller scale, are no more than a few square feet cut out of a field of standing wheat, I could not help anticipating that time when the gloom and solitude of the woods will give place to a peopled and smiling landscape. Though probably I shall be in my grave before that happens, it is difficult to attach the idea of independent existence to individual bodies—we live in each other, and the future as much as in ourselves; and I exclude the narrow idea that would confine all my views within the confines of my own day. No! the increase and expansion of human being and



happiness, afford the brightest views in the perspective of the mind. Through many a weary mile, enveloped in the shades of unpenetrated woods, by indulging in fancy a rational picture of the future, I beguiled the tedium of my journey. I could not contemplate, without emotions of pleasure, that these inhospitable tracts of forest, destined by nature for the blessings of the human race, in the course of a few revolutions of our globe in its orbit, shall be transformed by culture into a country where future generations will experience all the comforts, and all the embellishments of life; and I amused myself often in imagining, that the rural beauties of my native country would one day adorn these hills and valleys now covered with an endless unprofitable forest of trees.

There appear to me through this wilderness, two distinct characteristic tracts of country—one of a most rich soil, where the beech associates with the maple; the other of a light or sandy nature, covered with fern or wild grass, and extending in beautiful plains or natural parks, interspersed with groves of poplars, chesnuts, and white oaks. The latter tracts of country, from the name of an extensive morass and the creek in their vicinity, I apprehend must have originally abounded with buffaloes; but they have at present disappeared. These buffalo plains, which extend far west, are extremely pleasing to the eye, and give one an idea of the greatest refinement in rural scenery. The first night of our journey across the desert, we slept in a sort of log-house; but, on the second, after travelling between sixty and seventy miles, we halted in the midst of a fine plain. Overcome by fatigue, I took my saddle from my horse as a pillow, and lay down on the roots of a large oak. There was something, however, so awful and in-

teresting to me, in a situation perfectly new, that I scarcely wished to compose myself to sleep. The night was calm and starlight; a tall wood at a distance cast a solemn shade before us; and, while my companions were in sleep, I lay all night in contemplation, attentive to the deep silence of the gloomy regions surrounding us, which was sometimes interrupted by the howling of wolves, and the wild and shrill cries of the Indians. Notwithstanding Mr. Buffon will not allow the panther to be a native of America, it is very confidently said to have been seen in these parts; but I confess, I never met any person who could assert it upon unequivocal testimony. The American wolf, which is a diminutive species, formerly inhabited every part of this and the adjoining States. So great was the number of wolves at the early settlements to the south-east, that when the small-pox first committed its ravages amongst the Indians, attracted by the pestilential stench of the putrid bodies, they assembled round the Indian castles and devoured the helpless sick. From this animal, it is suspected the Indian dog derives his race; although domesticated for a length of time, he still retains some of the features and ferocity of his progenitors. From the liberal bounties given by the western counties of this State for wolves' heads, they will soon probably be destroyed.

On our arrival at Buffalo Creek, we met with a party of surveyors, and some of the chiefs of the Six Nations, who were employed in adjusting the boundaries of a tract of three million acres of land lately purchased from the Indians by a company of Dutch proprietors. At the mouth of the creek we beheld a beautiful and extensive prospect of Lake Erie. The promontory of Cape Abineau fronted us at a considerable distance on the Canadian

side of the lake: on the south, the shore presented an extended curve of hills in remote perspective; and, on the west, we beheld nothing but an unbounded waste of water. The whole was very much like a handsome view of the sea; but the tall and spreading trees which line the banks, diminish much the desolate and bleak appearance of the sea-coast, and give a peculiar character to the scenery. We proceeded along the sandy shore of the lake, till we reached its outlet, communicating with Lake Ontario; and here we were ferried over a very rapid stream below Fort Erie to Upper Canada.

#### FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I now felt that lively interest excited in me which it is natural to experience on approaching one of the greatest wonders of the world. The landscape about us so magnificently wild—the number of Indians dispersed over it—the prospect of the grand lake, all conspired to tell me I was in that romantic country described by the first travellers in America.

The waters of Lake Erie issue through an outlet on its eastern extremity over an horizontal bed of lime-stone rocks, and running, in a northern course, through a channel between one and two miles wide, and down the falls at Niagara, empty themselves into Lake Ontario. The land on the south of this great lake, is considerably elevated, and the waters of the principal rivers flowing into it from that quarter, (such as the Black River, the Genesee, and the Oswego) fall in cataracts before they issue into the lake. On the banks of the outlet from Lake Erie, the country is generally level, and continues so for the most part till within a short distance of Lake Ontario. The traveller then finds himself on a high station, sloping towards the north, which

commands a view of a magnificent expanse of country, and extends a great distance from east to west, forming a large embankment, as it were, to Lake Ontario. The river, at the distance of seven or eight miles from this steep, descends to the level of its base, and appears to have wrought a natural canal through the solid strata of horizontal rocks, which form high cliffs on each of its shores from the falls at Niagara.

On the Canadian side of the river, the land has been recently cleared of its wood. The opposite shore is totally uncultivated. We rode from Lake Erie along the western banks of this outlet, which, branching out, forms a large island in its course, till we reached the block-house and village at Chippewa. At the distance of about ten miles, we distinctly heard the thunder of the great cataract at Niagara, and observed a thick cloud rising to the northward. The outlet being a fine expanse of water, about two miles wide, flows serenely between the level and woody banks of Chippewa and Fort-Schloesser, on the desert shore of the State of New-York. The principal body of water then suddenly takes a bend to the westward, and precipitates itself in foaming surges over an immense bed of rocks for the distance of nearly half a mile, till it tumbles at the great falls. Part of the river, without essentially altering its course, passes along the eastern shore, and leaves an island which severs its channel over the rocks till it has fallen down the steep. Standing on the Canadian shore, which becomes elevated as the river descends, and where it makes a curve passing down the rapids, the prospect before me was truly majestic. The smooth and tranquil course of the waters along the woody shore of Fort Schloesser, about two miles above; the small and picturesque

islands, covered with cedars, which are formed by a part of the river winding round the rapids; the foam and impetuosity of the water bursting over the rocks, presented an assemblage of grand and beautiful objects, forming a picture unequalled by any thing I ever beheld in nature. Having sufficiently gazed on this divine scene, in order to have a full and perfect view of the falls below, I found it necessary to go some distance round. Passing under a heavy shower of rain, caused by the spray of the falls, and proceeding through a thick wood of pines, I found myself on the brink of an awful precipice, which overhung the river, boiling below in tremendous agitation after its fall. The whole of the stream after its descent resumes nearly its original course; but it falls in two divisions into an immense basin, from the bottom of which you observe one part of the great cataract falling, on the south side, over a concave ledge of rocks; and, on the eastern side, the other division of the falling river separated by an island covered with large trees, and supported on a base of rocks nearly one hundred and fifty feet high. Having descended with some difficulty to the river, I clambered to the top of a rock which commands the whole of this stupendous scene. After lifting my eyes to the sublime and awful spectacle of the great falls to the north, I involuntarily cast them down, overpowered by a sentiment of amazement mingled with terror. The greater body of this deep river, two miles wide, appears flowing to the centre of a semicircle, where it rushes into conflict, and falls with a fury and impetuosity which the eye cannot follow or sustain. The recoil is almost as terrible as the fall, and the whole of the river below seems volatilised in one storm of foam and spray, which covers the sheet of descend-

ing water, and issues in a heavy cloud to a considerable height in the air. For some time I felt doubtful as to the solidity of the station where I stood. The horrid and unremitting peal of thunder which rebellows from the surrounding cliffs, is not a little heightened by the menacing aspect of the whole scene, resembling one huge ruin. The falls on the north-east of the island present an immense sight, where the beautiful predominates in the sublime; but the awe which such a tremendous body rushing headlong down excites; the violence of its fall seeming to shake the surrounding mountains, whose entrails are torn from them and flung in disordered fragments on the shore; the frequent and irregular blasts of wind rushing at every moment from different quarters; the short and convulsive waves of the river beating on the rocks, render the whole, at first, as terrible as it is stupendous. It is impossible, by any effort of fancy, to heighten a subject so truly sublime. We may look at it with awe and astonishment, returning deeply impressed with admiration of the magnitude of the work, and the omnipotence of the Creator; but, to communicate any adequate idea of the feelings excited by the mighty traits in the aspect of this grand scene, would require analogies which are not to be found in the imagery of the mind.

The body of rocks over which the greater division of the waters glides from the plain above (receding somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe), is so excavated as to admit of a person's passing without danger immediately under the river as it falls. I ascended the shelving base of the cliffs on the north shore, and walked under their shelter to a point of projection which immediately covers the falls: but, in attempting to pass round, I was assailed by a

blast of wind and rain, so violent that I found it impossible to proceed. An inhabitant in the vicinity of the rapids, informed us that, according to his observation, taken by a poplar tree on the bank of this shore, the falls had worn away the rocks and receded six rods in the course of eight years. On the opposite shore, the channel has undoubtedly increased in depth; for the passage over the rapids to the island has been heretofore effected, which at present is deemed impracticable.\* Recent instances are not wanting of persons who, from inadvertence, have been precipitated down the falls. Some few years ago, an Indian lying asleep in his canoe, by accident or design, was set adrift, and floated down with the current till he was awakened by the roaring of the rapids, where the water first bursts into a cataract. He then rose and extended his arms with horror and astonishment; but remembering that dignified resolution with which it has ever been the pride of his countrymen to meet death in the most dreadful shapes, and having covered his head with his blanket, he composedly sat in his canoe, glanced down the rapids, and was plunged into the tremendous abyss. What can be the resistance of the human body to such a force of descending water, when large bodies of trees, which have gone down, are found hurled upon the shore beneath, twisted and splintered into a thousand pieces? All the vegetable substances below the falls, are covered with a white down; and, in the interstices, between some calcareous and shistous rocks, where the water oozes from the cliffs, I found considerable quantities of *sphuma maris*. In the vicinity of the rapids, a hot sulphu-

reous spring was some time since discovered.

These falls have been called Niagara, Jagara, and Ochniagara, by the Indians. Some Cayuga chiefs informed me that the true name (perhaps in their language) is Ochniagara, an old compound word, signifying a large neck of water. Having heard that a superstitious reverence had been paid to this sublime subject by the Indians, I was inclined to trace its etymology in some words characteristic of the deity; and I found that *Nioh*, in a vocabulary of the language of the Mohawks and Onondagas, signified *God*. But I could not find any other probable word to justify an etymology by conjunction. Below the falls, the stream is extremely vortiginous, and so rapid as not to admit of navigation, independent of an extraordinary turn, about five miles from Niagara, where the whole body of the water wheels round, and forms a tremendous whirlpool. The high ridge of land which I before mentioned, at a short distance below Niagara, commands a majestic view, comprehending the western part of Lake Ontario, the stream running into it from Lake Erie, and an extensive country to the west. At a great distance on the north of Lake Ontario, on which York-Town, or Toronto, is situated, the present seat of government of Upper Canada, the shore rises into view, and presents a line of elevated hills, describing, for near fifty miles, the northern boundaries of the lake. In the intermediate space, you distinctly see the scite of Newark, at the northern point of the outlet, on its entrance into the lake, and the fortress of Niagara on its eastern shore.

\* These facts justify an opinion which I recollect to have heard suggested by M. de Volney, that the falls originally commenced at the ridge of highlands several miles below.

Such is the present state of this interesting country, as far as my observations enable me to represent it. The fugitive tints of the pictures I have attempted to delineate, from the vicissitudes of the wonder-working powers of human labour, will, in the course of a few years, change or disappear: and, if the memorial of them I have given be just, it may then be a matter of some curiosity to compare the future with the past.

#### OF THE INDIANS.

On our return we crossed the outlet at Queenstown, ascended the high ridge as it runs east, and, having passed the Tuscarora villages, encamped at the entrance of a large and almost impassable morass. The next day we arrived at another settlement on the Tonnewanto rivulet, inhabited by the Seneca Indians. I felt extremely happy in the midst of the desert, to find myself in this inhabited little spot. All the principal men were gone from their homes for the purpose of running the lines of ninety square miles which had been reserved to them in the sale to the Holland company; and we found only the old men, women, and children in the village. Their huts, which they construct of hewn planks covered with bark, are generally about thirty or forty feet long, fifteen wide, and as many high. In examining one of the most considerable, we passed through an outer shed, in front of which was a seat where they sat sunning themselves. The interior somewhat resembled the long cabin of a packet-boat. On each side was a line of four bed-places, covered with deer-skins, with a bench running before them. Two fires were burning on the earthen floor in the area, and emitted their smoke through holes in the roof. Above the beds, was

a floored granary, containing their winter's provision of maize, which, with some precarious supplies obtained by hunting and fishing, is their constant and only food. I discovered no other implements of domestic use than two or three iron kettles, some baskets, and cups made of dried gourds. Several families are lodged under one roof. Their plantations of corn were about two miles distant. It is remarkable that all their domestic and agricultural concerns are managed by the women. The men delighting in the prerogatives of indolence and pleasure, are employed principally in hunting and lounging about.

The Six Nations, of whom this tribe constitutes one, have shifted their habitations from spot to spot, and this village, among others, is of recent settlement. They do not, at present, much cultivate the art of war; but their warriors still appear with tomahawks in their hands, and cased knives in their girdles. In general, they are of innocent dispositions, and, in their daily intercourse with the inhabitants of the United States, we hear of few instances of any ferocious irregularity of behaviour. I did not find that the rules of commutative justice were either settled or enforced amongst them by any regular authority. I listened with a smile to the account of their marriage and funeral rites. But this subject has been so often treated (and so completely by *Cadwallader Colden*, in his history of these nations), that I find nothing left to add. I shall only remark, as a fact falling within my observation, that however rude and comfortless the situation of the Indian of these parts may appear to us, he feels no disposition to change. Instances are not wanting of those who having been removed to a different hemis-

phere, returned to their beloved and native woods; from which no temptations could estrange them. The civilized emigrant comes often into the desert as destitute as the Indian himself; but superior energies of mind, and well-directed labour, soon render his abode there a matter of choice as well as convenience. The savage, without any desire to imitate, looks with contempt on the exertions as well as the rewards of his industry, and envies him no other possession but his rum.

It is a very interesting subject of speculation to an inquisitive mind, to trace the different gradations of improvement which our nature undergoes from the simplicity of savage life to our present extremes of luxury and refinement. We see here a race of people apparently enjoying as much real happiness in the simple gratification of the first wants of nature, as our more esteemed societies in the full possession of all that the arts, the knowledge, and the acquirements of our European ancestors, in the lapse of many centuries, have bequeathed to us. To question, however, the propriety of these improvements, would be to overlook the genius of human nature, which has manifested an unvaried progression in society. Much as we may sigh for that condition of exemption from the evils of imagination, to which the savage state seems the nearest approach, and from which the most accomplished state of society is perhaps the farthest remove; still the enlarged views of science lay open to the mind a state of existence, the result of such a curious and profound contrivance, that we cannot but feel anxious to study, and implicitly obey, the tendency of nature, our incomprehensible law-giver.

*To the Editor of the (London) Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

THE following are extracts from letters of the late Gen. Washington, to whose papers I had free access, when residing at his house for weeks, while procuring materials for the History of the American revolution; and of some written to myself.

Yours,

W. GORDON.

*St. Neot's, April 14, 1800.*

*To Mr. Lund Washington, Mount-Vernon.*

*"November 26, 1775.*

"Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of these kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness. I have no objection to your giving my money in charity, when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is, that it is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider, that neither myself nor my wife are now in the way to do these good offices.

"G. W."

*In a Letter of Jan. 23, 1778, the General thus writes:*

"I have attended to your information and remark, on the supposed intention of placing General L. (*meaning Lee*, before captivation) at the head of the army: whether a serious design of that kind had ever entered into the head of a member of C—— or not, I never was at the trouble of inquiring. I am told a scheme of that kind is now on foot by some, in behalf of another gentleman—but whether

true or false, whether serious, or merely to try the pulse, I neither know nor care: neither interested nor ambitious views led me into the service—I did not solicit the command, but accepted it after much intreaty, with all that diffidence which a conscious want of ability and experience equal to the discharge of so important a trust, must naturally create in a mind not quite devoid of thought; and after I did engage, pursued the great line of my duty, and the object in view (as far as my judgment could direct) as pointedly as the needle to the pole. So soon then as the public get dissatisfied with my services, or a person is found better qualified to answer her expectation, I shall quit the helm with as much satisfaction with as much content, as ever the wearied pilgrim felt upon his safe arrival in the Holy-land, or haven of hope;—and shall wish most devoutly, that those who come after may meet with more prosperous gales than I have done, and less difficulty. If the expectation of the public has not been answered by my endeavours, I have more reasons than one to regret it; but at present shall only add, that a day may come when the public cause is no longer to be benefitted by a concealment of our circumstances; and till that period arrives, I shall not be among the first to disclose such truths as may injure it.”

“*February, 1778.*

“With far the greatest part of mankind interest is the governing principle. Almost every man is more or less under its influence. Motives of public virtue may for a time, or in particular instances, actuate men to the observance of a conduct purely disinterested; but they are not of themselves sufficient to produce a persevering confor-

mity to the refined dictates and obligations of social duty.”

“*August, 20, 1778.*

“It is not a little pleasing, nor less wonderful to contemplate, that after two years manœuvring, and undergoing the strangest vicissitudes that, perhaps, ever attended any one contest since the creation, both armies are brought back to the very point they set out from, and that that which was the offending party, is now reduced to the use of the spade and pick-axe for defence. The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations.”

“*November 14, 1778.*

“The question of the Canada expedition, as it now stands, appears to me one of the most interesting that has hitherto agitated our national deliberations: I have one objection to it, untouched in my public letter, which is in my estimation insurmountable, and alarms all my feelings, for the true and permanent interests of my country.

“This is, the introduction of a large body of French troops into Canada, and putting them into the possession of the capital of that province; attached to them by the ties of blood, habits, manners, religion, and former connection of government. I fear this would be too great a temptation to be resisted by any power actuated by the common maxims of national policy. Canada would be a solid acquisition to France on all accounts; and because of the numerous inhabitants, subjects to her by inclination, who would aid in preserving it under her power, against the attempt of every other, France, it is apprehended, would have it in her

power to give law to these States. Let us suppose, that, when the five thousand troops (under the idea of that number twice as many might be introduced) were entered into the city of Quebec, they should declare an intention to hold Canada as a pledge and surety for the debts due to France from the United States. It is a maxim, founded on the universal experience of mankind, that no nation is to be trusted further than it is bound by its interest; and no prudent statesman or politician will venture to depart from it. If France should even engage in the scheme, in the first instance, with the purest intentions; invited by circumstances, she would alter her views.

"As the Marquis clothed his proposition, when he spoke of it to me, it would seem to originate wholly from himself; but it is far from impossible, that it had its birth in the cabinet of France, and was put into this artful dress to give it readier currency. I fancy I read in the countenance of some people, on this occasion, more than the disinterested zeal of allies. I hope I am mistaken, and that my fears of mischief make me refine too much, and awaken jealousies that have no sufficient foundation.

"G. W."

I apprehend this was sent to some confidential member of Congress, and that the proposal of introducing French troops into Canada had been communicated to Congress by Fayette.

"April 22, 1779.

"To speak within bounds, ten thousand pounds will not compensate the loss I might have avoided by being at home, and attending a little to my own concerns. I am now receiving a shilling in the pound in discharge of bonds, which ought to have been paid me, and would have been realised before I left Virginia, but for my indul-

gence to the debtors. Alas! what is virtue come to, what a miserable change has four years produced in the tempers and dispositions of the sons of America! It really shocks me to think of it.

"G. W."

*Characteristic Anecdotes of Suwarrow; by a German Officer, who served under him in Poland.*

I NEVER saw a man, who, in spite of the contradictory reports that are current to his advantage and disadvantage, and many of which are undoubtedly false, so much attracted my respect at first sight as Suwarrow. He is a little meagre man, now above seventy years of age, with silver white locks, and stoops a little. But every nerve of the senior yet shews a terrific quick elasticity: there is animation in every step, energy in every motion; and almost his every word is apothegm and laconism. His whole art is to infuse a dreadful energy into the souls of his men, who then think themselves invincible whilst fighting under his command. He is the idol of the Russian army. A man like Suwarrow is formed to win the heart of the soldiery, though not always of the officers of superior rank. It is his custom to address the common men every where briefly and energetically, especially in the front of the line, at a review or before an engagement. When he has communicated to them a portion of the fire that animates his own breast, he lets every thing proceed according to the dispositions that have been made; and every thing proceeds accordingly. He is accused of severity, cruelty, inhuman barbarity. But, in war, such imputations often originate from the unavoidable consequences of the energetic measures of a general. When the race-horse is flying at full speed over the course,



it is not easy to stop him; and when the grenadier has stormed a battery, and still wades through blood, the highest moral law presents itself to his mind in different characters, than to the philosopher in his doctoral chair. Suwarrow calculates the event; and in war the means are always sanguinary: he wishes not that war should be attended with cruelty and inhumanity; and if it is, the cause of the melancholy consequences is to be looked for in the nature of man, or perhaps in the character of the semi-barbarians, the common soldiers, or the inferior and superior officers, who either cannot or will not understand such a man as Suwarrow. The former are men of weak capacity, the latter villains; and of both there are a great number in every army.

Suwarrow has been, during his whole life, only a warrior; and an excellent school he had to learn his art in: for he was almost constantly engaged in military enterprises. In the seven-years-war, as I have been assured, he commanded a small free-corps; and then, already, he shewed much of that character which has since been so fully developed and displayed. In the war before last, between Russia and the Turks, he first began to act a conspicuous part; having executed, in his manner, many daring and decisive enterprises, the principal of which was the capture of Ismail. It was of the utmost importance for the success of the whole war, that this place should be taken; and accordingly it was resolved to take it, cost what it would. Suwarrow was justly considered to be the man best qualified to put the plan in execution. He went, and the fortress was taken. For five days he manoeuvred blindly about the place, without making any serious attack, and, having thus lulled the Turks into security, suddenly fell upon them sword in hand. You know

how great a reproach Oczakow, Ismail, and Praga have become to the Russians: but I wish they had never committed any enormities but those laid to their charge at those places; for here their conduct admits of some excuse. To the disgrace of my country, I am obliged to own, that the German officers in the Russian service, though somewhat more enlightened and better informed, did not, on the whole, prove themselves the most humane. Suwarrow's chief achievement in Poland was the taking of Praga; in two hours he overturned the kingdom of Poland, and annihilated the political existence of the nation. I have in another place given an account of this affair, having been an eye-witness of the scene of woe. The energy of Suwarrow, however, was requisite thus to put a conclusion to the war. Had Koszciusko been there, it probably would not so have happened. The reproaches made to the Russians, on account of the cruelties committed by them at Praga, are indeed not without foundation; but certainly the tale of horror has been told with a great deal of exaggeration. That a city should be taken by storm without the commission of disorders, is impossible. History has shewn, and still daily shews, that the greater the number of citizens there are engaged in such contests, the more such disorders and cruelties are committed, though from citizens more humanity might be expected than from warriors by profession.

Suwarrow declines as much as possible all ministerial labours, that might come within his sphere, referring them, with laconic modesty, to those generals who are more renowned for their skill with the pen than with the sword. "You must go to him; I understand nothing of it!" and the sarcasm is usually felt. His official letters express a

great deal in a few words, and are always full of characteristic energy. He certainly is a very good poet, and must be completely master of the Russian language. A colonel shewed me an order in verse, which he had received from the general after the capture of Praga; and I found it no less distinguished by a spirit of poetry, than by the excellence of the regulations for the establishment of a military police, and the maintenance of discipline. When he had taken Ismail, his dispatch to the commander in chief was:

Slawa bogu, slawa wam;  
Krepost' wlati, i ya tam.

*Honour to God, and honour to you;  
The fort is taken, and I am in it.*

His *Hurra! Praga! Suwarrow!* after the victory at Praga, you are likewise acquainted with: and in the same minute he wrote to the late king of Prussia only the following words: *Praga est a moi, et Vaasovie tremble.* It is hardly possible to say any thing more strikingly depictive of Suwarrow and of Praga on that dreadful day. When he afterwards made his public entry into Warsaw, he embraced and kissed whomsoever he met that had a friendly physiognomy, especially aged people belonging to the lower classes. And one of his customary cordial expressions of civility to his officers is: *Podi, bratex, pozeluy menya*: "Come, brother, kiss me!" nor does this phrase sound strange to a Russian ear, or to a person accustomed to Russian manners. With the officers more nearly attached to his person he converses in a courteous and friendly manner: but does not promote them so rapidly as many other Russian generals are wont to do, to the prejudice of more deserving men.

In exacting attention to the performance of military duties, Suwarrow is very strict and exact; every

neglect he reprehends with severity, and smaller faults, especially those relative to dress, with bitter satire. When young officers, especially fine young gentlemen from the capital, wait upon him on being appointed to serve in the army under his command, he often plays them some very droll tricks, if they happen to be dressed and decorated in an un-soldier-like manner. On their entrance he begins to call out aloud; seems frightened, creeps into a corner, or under the table; and exclaims: "For the love of God! take that strange apparition out of my sight." One of his officers then conducts the terrified young Adonis into another apartment, explains the affair to him, destroys the beautiful trimness of his figure, submits his nicely dressed hair to the barbarous hands of a regimental friseur, and then dresses him in a coat of the true military cut. When thus equipped he returns to pay his respects to the general: Suwarrow is courteousness itself, converses in a friendly manner with the stranger, without taking any notice of the preceding ludicrous scene, or at most only saying, with a half serious half comical air, that he had a little before been almost frightened to death by a spectre.

His orders are generally given with great conciseness; at Praga, nothing farther than "Storm and take the batteries, and cut down all who resist." You will easily conceive that such orders must produce dreadful effects from the common soldiers, and in regiments where perhaps the strictest discipline is not observed. Suwarrow's real singularities are many, and undoubtedly many more are fictitiously attributed to him. He has seldom all his short journeys on Cossack horses. In general, he visits the different posts accompanied only by a few Cos-

sacks, and with the greatest rapidity. "Day, bratez day!" he calls to the Cossack behind him, when they proceed too slowly; and the Cossack must then push the horse quicker forward with his pointed shoe. From early youth he has almost always been sickly, and it is only by strict attention to regimen, that he has been able to preserve his vigour to so advanced an age. The cold bath is his principal remedy; and he usually has the water poured over him by pails-full, often just at the side of the river whence it is drawn by his attendants. This ceremony is frequently performed on a march, while the troops are passing by. When Prince Couburg, after the battle in which they conjointly defeated the Grand Vizier, went to visit Suwarrow, he found him, as I have been assured, standing in this plight at a little distance from the camp, warming himself at a guard-fire. "I shall have immediately the honour to wait on your Serene Highness," said the little naked mannikin to the Prince: "in passing the river I got wet through and through." And so the grenadiers and Cossacks assisted him to dress himself. When in camp, he always, even in the coldest weather, lies down after this bath on some fresh straw, covers himself with his cloak, and thus reposes four or five minutes before he puts on his clothes again.

Before the last decisive attack on Ismail was his singular humour the most strikingly manifested. I have often shaken my head on hearing this anecdote; but it has been repeatedly told me by several officers, who had an opportunity of knowing the truth, and who were not addicted to romancing: the evening preceding the attack, Suwarrow said, "Early to-morrow morning I shall rise an hour before day-break, dress and wash myself, say my prayers, and then I shall crow like a cock;

at hearing which, storm the place according to the disposition made for that purpose." And he did rise an hour before day-break, dressed and washed himself, prayed, and crowed like a cock,—and the soldiers, according to order, attacked and took the fort by storm. *Credat Judeus Appella!* you will exclaim; so thought I too; but my authors were not common anecdote hunters, nor do I belong to that credulous fraternity.

Suwarrow is very religious, at least so he appears to be: he is scrupulously observant of all ceremonies, and enforces the strict observance of them throughout his army; he gives himself no concern, however, about the individual conviction of others. In Warsaw, a captain had abridged the prayer, which, according to order, he was obliged to repeat at the guard-house in the evening after the tattoo, that he might the quicker get away. The field-marshal had accidentally heard him and noticed the omission; he flew to the guard-house and terribly reprehended the poor delinquent. "Thou unconscionable, abominable, God-forsaken man," said he, "thou wouldst cheat heaven, thou wouldst, no doubt, cheat me and the Empress! What dost thou here? I shall dismiss thee."

When at Warsaw he received his field-marshal's commission—for before that period he was only general *en chef*—he kissed it with the customary religious gestures, and then caprioled *à la Cossaque* several times across the room. "A'n't I still able to jump?" said he, very sarcastically, to the surrounding officers; "I still am able to jump!" All easily comprehended his meaning; for he had been promoted over the heads of several senior officers, among whom was Repnin. On a march he used formerly to be usually dressed like a common soldier; but when I saw him, namely

at Warsaw, he was always in full uniform, and sometimes decorated with the insignia of orders of knighthood, and with precious stones. He is pretty rich; his style of living is however far from splendid; at least compared with the truly satrapean state and luxury of the other Russian generals. Nevertheless, he does not hoard; for he is very generous and indulgent.

It is well known that he has preserved his laconic frankness and sincerity of speech, even towards the present Emperor; and that Paul was at last obliged to indulge him therein. This proves the worth of the man. He likewise spoke with energy against the changes in the army. The last letter from the Emperor to him, before he set out for Italy, which was published in the newspapers, sets the affair in its true light. On the accession of the present Emperor, a great number of officers had been arbitrarily, and without trial or investigation, dismissed; and the names of some struck off the military roll without even the formality of a discharge. Suwarrow received them kindly, gave many of them appointments in the army under his command, and kept others of them in his house till he should be able to provide for them, and treated them with the greatest generosity. On being informed of this, the Emperor was highly incensed that the field-marshal should dare to act thus publicly in contradiction to his express commands, and demanded of him an explanation of his conduct. Suwarrow replied, "I perfectly know these men: they are honest and brave: they have committed no fault at all, or at least none that deserved so severe a punishment. They are poor and helpless. Shall they become beggars or robbers? That, as a good Russian, I cannot suffer: I have given them a friendly reception." The Emperor, struck

with the nobleness of his determined spirit, examined no farther into the affair; and many of the officers were, in the sequel, re-appointed to their stations, through the recommendation of the field-marshal.

The accusation, that under his command, excesses and cruelties have been committed, is frequently brought against him even in Russia; and there are not wanting in the army too, officers of distinction who entertain no very high opinion of his military talents. That such an opinion should be entertained, always appeared strange to me. As for the accusation relative to the excesses, in most instances it affects the subordinate commanders much more than the general-in-chief, who often cannot help it, if the grenadiers commit outrages; but the colonel and the captain, who have them more immediately under their eye, can and should prevent excesses.

Suwarrow is said to be well read in all branches of science, those especially that relate to the art of war. This much is certain, that he speaks several languages with tolerable fluency and correctness. I have heard him converse with Prussian officers; and it would have been difficult to determine who spoke the German language the best, the Russian or the Prussian. French he speaks as well as can be expected from a man of his profession; and better than many others similarly circumstanced. The Turkish and Tartarian languages he is said to speak like a native Turk or Tartar; having passed a great part of his life in warring against these nations. Of the nice discernment of his eye I had myself a proof. Several Russians had complimented me on my resembling them so much in my manners, disposition, countenance, and dress, that I might pass for a native of the country. As I then wore the Rus-

sian uniform, this compliment greatly pleased me, and I endeavoured to deserve it. But Suwarrow, the first time he saw me on the parade, immediately, without being informed who I was, or whence I came, addressed me in French, as he usually does foreigners; thus proving to me that I had not yet naturalized myself even in external appearance.

I consider Suwarrow to surpass most of his contemporary public men in firmness of character, in energy, and comprehensive views, joined to true personal integrity and humanity. The last word seems a paradox to you; but, on a closer examination, it would certainly appear to be founded in truth. You must reflect that he was employed, for the most part, in desperate enterprises; and that he thus had the misfortune, while executing the orders of others, to appear to be what Potemkin really was.

One particular more I must relate to you of old Suwarrow, which is contrary to the custom of most great men both in the cabinet and in the field, namely, that in German, Russian, and French, he writes an extraordinarily neat and beautiful hand. I believe no writing-master of the three countries could form the letters better shaped and proportioned. It is not a very laudable custom with generals to sign their name so hieroglyphically that one might as easily decipher it into Hannibal as Scipio. Suwarrow subscribes his name so plainly that every school-boy may read it.

*To the Editor of the (London) Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

ON passing, two years ago, through some of the cantons of Switzerland, I was struck with a singular mode of applying manure,

which is common in that country. All the animal and vegetable matter, such as the cleanings of stables, ware-houses, &c. together with boughs and leaves of trees, weeds, stubble, &c. that can be collected from different parts of a farm, are brought together in the fold-yard. They are there heaped one upon another, and kept constantly wet, the different parts being from time to time exposed to the air, till the whole mass is decomposed. The water flowing from it is then transported to the field, either in machines similar to our water-carts, or in tubs, where it is sprinkled over the land; and its effects are said to be much more rapid, and equally permanent, with the common method of applying manure.

Water, in the above state, is charged with the different kinds of gasses, so necessary for vegetation; and, what is of more importance still, with carbonic matter, either in a state of solution or subtle mixture, nicely adapted, therefore, to be taken up by the tender vegetable fibre; and to this, I suppose, its superior fertilizing quality must be owing, since carbon can produce no beneficial effects, but inasmuch as it is soluble in water.

AGRICOLA.

*Communication between Spain and Portugal, and their Colonies. By C. A. Fisher.*

PERHAPS some account of the *correspondencia ultramarina*, or of the packet-boats sent to the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, may not be unacceptable; as even Bourgoing makes no mention of the former, although they have been established ever since the year 1764.

There are, in Corunna, seven frigates and six brigantines; the former of from 160 to 350 tons, and

12 to 20 guns, the latter of 120 to 150 tons, and 16 to 20 guns. At the beginning of every month, both in time of war and peace, one of these vessels sails to the Havannah, carries letters for all the Spanish colonies in America, and touches at Puerto-Rico. From the Havannah, another sails to Veracruz; and likewise to and fro between Puerto-Rico, Cartagena, Porto-Bello, and Panama. From Puerto-Rico packets are dispatched every two months to Buenos-Ayres; and thence, in the same order, to Chili, Peru, and the Philippines. Besides this, since the year 1767, a packet-boat sails every two months from Corunna for Buenos-Ayres, Chili, Peru, and the Philippines, to Montevideo, whence the letters are forwarded in the manner above mentioned.

To facilitate the inland communication, posts are established from Veracruz to Mexico, and from the other sea-ports to the interior of the country. A road has been made across the Cordilleras, and *arrieros*, or muleteers, traverse and convey travellers through the provinces, as in Spain.

All the above-mentioned *embarcaciones correo*s, carry some articles of merchandize; and, by particular permission, likewise passengers. The price of about one hundred and fifty piastres is paid for such a passage, and the voyage generally lasts from fifty to sixty days. The postage of a letter to Lima, amounts to three piastres.

From Lisbon, likewise, regular packet-boats sail to the Portuguese settlements in America; but only since the commencement of the year 1798. Every two months one is dispatched to Assa, direct; and a second to Bahid, and thence to Rio-janeiro. And in the interior of Brasil, and in the island of Madeira and the Azores, posts have now *first* been established. That there may be a sufficient revenue to defray the

expenses of these packet-boats, no letters are permitted to be sent by other ships from Portugal to the colonies: but in Spain, there is no restriction in this respect.

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*Memoirs of Mr. William Hayley.*

THE favourite adage of antiquity, that "the qualifications of a poet are the peculiar gifts of Heaven," has been sanctioned by the opinion of the most eminent critics of modern times, though it has not been universally admitted as a position strictly conformable to the result of philosophical investigation. Certain it is, that many have acquired a distinguished name, as poets, in the republic of letters, whose productions, when nicely scrutinized by those accustomed to argue from effects to causes, cannot be considered as the emanations of genius. Among writers of this description, the subject of the present sketch ranks in the first class. He did not, like Cowley, Milton, and Pope, afford any premature display of poetical excellence. He did not, in his early years, assert his claim to inspiration, and produce any proofs of divine origin; but before he entered upon the arduous task of composition, he read much and thought more. He stored his mind with many valuable treasures of ancient and modern literature; he had, in many instances, the merit of exploring the nature of the subject he was about to celebrate, and of establishing a design in his work, without which it is impossible to proceed with order, or to produce appropriate embellishment.

Mr. Hayley, son of Thomas Hayley, Esq: of the county of Sussex, and of Miss Yeates, daughter of Colonel Yeates, member for Chichester, was born in that city,

in October, 1745. In his infancy he left his father; but he received from the tender care of his mother, every attention which his situation required. He was placed, when very young, at Kingston school, but his progress in the first elements of knowledge was considerably retarded by sickness, which a constitution peculiarly delicate was ill-formed to bear. After a short residence there, Mrs. Hayley, apprehensive that his health might be still more impaired, by too strict an attendance to scholastic duties, had him instructed under the maternal roof, in classical learning. He was then sent to Eton College, where he was more distinguished by his masters and juvenile contemporaries for benevolence of temper and mild engaging manners; than for any manifestation of superior talents, or rapidity of improvement. His conduct, both in the hours of study and of recreation, gave abundant promise of future worth, as an individual of uncommon benignity in private life; but none of those vigorous effusions of original character escaped from him, that burst spontaneously from the fervid mind of genius, and present, in miniature, what the attentive observer fondly expects, one day, to view at full length.

He entered Trinity-hall, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen, and was, for the first time, drawn aside from his collegiate course, to celebrate, in lyric song, the birth of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. His composition on the occasion, was superior to those of several of the poetasters of that day on the same subject; but such a superiority was contemptible in the opinion of a youth whose sanguine hopes had induced him to imagine that his ode would become the theme of national panegyric, and the object of royal patronage. His judgment, soon after, taught him to

condemn the vanity of the attempt; and he even cordially joined in sentiment with those who censured his maiden essay, in consigning it to ridicule and disgrace.

The ambition of poetical distinction did not, however, forsake him; he felt, that to deserve fame something more was requisite than a mere desire to excel, circumscribed by the narrow outlines of knowledge, traced out for him at Eton and Trinity Hall. He found it necessary to collect a copious fund of intellectual wealth, and to enrich his mind with acquirements which he might combine or expand, according to the exigence of his subsequent pursuits.

From his failure in his first attempt to his marriage, in 1769, during an interval of seven years, his attention to the works of the most approved authors was constant and laborious. He minutely studied the matter, the sentiments, and styles of the favourite poets and orators of Greece and Rome. He followed the progress of the art of poetry with slow, but sure steps, from the revival of literature in Europe, to modern times. He perused and digested the most judicious criticism, without sacrificing his own conviction to received opinions, and confining his reason within the trammels of magisterial authority. In the French and Italian languages, he found inexhaustible sources of instruction and fancy, and he became a perfect master of the various beauties of Corneille, Racine, Rousseau, Voltaire, Dante, and Tasso. He also cultivated his taste for the fine arts with success, and made himself conversant in the principles of statuary and painting.

On his marriage, in 1769, with Miss Ball, daughter of the Dean of Chichester, he settled in the metropolis, whence he retired to his country seat in Sussex, after a re-

idence of five years. His mind found no delight in the gay scenes of a fashionable life, and as he fancied himself a poet, he determined, by further cultivation, to realize the fond hopes which he began, with some confidence, to entertain of his powers. The two first years which he passed in retirement, were alternately dedicated to the innocent charms of rural enjoyment, and to the practice of the poetical theory which he had been so indefatigable in forming. He had, indeed, while in London, occasionally indulged his favourite propensity; and though his pieces were praised by critics of celebrity, who admired his talents, he could not suppress the timidity which prevented the publication of them. Thus he continued to write, and continued to conceal his writings from the public eye.

At length, after repeated intervals of fear and hope, confidence triumphed over every timorous consideration, and he resolved to come forward, not as a competitor for momentary and perishable applause, but as a candidate for noble and lasting reputation. His difficulties in selecting a new and interesting subject were great, but he knew, that whatever topic he might choose, he would have more obstacles to surmount in cloathing it in a new and interesting dress. Painting displayed attractions which decided his opinion. The subject, though difficult to be handled without a precise knowledge of the art, was fruitful in ideas, both fascinating and dignified, instructive and sublime.

His essay on painting was published in 1778, and Hayley regularly began his life as an author, in his thirty-third year; an age in which the reputation of Pope was in its full blaze of popularity. The criticisms which the writer thought proper to introduce into this work, though in common instances accu-

rate, were, in those of a more minute and refined nature, censured by the artists, whose superiority of judgment, with respect to their own pursuits, will hardly be contested. The diction is, in general, adequate to the matter. It is perspicuous, flowing and impassioned. He seems to have been convinced, that the most captivating substitute for novelty of thought, is sweetness of numbers and richness of versification. It has, however, been blamed for a redundancy of style, that exposes the poet to the charge of not sufficiently varying the construction of his periods.

The poem was deservedly praised, and Mr. Hayley was tempted, by the solicitations of his friends and admirers, to resume his residence in London. Had he been really ambitious of popularity, or desirous of courting the protection of the great, a more favourable opportunity could not have presented itself to his wishes. There was, from the first appearance of his production, an importance attached to his name in the literary world, which he might have cultivated with the patronage of the most distinguished circles, and with the most profitable results to his private interest. But, like Horace, his love for the enjoyments of domestic life, and his fondness for his farm, were not lost in the triumph of his muse. As a moralist, he may be fairly supposed to have inquired:—

“*Cur valles permittunt Sabinæ  
Divitias opaciores?*”

His essay on history appeared in 1780, and bore decisive marks of considerable improvement. It certainly possesses the fairest pretensions to rank as his best production, and exemplifies the happy art of embellishing character with animated description, splendid imagery, and dignified sentiment. The improvement, however, naturally arose from his choice of a subject more



conformable to his general knowledge, and more congenial to the public taste. He had not to discuss the principles of an art, with which he was not thoroughly acquainted, and on which his comments, however just, were liable to be controverted by the caprice and opinions of different masters.

Soon after followed "The Triumphs of Temper," a work certainly more bold and luxuriant than his former pieces; but his confidence is raised to an excess of daring, and his luxuriance, from the too frequent introduction of allegory, and the studious accumulation of pomp and splendour of diction, is, at times, unintelligible, and often dazzles but to confound. There is, notwithstanding, much to praise, and though his Pegasus flies with a loose rein, he has a grandeur in the irregularities of his flight, that shews an extensive range of fancy, of which the poet may not, perhaps, have been thought capable.

Mr. Hayley now seemed determined not to linger in the career of fame, and in 1782, the literati were surprised at the publication of the "Essay on Epic Poetry." It abounds in melody of numbers and copiousness of expression, but unfortunately betrays many marks of a mind negligent of the necessary connection between thought and language. The most fastidious critic must allow it to possess numerous documents of industrious investigation and correct taste, with unquestionable proofs of a profound knowledge of the subject. But this is not sufficient; the professor who delivers lectures on the subject matter of his prospectus, should be careful not to give to his scholars an opportunity to read lectures to him in their turn. He, who un-

dertakes the arduous task of instructing others, should be concise, luminous, and impressive. This excellence has been rarely attained by our author in his Essay on Epic Poetry. He is loose, inadequate, and careless of appropriate style. Had not Cicero, Quintilian, and Longinus, suited their method and terms to their subjects, they would not have been raised to that pre-eminence of authority which they have so long enjoyed.\*

Of his dramatic productions, we cannot speak in a very favourable manner. His rhyming comedies can only be considered as so many experiments, hazarded to gratify the curiosity of the writer. They are chaste in sentiment, and pure in language; but they do not possess a sufficient degree of wit, humour, and interest, the principal things that could recommend them to public favour.

The tragedies of Mr. Hayley furnish a striking proof that he was unacquainted with the nature of the English drama. The versification is correct, and frequently rich, but the plots are devoid of incident, and our affections are fast asleep, when the bosom should be agitated by the varied passion of the tragic muse. That judgment must have been very erroneous, which could entertain any hopes of the success of such plays, while *Julius Caesar*, *Cato*, and *Irene*, were discarded from the stage.

His miscellaneous works are both instructive and amusing, and his compositions in prose, though not distinguished for energy or grace, possess both in a degree far above mediocrity.

Mr. Hayley seems to have taken Pope for his model, not with the design of emulating, but of approaching him in a nearer degree

\* It must be admitted, that the notes to the Essay evince a great fund of learning, and a correct knowledge of different languages.

than any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Like that great master, he has been minute in his attention to cadences, pauses, and the charms of modulation. But his sentiments are too much expanded, when they ought to be condensed. His amplification is not without magnificence; but he amplifies when a judicious and striking contraction is necessary. Not satisfied with presenting a combination of ideas, in one advantageous light, he goes on enlarging, until its original vigour is impaired, and the languor of the poet and that of the reader become reciprocal. Yet, even here, he has the merit of displaying elegance and grace in his excursions; but he is elegant without strength, and graceful without precision. Poetry too diffused, like empire too extended,

*"Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour."*

His imagery is judicious and sometimes lofty, but it wants those vivifying sparks of genius that brighten into a blaze of enthusiastic admiration for the poet. He is without vehemence and impetuosity, but he is also without inequality and roughness. The creative faculty is not to be traced in his works, but he has made his muse subservient to the noblest purposes; and the name of Hayley will be remembered with honour, while polite literature, morality, and taste shall continue to be cultivated, practised and admired.

In private life, the conduct of Hayley is entitled to the highest panegyric. From his earliest introduction into society, he has been remarkable for amenity of manners, integrity of principle, and independence of mind. He has never condescended to flatter his superiors in rank, nor has he courted popularity by those unworthy means, to which genius has been known to

prostitute its dignity. An uniform friend to virtue and talents, he has, in many instances, rescued innocence from distress, and merit from penury.

The monument to the memory of Collins, the poet, in Chichester cathedral, was designed, and the epitaph written, by Mr. Hayley, who was a very liberal subscriber towards its erection.

No person lives in more elegant retirement than Mr. Hayley. His grounds at Eatham have been laid out by himself, with as much taste as if they had been superintended by Mr. Capability Brown. He now spends much of his time at Telpham, near Bagnor, where he has built an elegant cottage, for the purpose of affording his son the benefit of sea-bathing, whose long declining state of health has unhappily involved him in great affliction. Q.

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*Memoirs of Mr. Robert Southey.*

THE subject of the present memoir, though a very young person, and of a retired disposition, is justly entitled to a place among the public characters of his country, being well known as a man of letters, but more particularly as a poet. His largest poem, *Joan of Arc*, was written by him at an earlier period than *Lucan* wrote his *Pharsalia*. Like the Roman poet, too, the author is a strenuous asserter of liberty.

Mr. Robert Southey was born at Bristol, August the 12th, 1774. His father was a linen-draper in that town, a man who had been so accustomed to regulate his motions by the neighbouring clock, that the clock might at length (so punctual were his movements) have been regulated by him. He was also extremely fond of the country and its employments.

The spirit of the father rested on the son; for the father's favourite instructions to all around him were, to tie the stockings up tight, and to be punctual. Robert, to this day, is said to tie up his stockings very tight, even unwholesomely, and in engagements is punctual to a minute. His poetry, too, is very conversant in rural objects. The father, though a worthy man, was unfortunate, and died of a broken heart in consequence of embarrassments.

At six years of age, young Southey went to the school kept by Mr. Foot, at Bristol, and which is now ably managed by Mr. Estlin, and one of the most respectable dissenting academies in this country. At the death of Mr. Foot, he was removed to Carston, near Bath. He left Carston when he was eight years of age. The re-visiting of this place gave birth to some of those feelings expressed in that pleasing poem entitled the *Retrospect*, published in a volume printed in 1795, the joint production of our author and his friend Robert Lovel.

Southey continued at a day-school in Bristol till he was thirteen years of age, and wrote rhymes when he was but ten. He was also taught by his aunt to relish Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher. For one year he was under a clergyman, who taught a select number of pupils for a few hours in the morning. At fourteen, he was removed to Westminster-School.

At this school he continued, in the practice of the public schools, to write bad Latin verses; his English verses were more decent, and indicated that the author might, in future life, reach excellence. He continued to abide by his father's rules for punctuality, and is said never to have undergone any corporeal punishment; he, however, it seems, possessed sympathies with such as did, and wrote some essays

in a periodical paper entitled *The Flagellant*.

Robert was entered at Baliol-College, Oxford, in November, 1792. His turn of mind was serious, his affection ardent, and he became a republican. He, to this day, is proud of being thought a republican, and not without reason. For, contrary to the opinions of some, politics, the most important of morals, is, in a high degree, favourable to poetic genius; and some of the best poets have been the most enlightened advocates of freedom. The book that most influenced his judgment was Mr. Godwin's *Political Justice*. In the summer of this year he became acquainted with Mr. Coleridge, a student at that time of Jesus' College, Cambridge, and who was then on a visit to a friend at Oxford. Coleridge, no less than Southey, possessed a strong passion for poetry. They commenced, like two young poets, an enthusiastic friendship, and, in conjunction with others, struck out a plan for settling in America, and for having all things in common. This scheme they called Pantisocracy, of which, however visionary it may be thought by some, Southey still approves the theory.

Southey first became acquainted with Lovel in 1793. The three young poetical friends, Lovel, Southey, and Coleridge, married three sisters. Southey is attached to domestic life, and, fortunately, was very happy in his matrimonial connection. He married in November, 1795, just before he left England to accompany his uncle to Spain and Portugal. He continued abroad six months.

Of his religious sentiments we shall say but little. Poets are often the children of fancy rather than of reason; and whether they are Deists, Socinians, or Calvinists, correct inquirers will not regulate

their judgments by the writings of poets. It seems, however, Southey was once a Deist; then he became a Socinian; though several sentiments contained in the *Joan of Arc* are scarcely reconcilable with the belief of a Socinian. Whatever his religious persuasions, however, may be, he is tolerant in principle, and destitute of bigotry; he shuns close argument, and professes to know little of metaphysics. Whatever his opinions may be for the time, he never conceals them, and is cautious that other people should not mistake them.

All his intellectual endowments he professes to owe to his mother's uncle, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon, a man of a most excellent character, of whom Mr. Southey always speaks with that sense of gratitude which argues a good heart. It was with this gentleman that Mr. Southey travelled into Spain and Portugal.

He is now member of Gray's Inn, though he principally resides in the country; and is at present engaged in writing an epic poem, entitled *Madoc*, which he intends to keep under correction for several years.

It is in the closet where we should contemplate such a character as Robert Southey. We must not look for great variety of incidents in the history of a young man, now only twenty-five years of age, immersed in reading, and impassionately attached to poetry. We will then close with a short account of his writings.

In the year 1795, he published his first volume of poems, in connection with his friend Robert Lovel, the former assuming the name of Moschus, the latter of Bion. Without noticing any particular blemishes that maturer judgment would have corrected, some of which, in subsequent volumes, are now corrected, it may be pro-

per, in general, to say that the sonnets to Ariste are pretty; and the Retrospect and Ode to Romance have considerable merit. On reading the poems of Robert Lovel, the admirers of poetry will lament his early death; for, unquestionably, he had a poetical mind. His sonnets to Happiness and Fame, are particularly excellent.

In the year 1796, Mr. Southey published his *Joan of Arc*, an epic poem, in ten books. It would be improper to inquire into its particular beauties and defects here. If examined by the rules laid down by Aristotle for the epic, it will be found defective. But, it might be asked, are Aristotle's the invariable rules for the epic? Are they to be the eternal law? And has no other poet ventured to go against them? These are questions not to be urged here. Without pretending to fix the character of *Joan of Arc* by the ordinary rules of the epic; without inquiring into the truth of the theology, the justice of the representations, and the like, we consider the *Joan of Arc* to possess great beauties, that cannot fail to please all the lovers of poetry; and, provided they do not forget they are reading the writings of a mere poet (for, the poet always claimed the power of raising spirits, conjuring up visions, or making gods and goddesses, and even devils, at his pleasure), they may justly be delighted with the simplicity and richness of the descriptions, the harmony of the numbers, the amiable spirit of benevolence, and the love of liberty, so prominent in *Joan of Arc*.

This poem (surprising as it may be thought) was written, Mr. Southey tells us in his preface, in six weeks. Whatever, therefore, its faults may be (though haste, simply considered, is never allowed by strict criticism to be an apology for negligence), yet, when it is recollected, that it was the almost extem-

poraneous production of a young man, writing for bread, great allowances will be made; though, indeed, before it was brought into its present shape, it underwent more than ordinary correction, and was twice written over again. The verse is heroic or iambic verse, of ten syllables without rhyme, called by us blank verse, and is, generally speaking, excellent of its kind. The second edition makes two elegant volumes.

The next volume of poems published by Southey, contains the productions of very distant periods. They possess different degrees of merit; for, where a person writes with that uncommon rapidity with which Mr. Southey composes, he will not always write like himself. The Triumph of Woman is a fine poem. The Sonnets on the Slave-Trade breathe much benevolence, and do the author great honour. The lyric poems, though possessed of a good deal of the fire of poetry, are yet defective in many of those qualities required of that most polished and useful, though difficult, species of poetry, by which Mr. Southey has thought proper to denominate them, Lyric. Some of them should rather have been called *copies* of verses, a name commonly given to little pieces written on the spur of the moment, and reducible to no distinct class.—MARY is a very affecting narrative, and justly admired.

In the year 1799 he published another volume of poems with this motto :

The better please, the worse displease, I ask no more.

SPENSER.

These are, for the most part, of the story or ballad kind, and imitative of the style of the old English ballads. Of this number, are the Complaints of the Poor, the Cross-Roads, the Sailor who had served in the Slave-trade, &c. This vo-

lume also contains the Visions of the Maid of Orleans, in three books, which composed the ninth book of the first edition of Joan of Arc, and formed what Mr. Southey called the original sin of the poem. Considered as mere poetry, these three books possess many beauties.

Another volume of poems has just made its appearance, entitled The Annual Anthology, of which Mr. Southey wrote a great part. It is a miscellaneous composition, though entirely poetical, and written by different authors. The other contributors are, Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, Mr. Charles Lloyd, Mrs. Opie, Mr. George Dyer, Mr. Joseph Cottle, Mr. Charles Lamb, the late Mr. Robert Lovel, Mr. A. S. Cottle, Mr. Humphrey Davy, and Dr. Beddoes.

This volume is entirely original, with the exception of some pieces that made their appearance in the Morning Post; and, being composed by persons of different tastes, must, of course, possess considerable variety. Every reader, therefore, who has a relish for poetry, may expect to find something suited to his taste in the Annual Anthology; for it unquestionably contains many excellent compositions.

It remains just to say a word of the only prose work written by Mr. Southey, which comprehends his travels, entitled, Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal. This work has been well received, and a second edition has been published not long since.

The most curious part of this work, relates to the Spanish and Portuguese poetry. In all countries, as Mr. Southey properly observes, "the æra of genius has preceded that of taste; and taste has not yet been reached by the Spanish and Portuguese poets." Genius they have undoubtedly possessed, as may be seen in the *La Hermosura de Angelica*, an heroic poem,

by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, of which Mr. Southey has given a fair and large specimen; and the *Lusiad*, of which we have an English translation, by Mr. Mickle. The *Diana* of George of Mountemayer, from the beautiful specimen given by Mr. Southey, proves the author to have been a man of an elegant fancy. But the characters of the Spaniards and Portuguese are strongly marked by extravagance and superstition, and so is their poetry. Yet, all things considered, more particularly the terrors of their government, and the gloominess of their religion, we are rather surprised that the Spaniards and Portuguese should have done so much, even in poetry, than that they have not done more. And their poetical compositions, amidst much futility and extravagance, contain many things that the curious will like to peruse, and which the ingenious cannot fail to admire. The second edition of Mr. Southey's *Letters* is unaccompanied with his translations of Spanish and Portuguese poetry. These, we are happy to hear, are to form a distinct volume; and, when enlarged and adorned by Mr. Southey's remarks, cannot fail of being favourably received by the public.

E. R.

*Geological Facts, corroborative of the Mosaic Account of the Deluge.* By Richard Kirwan, Esq.

[From the sixth Volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.]

1st.

ACCORDING to Don Ulloa, shells were found on a mountain in Peru at the height of 14220 feet. 2 Buff. Epoque, 268. Now I have already shown,\* that no mountains higher than 8500 feet were formed since the creation of fish, or, in other words, that fish

did not exist until the original ocean had subsided to the height of eight thousand five hundred feet above its present level. Therefore the shells found at more elevated stations were left there by a subsequent inundation. Now an inundation that reached such heights could not be partial, but must have extended over the whole globe.

2dly. The bones of elephants and of rhinoceri, and even the entire carcase of a rhinoceros, have been found in the lower parts of Siberia. As these animals could not live in so cold a country, they must have been brought thither by an inundation from warmer and very distant climates, betwixt which and Siberia mountains above nine thousand feet high intervene. It may be replied that Siberia, as we have already shown, was not originally as cold as it is at present; which is true, for probably its original heat was the same as that of many islands in the same latitude at this day, but still it was too cold for elephants and rhinoceri, and between the climates which they might have then inhabited and the places they are now found in, too many mountains intervene to suppose them brought thither by any other means but a general inundation. Besides, Siberia must have attained its present temperature at the time these animals were transported, else they must have all long ago putrified.

3dly. Shells known to belong to shores under climates very distant from each other are, in sundry places, found mixed promiscuously with each other; one sort of them, therefore, must have been transported by an inundation; the promiscuous mixture can be accounted for on no other supposition.

These appear to me the most unequivocal geologic proofs of a

\* In a former essay.

general deluge. To other facts generally adduced to prove it, another origin may be ascribed; thus the bones of elephants found in Italy, France, Germany, and England, might be the remains of some brought to Italy by Pyrrhus or the Carthaginians, or of those employed by the Romans themselves; some are said to have been brought to England by Claudius. 4 Phil. Trans. Abr. 2d part, 242. When these bones, however, are accompanied with marine remains, their origin is no longer ambiguous. Thus also the bones and teeth of whales, found near Maestricht, are not decisively of diluvian origin, as whales have often been brought down as low as lat.  $48^{\circ}$ . 34. Roz. 201. Nay, sometimes they strike on the coast of Italy. 1 Targioni Tozzetti, 386.

Yet, to explain the least ambiguous of these phenomena, without having recourse to an universal deluge, various hypotheses have been framed.

Some have imagined that the axis of the earth was originally parallel to that of the ecliptic, which would produce a perpetual spring in every latitude, and consequently that elephants might exist in all of them. But the ablest astronomers having demonstrated the impossibility of this parallelism, it is unnecessary to examine its consequences; it only deserves notice that the obliquity of the equator is rather diminishing than increasing. (See La Lande in 44 Roz. 212.) Besides, why are these bones accompanied by marine remains? Others, from this mutation of the earth's axis, have supposed that its poles are continually shifting; and, consequently, that they might have originally been where the equator now is, and the equator where the poles now are; thus Siberia might have, in its turn, been under the equator. But as the mutation of the earth's axis is

retrogressive every nine years, and never exceeds ten degrees, this hypothesis is equally rejected by astronomers. 44 Roz. 210. 2 Bergum. Erde Kugel, 305. The pyramids of Egypt demonstrate that the poles have remained unaltered these three thousand years,

The third hypothesis is that of Mr. Buffon, to which the unfortunate Bailly has done the honour of acceding: according to him, the earth, having been originally in a state of fusion, and for many years red hot, at last cooled down to the degree that rendered it habitable. This hypothesis he was led to imagine from the necessity of admitting that the globe was, at least to a certain distance beneath its surface, originally in a soft state; the solution of its solid parts in water he thought impossible, falsely imagining that the whole globe must have been in a state of solution, whereas the figure of the earth requires the liquidity of it only a few miles beneath its surface. Epoques, 10 and 35. If he had trod the path of experiments, he would have found both the hardness and transparency of what he calls his primitive glass; and thinks the primitive substance of the globe, namely quartz, to be altered in a strong heat with a loss of three per cent. of its weight, and that so far from having been a glass, it is absolutely infusible. The loss of weight, he must have seen, could be ascribed to nothing else but the loss of its watery particles, and that therefore it must have been originally formed in water: he would have found that some feldspars lose forty per cent. and others at least two per cent. by heat: he would have perceived that mica, which he thinks only an exfoliation of quartz, to be, in its composition, essentially different. He certainly found their crystallization inexplicable, for he does not even attempt to explain it.

But waving this, and a multitude

of other insuperable difficulties in his hypothesis, and adverting only to the solution he thinks his theory affords of the phenomenon of the existence of the bones of elephants, and the carcase of a rhinoceros in Siberia, I say it is defective even in that respect; for, allowing his supposition that Siberia was at any time of a temperature so suited to the constitution of these animals that they might live in it, yet the remains lately found in that country cannot be supposed to belong to animals that ever lived in it.

1st, Because though they are found at the distance of several hundred miles from the sea, yet they are surrounded by genuine marine vegetables, which shows that they were brought thither together with those vegetables.

2dly, Because they are generally found in accumulated heaps, and it is not to be imagined that while alive, they sought a common burial-place no more than they at present do in India.

3dly, Because the rhinoceros was found entire and unputrified, whereas if the country was warm when he perished, this could not have happened.

4thly, Because in no very distant latitude, namely, that of Greenland, the bones of whales, and not of elephants, are found on the mountains; consequently that latitude must have been, in that ancient period, sufficiently cold to maintain whales, as it is at this day; and that cold we know to be very considerable, and incompatible with the proximity of a climate suited to elephants. 17 N. Comment. Petropol. 576. 1 Aët. Petrop. 55. Renov. 73. Therefore the animals whose remains are now found in Siberia, could not have lived in it.

The fourth hypothesis is that of Mr. Edward King, but much amplified and enlarged by Mr. De Luc. This justly celebrated phi-

losopher is of opinion that the actual continents were, before the deluge, the bottom or bed of the ancient ocean, and that the deluge consisted in the submersion of the ancient continents, which consequently form the bottom or bed of our actual oceans, consequently our actual mountains were all formed in the antediluvian ocean, and thus shells might be left on their highest summits.

In this hypothesis, the ancient continents must have existed in those tracts now covered by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; if so, I do not see how the elephants could have been brought into Siberia, or a whole rhinoceros found in it; for Siberia being then the bottom of some ocean, the sea must have moved from it to cover the sinking continents, instead of moving towards it, to strew over it their spoils. If it be said that these animals were carried into the sea before the flood, then, assuredly, the rhinoceros should have been devoured, and only his bones left.

To say nothing of the incompatibility of this system with the principal geologic phenomena mentioned in my former essay, and of the destruction of at least all the graminivorous fish that must have followed from their transfer to a soil not suited to them, it is evidently inconsistent with the Mosaic account of this catastrophe, which account these philosophers, however, admit.

Moses ascribes the deluge to two principal causes, a continual rain for forty days, and the eruption of the waters of the great abyss. Now to what purpose a rain of forty days to overwhelm a continent that was to be immersed under a whole ocean? He tells us the waters increased on the continents a certain number of days, rested thereon another period of days, and then returned. Do not these expres-



sions imply a permanent ground on which they increased and rested, and from which they afterwards retreated? As the retreat followed the advance, is it not clear that they retreated from the same spaces on which they had before advanced and rested?

Mr. de Luc replies, that in the 13th verse of the 6th chapter of Genesis, it is said the earth should be destroyed, and that Mr. Michaëlis so translates it. However, it is plain from what has been just mentioned, that Moses did not understand such a destruction as should cause it to disappear totally and forever; he tells us that the waters stood fifteen cubits over the highest mountains; now, as he has no where mentioned the antediluvian mountains, but has the postdiluvian, it is plain that it is to these his narration relates; and these, he tells us, were, at the time of the deluge, covered with water, and uncovered when the waters diminished: he never distinguished the postdiluvian from the antediluvian, and therefore must have considered them as the same.

Nor did Noah himself believe the ancient continents destroyed; for he took the appearance of an olive branch to be a sign of the diminution of the flood. This he certainly believed to have grown on the ancient continent, and could not expect it to have shot up from the bottom of the sea. Mr. de Luc tells us that this olive grew on an antediluvian island, and that these islands, being parts of the antediluvian ocean, were not flooded.—It is plain, however, Noah did not think so, else he would not judge the appearance of the olive to be a sign of the diminution of the waters. Where is it mentioned, or what renders it necessary to infer that islands existed before the flood? If islands did exist, and were to escape the flood, so might their inha-

bitants also, contrary to the express words of the text.

It would surely be much more convenient for Noah, his family, and animals, to have taken refuge in one of them, than to remain pent up in the ark.

The dove, Moses tells us, returned the first time she was let out of the ark, finding no place whereon to rest her foot; she consequently could not discover the island, whereas the raven never returned, plainly because he found carcases whereon to feed; therefore these carcases were not swallowed up, as Mr. de Luc would have it. Moses tells us, that at the cessation of the flood the fountains of the deep were stopped or shut up; therefore, in his apprehension, instead of the ancient continents sinking into the deep, the waters of the abyss flowed from their sources upon that continent, and again returned; from all which it follows, that this hypothesis is as indefensible as the foregoing.

Passing over the systems of Burnet, Woodward, and Whiston, which have been repeatedly refuted, I recur to the account of this great revolution given by Moses himself, taken in its plain literal sense, as the only one that appears perfectly consistent with all the phenomena now known, of which I shall find occasion to mention many; he plainly ascribes it to a supernatural cause, namely the express intention of God to punish mankind for their crimes. We must therefore consider the deluge as a miraculous effusion of water, both from the clouds and from the great abyss; if the waters, situated partly within and partly without the caverns of the globe, were once sufficient to cover even the highest mountains, as I have shown in a former essay, they must have been sufficient to do so a second time, when miraculously educed out of those caverns.

Early geologists, not attending to these facts, thought all the waters in the ocean insufficient; it was supposed that its mean depth did not exceed a quarter of a mile, and that only half of the surface of the globe was covered by it: on these *data* Keil computed that twenty-eight oceans would be requisite to cover the whole earth to the height of four miles, which he judged to be that of the highest mountains, a quantity at that time considered as extravagant and incredible, but a further progress in mathematical and physical knowledge has since shown the different seas and oceans to contain at least forty-eight times more water than they were supposed to do.

Mr. De la Place, calculating their average depth, not from a few vague and partial soundings, for such they have ever been (the polar regions having been never sounded, particularly the Antarctic), but from a strict application of the theory of tides to the height to which they are known to rise in the main ocean, demonstrates that a depth, reaching only to half a league, or even two or three leagues, is incompatible with the Newtonian theory, as no depth under four leagues could reconcile it with the phenomena. The vindication of the Mosaic history does not require near so much. The extent of the sea is known to be far greater than Keil supposed, that of the earth scarcely passing  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the surface of the globe.

*(To be continued.)*

*Account of the Political Journals in the Ottoman Empire.*

WHERE the Court-Gazette is composed of the most dreadful emblems on the gates of the seraglio—of the heads of Christians and the ears of Mamelucs—in the empire of Mahomet—the politician

will not expect to find newspapers issuing from the press. The Turk is not more distinguished from the Christian by his religion, than by the want of European culture, and of the institution of regular posts and printing-offices for the quick diffusion of intelligence: and there are neither Mussulman newspapers, nor, indeed, Mussulmen desirous of reading them. The *Sublime Porte* is still too *low* in the scale of civilization for this want of cultivated man: and it will be long ere the Turks will relish this rational amusement as an accompaniment to his coffee and the fumes of his long tobacco pipe. Besides, in places where, on account of the plague, the newspapers must perform quarantine and have holes made through them; where they cannot be obtained but by caravans, and are transported on the backs of camels, the appetite, even of the cultivated European, for these vehicles of knowledge might perhaps lose much of its keenness.

Therefore, at first sight, it would seem difficult to conceive how the millions of inquisitive Greeks; the renegadoes, who are not swayed by habits, the effects of a Mussulman education; how strangers from every country of Europe, who, under the protection of the *bachas*, have settled in Turkey; how the envoys and ambassadors in Pera, and the foreign consuls in the numerous commercial cities, find an opportunity of satisfying their desire of political intelligence. For these, on the one hand, political journals are transmitted from Germany, Hungary, and Holland, by the way of Vienna, or on board of trading vessels; and, on the other, the French revolutionists and the industry of the republican ambassadors at Constantinople, made an attempt likewise to employ this vehicle for the dissemination of their principles in Turkey.

The diplomatic body, and the Europeans residing in Pera, receive their newspapers under cover, as letters. The *Nouvelles de Leide*, as long as they were conducted by the masterly hand of Luzac, the *Vienna Diarium*, the *Gazette Universale* of Florence, and the *Journal of Ofen*, are those most in request. By this expensive mode of conveyance, a set for one year costs from eighty to one hundred florins, or about five guineas of our money. The Vienna Diary goes three hundred and fifteen miles, by the Austrian post, to Belgrade; from that city, four hundred and twenty miles on the backs of camels, through dense forests, to Adrianople; and, in two days, the remaining forty-nine miles of the road to Pera, and arrives there twice a month.

In the provinces bordering on Hungary, a few copies of the *Magyar Hirmondo*, of Pest, are circulated. The *Hamburgh Correspondent* penetrates through the Dardanelles to all cities on the Black Sea, and even as far as the Caspian. He is read in Tauris, as well as in the Turkish provinces.

To Greece and the Archipelago large packets of *Fuglio's Ephemeris* are expedited from Vienna to satisfy the general curiosity. "Though the modern Greeks," says an intelligent traveller,\* "be of no weight in the political balance of Europe, yet there exists not any other nation that concerns itself more about the affairs of the world, or has so insatiable an appetite and longing for news. Credulous in the extreme, and ingenious in the invention, or concatenation of events, the Greek newspaper from Vienna is their oracle; they devour the contents of it with avidity, and draw thence the materials for their political discussions."

\* James Dallaway, in the work "Constantinople Ancienne et Moderne, ou Description des Cotes et Îles de l'Archipel et de la Trade." A Paris, an vii. 8vo. t. i. p. 371.

Through the friction occasioned by this *quidnunc-ism* of the Greeks, the germ of a passion for news is sometimes developed even in the Mahometan. It is, indeed, hardly credible, what the Journal of Neu-wied of the 7th of July, 1797, puts in the mouth of a Turkish envoy at Berlin, *Mouhasze Ali Aliz*, that even a Turkish newspaper had started into existence, which was sent to Persia and China, and, in the latter empire, translated by the Mandarines. But yet, from what several travellers have told us of the rapid diffusion in Constantinople of an article of intelligence from the Journal of Ofen, it would appear, that the curiosity of the Turks is at length sufficiently awakened for such an establishment. On the 21st of November, 1795, the Journal of Ofen brought the intelligence that the royalist chief, Charette, had penetrated as far as Paris, and made himself master of that city. The news flew like wild-fire from house to house, and the Turks already saw, in imagination, a Louis again on the throne of the Bourbons; till, on the following day, the French ambassador caused a bulletin to be printed, for the purpose of contradicting this false report. This bulletin was interpreted as well as possible to the Turks, and was received with so much approbation, that the ambassador, Verninac, conceived the idea of publishing, weekly, a newspaper. Thus originated in the *Imprimerie de la République Française*, a *Gazette Française de Constantinople*, in quarto, containing an account of the events of the war, in which the new French method of computing time was used. This gazette closed with the number for the 4th of December, 1796.

An example of this kind paved the way for the efforts of private

industry, which established the *Mercurie Oriental* on the ruins of Verninac's gazette. But the unrestrained freedom of remark that prevailed in it, and the groundlessness of the greatest part of the articles of intelligence, gave occasion to many ambassadorial complaints; and a remonstrance from the Prussian legation broke in twain the staff of this Mercury, on the 1st of September, 1797.

The next newspaper that appeared in the Turkish dominions made its *debut* on the banks of the Nile, and owed its short-lived existence to an enterprise of the most extraordinary nature—the crusade of Bonaparte. Immediately after the foundation of the affiliated Institute of Arts and Sciences, the types which had been brought from France were employed in printing the *Gazette d'Egypte*, the editor of which assumed the revolutionary name *Marc Aurele*. The first number was published on the 20th of September, 1798; and the last in January, 1799. During the dreadful carnage on the 21st and 22d of October, 1798, already, along with the apparatus of instruments for philosophical experiments, a part of the printing materials was destroyed: and, when the general in chief set out on his expedition to Syria, the Institute likewise fell to decay. The accounts of political events from Europe received in this journal a colouring calculated to keep the dispirited soldier in good humour. The part allotted to arts and sciences contained the researches and proceedings of the National Institute. Except to Marseilles, Toulon, and Paris, no copies of this newspaper came to Europe.

These ephemeral productions of the revolution vanished at the same time with the success of the republican arms: but we may, perhaps, hope to see a chronicle for purposes

directly opposite, issue, under the auspices of the British ambassador, and his learned *suite*, from the printing-press of the English embassy at Constantinople. However, since the standard of Mahomet is displayed in union with the Papis-tico-Russian, letters, and the Italian journals, more easily and frequently than formerly, find their way into even the inland provinces of the Turkish empire. Olivier Brugnieres, Mungo Park, and their predecessors, were for years deprived of all intelligence from Europe; but, at present, the traveller may be able to procure, every month, newspapers and letters from his far distant country.

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*Account of the Political Journals, &c. in the Dominions of the King of Denmark.*

THE Danish name for newspapers is *Tidende*; another more usual one is *Efterretninger*, but which comprehends in general every kind of intelligence; and, therefore, requires to be qualified by some adjective; for there are likewise *Kjöbenhavnke Lærde* (learned) *Efterretninger*.

Besides a less degree of journalistic enterprise, and of avidity for political news, the geographical position of the kingdom is the greatest obstacle to the establishment of Danish newspaper manufactories. From this situation of the country, a great circulation, and, as it were, naturalization of the Hamburg journals unavoidably takes place. By land, political intelligence of importance flows in only through Hamburg; for by the northren route, Sweden and Russia furnish but scanty materials for the composition of a newspaper; nor on intelligence brought by ships from the continent is it possi-

ble, on account of the irregularity of their arrival, to establish a journal which appears at stated times. Even the passage over the two Belts is a great impediment to the *Odense Newspaper*. In the interior of the country, the circulation of journals is rendered difficult by the want of stage-coaches and good roads; to which may be added, that the newspaper *mania* has not yet seized the middling and less cultivated classes. It is not so strange then, as at first sight it might appear, that during the present war, the strict neutrality observed by the Danish government, the liberty of the press, the unlimited permission of importing foreign journals, have not concurred with the spirit of the times, to multiply and promote newspapers in Denmark, as has happened in other states.

In Copenhagen, the capital, three political journals, one commercial paper, and three other newspapers or advertisers, are published.—Among them, however, we find no Court Gazette. One of the political journals, as appears from its title, gives up all pretensions to the merit of originality; for it styles itself *Don Berlingske Tidende* (The Berlin Journal), though it draws the greater part of its materials from the Hamburg and other foreign journals: only two half-sheets, quarto, appear every seven days, besides two appendixes containing advertisements. Every month an additional sheet is published, with the significant title, *Staats Tidende* (State Gazette), in which we find chiefly internal occurrences. The second is still less worthy of commendation: it is called by the publisher, *Höjplner's Avis*; every week two half-sheets are published, containing a congeries from foreign newspapers: of manuscript or original sources of intelligence it seems to be entirely destitute. The third of these journals furnishes not so much news, as reflections and

strictures on the events of the present times. It is called *Danske Tilskuer*, and conducted by Professor Charles Ludwig Rahbek, a gentleman well known to the public by the prosecution carried on against him by the English ambassador. The first number appeared in 1791; and one sheet, octavo, is published every week. The *Efterretninger om inden-og-udenlandsk Handel* (Intelligence relative to foreign and domestic trade), weekly, on two half sheets octavo, resemble, in taste and spirit, the *Hamburg Adress-Comtoir-Nachrichten*. This paper is abundantly supplied with official information from the royal board of trade. Of all important occurrences relative to the internal government of the country, the Danes are every week informed in the *Collegial Tidende*, printed in quarto. Two counsellors of the royal chancery, Knudsen and Monrad, began this newspaper in the autumn of 1797, by desire of the government; and are aided in their undertaking by communications from the different public offices. An evening paper, calculated for the less cultivated classes of society, appears four times a week, printed on a half sheet, quarto; the contents are chiefly of a moral tendency. From 1772 to 1795, it was edited by the lottery-revisor, Balling, and since 1795, by a literary gentleman, whose name is *Jens Kragh Høst*.—The *Kjöbenhavn's Adresse Comtoirs Efterretninger* comprehends all internal affairs, regulations, edicts, proclamations, advertisements, statistical, and commercial intelligence, and the public debates, which these few years past have become pretty fashionable in Copenhagen. This paper has, since its commencement in the year 1759, gradually been improved, and brought nearer to perfection; but, then, to fill the five quarto sheets that are published every week, it often requires hete-

rogenous materials furnished by minor poets and *belles-esprits*, who, however, pay for the insertion of their productions. In Copenhagen, then, there appear daily, two (and three times a week, even three) newspapers; more than we find in several cities containing an equal number of inhabitants; as, for instance, Naples and Turin. It is true, no neighbouring competition is to be dreaded; for, in the whole of the island of Seeland, in Laaland and Falster, no other newspapers are published.

In the island of *Fünen* is printed *Fyens Stifts Efterretninger*; of which there appear weekly two half, and frequently whole, sheets in quarto, besides appendixes. This journal is published in the ancient and populous city *Odense*, distant eighteen German miles from Copenhagen, on the way to Hamburg, and is diligently compiled from all the printed papers; it consequently gives summary views of affairs, and is made up of motley materials; it is, however, richer than the others in domestic intelligence, and therefore the most entertaining of all the Danish newspapers. We find in it, likewise, reports of all the decisions of the supreme court of justice. By an anonymous traveller, we are told that the editor's name is *Iversen*, who has received a royal privilege for it; and that the price for one year amounts to two rix dollars.

The peninsula *Jutland* has three provincial papers; but these are chiefly filled with judicial proceedings, edicts, advertisements, and essays. Nor in any of the thirteen towns of the adjoining duchy of Schleswig, do we meet with a political journal.

The kingdom of Norway, with the islands of Faröer and Greenland, has no political journal, properly so called; but five other provincial advertisers, enriched with commercial intelligence, and rarely with

essays on subjects of public utility. Two of these papers are published in Christiana, the capital; the other three issue from the printing-presses of Bergen, Christiansand, and Drontheim. They are all written in the Norwegian dialect. Only one of the five comprehends in its title the whole kingdom, viz. the *Norske Intelligenzbeller*, in quarto, in which, likewise, small literary and entertaining pieces sometimes occur.

On Hecla, and on the rocks of the sixty-sixth degree of north latitude, political literature is not so barren as might be expected from the soil and climate. The inhabitant of the cold regions of Iceland has, indeed, ever had a warm heart for literature. In the printing-office at Hoolum, established two hundred and sixty-eight years ago, a monthly intelligencer is printed, which bears the name of the Icelandic newspaper—*Islenzka Tíðningar*, and, in fact, in many things resembles our newspapers. It consists, however, chiefly of domestic, and mostly judicial occurrences and proceedings, and the decisions of the *Laugmänner* (superior judges), and twenty-one *Sysselmänner* (inferior judges). But since the year 1794, a literary man, whose name is *Stephensen*, publishes at Skaalholt a proper political journal, with the modest title of *News*.

As among the cultivated classes of society in the Danish dominions the German language is understood, all deficiencies are supplied by a German paper, printed in the country, viz. the *Altona Mercury*, octavo, which, by the unremitting diligence of the printer, Burmester, and the editorial abilities of Rhode, has, since 1765, risen into celebrity, and contains notices of every kind. The present editor is Dr. *Peter Poel*, whose predecessor was a son-in-law of the meritorious *John George Büsch*. The *Altonaischen Address Contoir-Nachrichten*

emulate the Hamburg paper of the same name; but do not so often contain interesting articles. At Glückstadt, an anonymous journalist takes advantage of the vicinity and copiousness of the Altona and Hamburg newspapers, to compile from them his *Glückstadter Fortuna*, of which he furnishes weekly two half sheets, octavo, for the entertainment of the Holstein politicians.

For the use of the possessions of the King of Denmark in the West-Indies, a newspaper is published at *St. Croix*, in octavo, which serves the purpose of an Intelligencer. Of this paper many copies are brought to Copenhagen by the West-India ships. At Christianburg in Africa, and Tranquebar in Asia, no newspapers are published and the Danish settlements are supplied with them from Copenhagen.

The Danish newspapers in general (those of Altona excepted), are distinguished by neither the originality of the materials, nor by the editorial abilities of the compilers in selecting and arranging them. Nor do we find in them any traces of freedom of inquiry and discussion, or blind party-zeal; and therefore the prohibitions, suspensions, restrictions, and penalties, which the spirit of the times has produced in other kingdoms, and even in the neighbouring Sweden, have not yet taken place in Denmark. The edict for the regulation of the press, dated 28th of September, 1799, affects newspapers only in an indirect manner. The compilers and publishers are often the same persons; and, as for the price, it is, on an average, nearly on a level with that of the German journals. Except in Sweden, the Danish newspapers are rarely read in foreign countries; nor do the natives often preserve and collect them into volumes.

*Account of the Political Journals, &c. in Sweden.*

WHAT we said above of the defects of the Danish newspapers, is applicable to the Swedish. To the Danish name for a newspaper *Tidende*, the Swedish *Tidningar* nearly approaches. The knowledge of the German language and literature in Sweden, appears likewise from the many translations from it in *Silfverstolpe's Journal for Svensk Literatur*. Hence, as in Denmark, a great number of Hamburg newspapers are circulated; for, by the same riding-post, the packets of Hamburg Journals are conveyed as far as Corsoer, from which place they have but a short passage across the Sound; on whose Swedish shores, as likewise throughout all Sweden, no regular post-coaches exist for their furtherance. They are likewise occasionally sent thence directly to Stockholm, by ships. The Berlin Journal, but few other German gazettes, arrive by way of Pomerania, across the Baltic. A taste for newspapers and journals is not generally diffused among men of business, the burghers, and middle classes: whence the number of Swedish journals is equally small as in Denmark: so that, except the *Literatur Tidning* of Stockholm, there exists no other learned journal in the whole kingdom. Since the commencement of the French revolutionary war, prohibitions and restrictions, relative to newspapers, have been greatly multiplied in Sweden. Already, in September, 1795, the paper entitled *The Stockholm Extra-posten*, was forbidden; and that, because it confounded all notions of duty towards God, the king, and fellow-subjects. In March, 1798, a similar prohibition and confiscation annihilated two other Stockholm newspapers, viz. the *Telegraph* and *Colporteur*, be-

cause the editors had abused the liberty of the press by calumniating foreign courts and powers, the states of the kingdom, and private persons. At the same time, the previous examination of all the articles intended for newspapers, was, by a royal edict, committed to the chancery-chamber; whose licence is declared absolutely necessary for the publication of all newspapers. Notwithstanding this severity, an express prohibition of the newspaper of and for Upsal, became necessary. There was not, however, any restriction yet as to the importation of foreign, or even French, journals; as, on account of the high price, they found their way only into the houses of the rich, or into the rooms of a few reading societies.

The capital, Stockholm, supplies the whole kingdom with Swedish journals: four or five are published almost daily. The *Dagliga Tidningar* eller *Dagligt allehanda*, the *Stockholms Posten*, and the *Stockholms Post-Tidningar*, are the three most ancient. In the year 1797, appeared an additional newspaper, called the *Kriegs-Tidningar*, printed on so small a type, that the strongest eye cannot support the reading of it without pain. In 1798, S. Ekmanson published the *Colportören*, and A. J. Nordström the *Telegraphen*, two weekly papers, which commented on political occurrences, and with whose modern titles the spirit and substance of the contents perfectly correspond. These six newspapers very much resemble each other in form, the size of the types, and the style: the four first are likewise advertisers, and sometimes contain literary articles. Of the proceedings of the Congress at Rastadt they furnished, during its continuance, many and authentic accounts; which circumstance it is easy to explain, when we recollect the numerous and splendid

Swedish embassy there, and the many couriers sent by them to their court. The *Larikes Tidningar*, published by J. A. Carlbohm. (4to.), is exclusively appropriated to domestic occurrences, and to all articles of intelligence relative to the internal state of the kingdom, and therefore justly deserves the name of a national newspaper.

Besides Stockholm, most of the larger cities have, indeed, their *Tidningar*, or weekly advertisers; but advertisements, and the like intelligence relative to the common affairs of civil life, leave little room for politics, and frequently exclude them altogether. The newspaper of and for Upsal, approaches nearest to those of Stockholm. In Sudermania Nyköping, the town where the Swedish language is spoken in the greatest purity, as likewise Örebro and Falun, have good provincial papers. In East-Gothland, similar papers are published at Norrköping, Linköping, Calmar, Jonköping, and Wisby; in West-Gothland, at Gothenburg; in Schonen, at Malmöe, Lund, and Carlscrona; in Nordland, at Gefle; and, in Finland, at Abo. All these are filled with politico-mixed materials, and are likewise subject to the board of licensors, who rigorously execute, with respect to them, too, the restrictive regulations newly enacted by royal authority.

In foreign countries, the Swedish newspapers are read only in St. Petersburg; and, in that city, the price, for one year, is from twenty-five to forty rubles.

As to the Swedish part of Pomerania, we find at Stralsund, Greifswalde, and on the island of Rügen, only weekly intelligencers, containing advertisements and intelligence relative to the common affairs of civil life. Of the five chief requisites of a good political journal, novelty, authenticity, copiousness,



impartiality, and the art of properly arranging the materials; the two first are, on this coast of the Baltic, but too frequently wanting.

*Account of the Political Journals,  
&c. in Russia.*

THIS colossal empire, which in extent exceeds the rest of Europe, produces not so many newspapers as are published in Germany, within the compass of half a square mile, viz. at Hamburg and Altona. For twenty-five millions of Russians, only five hundred copies of newspapers are printed; while, even in Hungary, there are six hundred for a population of seven millions, according to the calculation of Mart. Schwartner. What a contrast with England and France, where every individual might pick out from among the millions of newspapers a separate copy for himself! One might therefore almost suppose, that the Russian language had no particular word to designate this branch of literature: the word *Wädemosti*, however, exactly answers to our *newspaper* or *gazette*. But so little do even the officers of the army care about newspapers, that the word *Wädemosti* is not to be found in the smaller dictionaries, which were in Germany compiled for the use of the Russian troops marching against France; nor is the reading of newspapers more common among the civil classes of society of the same rank; among the burghers and peasants it is totally unknown. There are whole governments, whither the post-office of Petersburg has only a few copies of the *Wädemosti* to transmit; and to the Asiatic part of the empire scarcely any are sent.

From John Gli. Georgi's description of Petersburg, we learn, what after the above introduction might appear hardly credible, that the first Russian newspaper commenced so early as 1708, under the reign of Peter the Great, and bore the simple title of *Petersburg skia Wedemosti*. Twenty years after its establishment, the Imperial Academy of Sciences itself designed to take it under its protection, and accompanied it with illustrations. This circumstance explains the anecdote related by a late biographer,\* that the princess Daschkoff, who, it is well known, presided over that society, herself wrote the *Wedemosti*. Of such a superintendence, so uncommon in more cultivated states, the happiest effects manifested themselves in the contents, as we are assured by those well acquainted with the Russian language. The *Wedemosti* is published every Tuesday and Friday, in two sheets, quarto, one of which is filled with advertisements, and the like articles of intelligence; for which, however, a separate paper has been established since the year 1728. This latter paper, too, is under the inspection of the Senate. The division allotted for foreign news in the *Wedemosti*, is not so extensive as that for domestic occurrences; indeed, the long and minute descriptions of the court solemnities, and the list of promotions, often displaced the former altogether.

A newspaper in the German language was, at a later period, established for the use of the numerous German settlers in the capital and other parts of the empire. This paper, entitled *Die St. Petersburgische Zeitung*, and decorated with the imperial eagle, appears in 4to. twice a week, at St. Petersburg, and is a very useful contribution towards a statistic knowledge of Rus-

\* Abbé Castéra, in *Vie de Catherine II. à Paris, 1797*, 8vo. t. i. p. 29.

sia. The foreign articles are, indeed, meagre and partial; as they are evidently borrowed only from the Hamburg, Akona, Vienna, Stutgard, Stockholm, and some English newspapers; and fashioned conformably to the court system and the rigorous prescriptions of the board of licensors. But the more interesting are the articles relative to Russian affairs. A standing head are lists (with the *motives* which occasioned them) of civil and military promotions, of the frequent dismissals and dispensations, of erasures from the military rolls, permitted or forced resignations, of gracious expressions of the emperor's satisfaction; of petitions refused, or torn and remitted as absurd, &c. These frequently fill one half of the newspaper. The motives of rejection are generally expressed with laconic *naïveté*. A higher rank is often granted for *zeal in the service*, for the *arrest of a suspected person*, or for well conducted recruiting; and again taken away for a contrary behaviour. In the paper for the 23d of August, 1799, Golikoff, editor of the history of Peter I. of glorious memory, is, as a recompense for the great pains he had bestowed on that work, honoured with the title of "court-counsellor." The *Ukases*, with the imperial formulæ of approbation, "*So be it*," are seldom given word for word; but extracts containing the substance of them are often inserted. Of less importance to foreigners are the descriptions of the court festivals and solemnities.— Since the active co-operation of Russia in the war against France, the accounts of military events are also become highly interesting; not so much on account of the facts communicated, as of the manner of representing them, so often differing from that of the statements in the Vienna Court Gazettes. Sometimes the long details are sea-

soned with a laconic sentence highly interesting to the politician, which the Hamburg newspapers are wont eager to adopt word for word. A late instance of this we find in the dismissal of the Princes of Baden, *on account of the secret treaty concluded with France three years before*.

Equally attractive, in a statistical view, is the appendix to each number, containing advertisements and the like, which often fill a second sheet. The greatest part of the advertisements are distinguished by peculiarities so wholly Russian, that it is impossible to comprehend them without a previous knowledge of the laws and internal administration of that empire. Thus, for instance, the sale of a *young fellow*, or of a *girl*, or the letting out an *hereditary lad* for hire, refer to the villanage or slavery which in that country still prevails. Another such instance, is the list of strangers who announce their departure from Russia fourteen days before it takes place. This is ordered with a view to facilitate the inquiries of the police; and that creditors may have an opportunity to enforce the payment of debts that may be owing them. And many a family and tribunal in Germany learn from this list the place of abode of a long-lost relative or fugitive offender. The course of exchange, and the state of the weather, are likewise two standing heads. In distinct appendixes, the proceedings of the Senate are likewise published; but with this addition, the newspaper costs a double price, viz. 20 rubles annually, on common printing paper. For the rich and the grandees copies of both the Russian and German newspapers are printed on hot-pressed paper; the price is then, for one year, 25 rubles, without the proceedings of the Senate. The numerous changes which take place during the present reign, render this

newspaper more interesting than it was under the late Empress Catharine.

Besides Petersburg only two other cities of Russia have newspapers, viz. Moscow, one in the Russian, and Riga, one in the German language. Without examining how far this dearth may be owing to the want of cultivation and of learned institutions, it is sufficient, since the commencement of the present reign, to recur to the *Ukase*, which permits no printing offices except in Moscow, Riga, and Petersburg; so that, of course, it is there only that newspapers can be published. And that their number does not increase in these populous cities, is probably to be ascribed to the Russian licensing-regulation, which, in severity, leaves far behind the restrictions in other states. That, however, in consequence of the above *Ukase*, the printing offices in Jaroslavl and Irkutsk, in Reval, and Dörpt, in Livonia, had been shut up, and, at the same time, the Reval Intelligencer suppressed—is hardly credible.

With regard to the newly acquired two-thirds of the late republic of Poland and Duchy of Courland, there too was manifested the baneful influence of the just mentioned *Ukase*. The newspaper of Wilna, which even before was interesting only to the Lithuanian nobility and to the academy established there, was annihilated, together with the numerous Warsaw journals. Although in the Prussian and Austrian portions of Poland the newspapers flourished almost more than under the former government; yet, in the six new governments annexed to Russia, not even a single journal was published. The corps of *Condé*, which was stationed there, were under the necessity of satisfying their curiosity by procuring foreign newspapers to be sent them under cover as letters.

No wonder, then, that no Russian newspaper was printed in a foreign land for the information of the Russian army fighting against France; as, at a former period, Prince Potemkin, the *Taurian*, caused, during his last campaign against the Turks, the news relative to war to be printed at Jassy; where he, at a great expense, established a printing-office; thus exhibiting the first phenomenon of a newspaper printed in Turkey. But this establishment was suppressed after the death of its founder.

From this scarcity of newspapers printed in the country, one might be apt to conclude, that an inundation of foreign journals would ensue. But quite the contrary. Their influx is in part hindered by the prohibition of all newspapers which are printed in France and her affiliated republics, or in the countries occupied by the French; and of such as are published in the dominions of the king of Prussia. The prohibition has been likewise extended to single obnoxious papers, to some of those even which appear at Altona and Frankfort. And on the other hand, the desire after foreign news is so far from pressing, and the expenses are so great, that but few endeavour to procure those that are allowed. The *Morning Chronicle*, for instance, costs at Petersburg 260, and the *Hamburg Correspondent* 25 rubles; and without a subscription for the whole year, the clerks of the Petersburg post-office for foreign gazettes will not commission a single paper, and charge 4 rubles annually for their trouble. In the larger cities, therefore, the few newspaper readers have formed themselves into reading societies, such as the *Society of Leisure*, established in Riga since the year 1787.

The number, however, of English, Germans and Swedes in easy circumstances settled in Russia is so

great, that several newspapers from their respective native countries are imported. In February, 1799, the post-office of Petersburg received orders for fourteen London ministerial, and two opposition papers; and for three Stockholm and seventeen German papers, among which were seven in the French language. The newly-established *Gazette Française de Hamburg*, and the Hamburg papers in general, which tra-

verse the Baltic in every direction, arrive likewise by sea at the mouths of the Don and the Volga. The *Neuwiester Politischen Gespräche*, which are re-printed at Pressburg, Prague, Brünn, and Vienna, are read by the emigrant German on the bank of the Lake of Ladoga: only he is deprived of the pleasure of perusing literary journals, which are rarely imported.

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DOMESTIC.

#### LINDLEY MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.

THERE is just re-published, an English grammar, adapted to the different classes of learners, with an appendix containing rules and observations for the attainment of perspicuity and accuracy, by Lindley Murray.—We have derived uncommon satisfaction from the perusal of this performance. Three American editions of it respectively at Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, have already appeared, and do credit to the publishers, as well as to our countrymen in general, since it is not the merit merely of any work that entitles it to publication, but also the demand for it. Grammar is a science, and therefore it is likely that every age, while things continue in their usual course, will witness its improvement. Every new student or teacher must profit by the discoveries and efforts of his predecessors, and add to the stores collected by others, the fruit of his own ingenuity and labour. This progress is well exemplified in the present work, which, though there are particular precepts, or methods, or terms which the reader

will object to, yet he must allow it to be, on the whole, more complete and satisfactory than any other work of this kind.

There is no department of English grammar overlooked by this author; and each is discussed with that due regard to accuracy, on the one hand, and simplicity on the other, which the business of instruction requires. The remarks on prosody are curious and valuable, and afford instruction on a property of our language too generally neglected or despised. The appendix, in which the rules of correct composition are concisely stated and explained, is highly useful.

Mr. Murray, in his distribution of parts, and the use of terms, adheres to ancient usage; neglecting those new appellations and arrangements which recent investigators of language have adopted. To multiply distinctions, and to retain inapplicable names of things, may be sometimes censured; but, on this occasion, we are not disposed to condemn Mr. Murray's practice. There is much to be said in favour of the ancient system; and it must be remembered that the *new* is always open to the inspection of the dissatisfied or craving student.

## PORT FOLIO.

A new weekly publication, under this title, by Mr. J. Dennie, is proposed to be published in Philadelphia. It is to be printed in quarto, *newspaper-wise* as to type and column, and to be devoted to summaries of *federal* politics, to wit, to argument, and to story-telling, to original essays, and selected novelties, or literary curiosities.

Every lover of his country must smile upon efforts of this kind: and their repeated failure hitherto, while it is a subject of generous regret to the wise, should be a stimulus to patronage. The merits of Mr. Dennie, as conductor of a periodical paper, are sufficiently manifested by the unparalleled success of the Walpole Museum; success, no doubt, to be ascribed to the diligence and ingenuity displayed in its compilation.

Politics, which is to have place in this paper, will operate, perhaps, favourably to its success. Curiosity is the *all-desirable* on such occasions, and *that* is a principle which acquires force from *disapprobation* as well as from *approbation*. Those who approve, will read, of course, for they want to see their favourite tenets well defended, and those who disapprove, will yet unfold the obnoxious little volume with a—"Come, let's see what the rascals have to say for themselves!" Admiration is a delicious sentiment, but scorn has likewise its pleasures, and he merits some gratitude who affords us an opportunity of railing.

Periodical publishers may imitate the Athenian of old, who cried out "Strike, but hear me." "Rail at me, with all my heart, but—buy my wares! buy my wares!"

## WHEELLOCK'S HISTORY OF NATIONS, &amp;c.

Mr. J. Nancrede, bookseller of Boston, proposes to publish, in two

octavo volumes, five hundred pages each, "A Philosophical History of the Advancement of Nations, with an Inquiry into their Rise and Decline. By Dr. Wheelock, President of Dartmouth University."—We have seen a statement of the subjects of this volume, but are not enabled, by that, to judge of the intended order and profoundness of this work. The title promises much.

## WILlich's TREATISE ON DIET AND REGIMEN.

Dr. Willich's celebrated work has been printed, in two volumes duodecimo, by Mr. J. Nancrede, of Boston. This work has met with signal encouragement, and deserves, from the eminent usefulness of the work, to be widely diffused. Willich may be considered as the grand enemy of *empyric's*, *nostrum mongers*, and medical impostors of all kinds; and, as this kind of superstition, on the one hand, and *mount-a-bank-ism* on the other, are extremely prevalent among us, the *quintessence of Willich* should be cried up and down, and exhibited, in rubrick characters, at every apothecary's window, every market-booth, and every well-frequented corner in the United States.

T. and J. Swords, of this city, have the above work in the press: it is printing from the third London edition, and will be comprised in one neat octavo volume.

## FOREIGN.

## SCHILLER'S NEW TRAGEDY.

THE celebrated German poet Schiller, author of the *Robbers*, &c. has translated *Macbeth* into German iambics, and is now employed in writing a new tragedy, the subject of which is the melancholy fate of Mary Stuart, queen of Scots.

### PROHIBITION OF BOOKS AT VIENNA.

An imperial order is issued to the licenser of the press at Vienna, forbidding all books on stories of enchantment, ghosts, robbers, impostors, and associations of fraternity. The coffee houses of Vienna are forbidden to have literary gazettes or journals. Three of the reading-rooms have been shut, and are again opened, but under very different restrictions.

### NEW MEDICINES DISCOVERED.

Professor Blumenbach, in a letter to a friend (Dr. Ash) in this country, says, that a secret is now making as much noise in Prussia as the cow-pock in England. A professor Reich in Erlangen says he has discovered two medicines, one internal, the other external; by means of which, all the dangers of acute diseases may be warded off, as it were, in a moment; only the use of them must not be deferred too long.—These medicines do not make a sudden or complete cure; but by means of them all danger is so far removed in twelve hours, that it may be securely prognosticated that the life of the patient is safe. He has offered to communicate his secret to every practitioner for a moderate douceur; and he is now ordered by the king to be examined before a committee of physicians at Berlin. Mr. Blumenbach adds, that professor Reich is a plain, sensible man, and not the least inclined to quackery. Professor Sprengel fancies he has found these two medicines in the works of an old Arabian physician.

### WHAT CENTURY ARE WE IN: A NEW FRENCH COMEDY.

The French, ever desirous to turn a disputed point to certain advantage, have made the controversy which began in the commence-

ment of this year, as to "*what century are we in?*" the subject of a comedy at the theatre du Vaudeville. Under the character of a M. Precis, a father is resolved not to marry his daughter before the first day of the new century. Surville and Eliza, the daughter, with whom he is in love, are impatient for that alliance, insisting that the propitious day has arrived; but an uncle, who has a sum of money to pay whenever the marriage should take place, and a Mademoiselle Antivieux, not willing to be older by a year, insist that the nineteenth century does not commence till 1801. The dispute is referred to Mr. Star, the astronomer, to influence whose decision, Mademoiselle Antivieux promises her hand and heart as a recompence for the desired arbitration; on the other Surville threatens him with a duel, the terrors of which force a verdict according to the wishes of the two lovers. The father signs the contract, but Belval arrives after, with proof that the century does not commence till 1801; but there was no retracing their steps, and the lovers are happily united.

### LONDON PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The following correct alphabetical list of the Magazines, Reviews, and other monthly publications which exist at this time in London, will probably amuse and interest all our readers:

Army List, sterling price . . .	10
Anderson's Recreations in	
Agriculture . . . . .	16
Anti-Jacobin Review . . . .	20
Arminian Magazine . . . .	06
British Critic Review . . . .	20
British Magazine . . . . .	16
Britannic do. . . . .	10
Botanical do. . . . .	10
Critical Review . . . . .	20
Chirurgical do. . . . .	16
Commercial Magazine . . . .	10

	s.	d.
Copper-plate do. . . . .	1	0
Donovan's British Insects . . . . .	1	0
——— Shells . . . . .	2	6
European Magazine . . . . .	1	6
——— Repertory . . . . .	2	0
Evangelical Magazine . . . . .	0	6
Fashions of London and Paris	1	6
Gentleman's Magazine . . . . .	1	6
German Museum . . . . .	1	6
Gospel Magazine . . . . .	0	6
General Baptist's do. . . . .	0	6
Historical do. . . . .	1	6
London Review . . . . .	1	6
London Medical Magazine . . . . .	1	6
Lady's Magazine . . . . .	1	0
Lady's Museum . . . . .	1	0
Monthly Review . . . . .	2	0
——— Magazine . . . . .	1	6
——— Preceptor . . . . .	1	0
——— Mirror . . . . .	1	0
——— Epitome . . . . .	0	6
——— Visitor . . . . .	1	0
Medical and Physical Journal	2	0
Military Journal . . . . .	2	6
Naval Biography . . . . .	2	0
——— Chronicle . . . . .	2	0
——— Magazine . . . . .	1	0
Navy List . . . . .	0	6
Naturalist's Miscellany . . . . .	2	6
Nicholson's Journal . . . . .	2	6
Philosophical Magazine . . . . .	2	0
Repertory of Arts . . . . .	1	6
Sowerby's Botany . . . . .	5	0
Sporting Magazine . . . . .	1	0
Universal ditto . . . . .	1	6
Young's Annals of Agriculture	2	0
Zoological Magazine . . . . .	1	0

## RE-MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

A company has just been established in London, for the purpose of extracting every kind of ink, printed or written, from paper of every sort, and re-manufacturing it in the usual way. Such an invention, which has long been a great desideratum, promises to be of considerable benefit to the public, by converting to great use the immense mass of waste paper, which is every where to be found; and thus, we

hope, reducing the price of this most useful article, which has of late risen to such an extravagant height as to impede very materially the advancement of literature. A patent has been granted for this discovery.

Paper already printed on, is now regularly bought in at the rag-shops of foreign countries, to be re-manufactured by the paper-makers. Newspapers, old books, unsaleable books, can all be reduced to a white pulp by the process of Madame Masson. It is thus described in a continental journal:—Choose papers of similar hues to be used together. On one hundred weight of paper pour five hundred weight of boiling water. Stir it continually with indented paddles, until the whole is reduced to a pulp. Drain off the water through an opening covered with flannel, pour on fresh boiling water, and repeat the stirring with incessant industry. Such of the component parts of the printers' ink as are not soluble in water, will sink to the bottom of the vat gradually, and the pulp will assume a whiter and whiter appearance, and may be removed in shallow pails to be submitted to the usual process of manufacture. This fortunate discovery will be the grand defence of posterity against superfluous and tedious books.

The quantity of paper-stuff may in another manner be increased. Instead of making tinder from rags, it might be made, as in France, from the agaric of the ash. The fungus is sliced thin, dried, beaten with a hammer until it becomes very elastic, and boiled in water impregnated with salt-petre. In this state it readily catches fire from the spark of a flint, and is sold very cheap at the shops by the name *amadou*. If this substance were easily to be had, the rags now burnt for tinder might be preserved.

## —NEW CENTURY.

Mr. Pye, in his introduction to his *Carmen Seculare*, notices the controversy respecting the commencement of the nineteenth century. He says that, at first, he was inclined to adopt the *generally received opinion*, that the nineteenth century did not commence till the 1st of January, 1801: but that, on inquiry, he found all authority against him. He has therefore adopted the contrary opinion, and deprecates the resentment of those who differ from him.

The following is the evidence which he produces:

‘I found that the *Secular Masque of Dryden* was performed at Drury-lane theatre early in the year 1700; and that *Prior’s Carmen Seculare* was written for the same year, and obviously for the 1st of January. These examples were sufficient authority for me, independently of their showing the received opinion of that time. I found also in the schedule to the act of parliament for altering the style, and which is printed in all the Common Prayer Books, these words: “For the next century, that is, from the year 1800 to the year 1899 inclusive.”

‘In the French Encyclopædia, Article *Lettre Dominicale*, we find, “Il changera en 1800, en 1900, en 2100, &c. en un mot au commencement de chacun des siècles dont la première année n’est pas bissextile.” And again under *Cycle Solaire*, explaining the tables, it says—“La première de ces tables sera pour le siècle qui a commencé par l’année 1600; la second pour les siècles qui commencement par les années 1700, 2100, 2500, 2900, 3400, &c.”

‘There is yet a stronger authority, arising from the history of the institution of the Christian era, as it is usually called, though now known

not to be reckoned from the real birth of our Saviour, but which makes no difference with respect to the present question.

‘A native of Scythia, Dionysius Exiguus, so named from his stature, who exercised the function of Abbot at Rome, in the sixth century, thinking it disgraceful that the Christians should reckon their years from the foundation of a city which was the seat of their persecutors, resolved to introduce a new era from the birth of Christ, which he fixed on the 25th of December, in the year of Rome 753; but, to accommodate it to the Roman Calendar, he reckoned from the first of January ensuing, in the manner that he exemplified by the following table of the first century, and on which the calculation of the beginning and close of the century just commenced in the table of our Common Prayer Books, is founded.

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
99.	—									

Our readers will recollect, that, in our Magazine for July last, p. 78, we gave the opinion of M. Lalande, one of the greatest astronomers in Europe, on this much disputed point, and which is the reverse of that of the *poet laureat*.



# POETRY.

[The following Tale is founded on this extract from a London Magazine for the year 1782:—"A young woman of low condition, in or about London, bearing that her lover had fallen into the hands of a press-gang, and was carried on board the *Tender*, immediately equipped herself in the habit of a sailor, and threw herself in the way of the officer of the gang. She enlisted, and was sent to the same ship with her lover, to whom she made herself known. In a short time she learned the duties of her station, and executed them with uncommon faithfulness and diligence, without her sex being known to any one except her lover. They at length were sent out with the fleet which carried the gallant *Rodney* to the *West-Indies*. In the battle with *D'Grasse* they were ordered on board the *Formidable* (the *Admiral's* ship), and placed in the round-tops. Towards the close of the action, when almost all firing had ceased, a random shot struck the unhappy girl in the forehead, and put an immediate end to her existence.

"Who can paint the lover as he stood, fixed in specchless grief? At length, however, having recovered himself a little, he explained, in a few words, to those about him who it was that lay dead at his feet, and the various circumstances attending this extraordinary adventure. Having done this, he took the lifeless damsel in his arms, and leaped with her from the round-top into the sea, amidst the tears and lamentations of his brave companions."]

EDWARD and SUSAN.

LONG had honest Edward address'd  
his fair Sue,

The pride of the hamlet was she;  
A lover more constant, a virgin more true,  
Or a couple more comely not oft met the view—

No hearts were from failings more free.

The day was appointed when they were  
to wed,

Its near approach fill'd them with glee;  
But soon both their hopes and their happiness fled,

For a press-gang, meantime, had made  
prize of poor Ned,

And had dragg'd him away to the sea.

This dreadful misfortune soon reached  
the maid,

And a courage heroic inspir'd;

In a sailor's apparel herself she array'd,  
Of the dangers and toils of the main not  
afraid,

But to share them with Edward desir'd.

To the port then she hasted, love conquer'd her fears,

And the gang that press'd Edward soon  
found,

Who saluted the damsel with three hearty  
cheers,

Then offer'd a bounty to fight the Mon-  
sieurs,

And herself as a sailor she bound.

The party recruited, on ship-board re-  
pair'd;

Edward saw his sweet Susan again:

How excessive his joy with his eyes he  
declar'd,

But in speech he was silent—t' expose her  
he fear'd

To perils much worse than the main.

That night upon watch the fair sailor  
was plac'd,

And her lover was soon by her side;

And whilst he, enraptur'd, her fair neck  
embrac'd,

"May heaven protect thee, my Susan,  
still chaste,"

With passionate ardour he cried.

"And if ever again to Old England's  
sweet shore

Heaven grant us in safety to come,

The dangers of sea we will never tempt  
more;

We'll wed and live happy, though we  
may be poor,

With some snug little cot for our home.

Thus we'll settle for life, if my hopes are  
fulfill'd,

And we'll smile at the toils that are  
pass'd;

Some small fruitful spot by my hands shall  
be till'd,

Enough for our few wants my labours  
will yield,

And yours shall prepare the repast."

With the future thus pleas'd, to the present resign'd,

This pair hop'd for pleasure to come:  
But vain were their hopes; their fate was unkind,

A destiny different for them was design'd,  
And mournfully sad was their doom.

From their native land sent into regions afar,

Their duties they cheerly perform'd;  
And e'en 'midst the dangers and thunders of war

The sweet solace of love and affliction they share,

While round them the elements storm'd.

When the billows beat high, and the rain it fell fast,

And threat'ning destruction appear'd,  
If Edward was sent to the top of the mast,  
His Sufan went with him, though loud roar'd the blast,

And the gloom of the tempest she cheer'd.

When pois'nous vapours infected the sky,  
And pestilence swept o'er the deep;

When Edward lay pale with sunk cheek and dim eye,

Attentive she watch'd him, and oft with a sigh

Endeavour'd to sooth him to sleep.

When lash'd to the foe, while the deck floats with gore,

Her station she takes by his side,

And for herself fearless she hears the loud roar,

And sees all around her the iron storm pour,

And streams of blood crimson the tide.

For many long months they endure'd every woe,

Yet ne'er did their confidence fail,

That back to Old England they sometime should go:

At length with brave Rodney, in quest of the foe,

To the Indies they gallantly sail.

Approaching the coast they the enemy met,

And to fight him soon all was prepar'd:

Aloft in the round-tops the lovers were set;

Nor this dang'rous station did they take with regret,

For danger they never had fear'd.

'Pon the foe then the Britons exerted their might,

And a terrible slaughter ensu'd:

Severe was the conflict, long doubtful the fight,

And a scene most afflicting was offer'd the fight,

For the decks with the dying were strew'd.

And now then on all hands they victory cry,

For the enemy began to retreat:

As end to their sufferings Edward thought was now nigh,

When a ball, wing'd with fate, commission'd on high,

Laid his Sufan a corse at his feet.

For some time the lover in speechless grief gaz'd,

And with calmness beheld the sad scene;

This woe-fraught misfortune his reason had craz'd;

At length he address'd his companions, amaz'd,

While tearful his eye and distracted his mien:

"Behold the fair angel whom I long have ador'd,

Whose constancy sooth'd every grief;

Since no more to my arms she can now be restor'd

No longer can life any comfort afford,  
And death is my only relief."

Thus said, the pale maiden he warmly embrac'd,

And wildly he look'd at the wave;

With an air of stern joy then he leap'd from the mast,

(While in tears the brave tars all around stood aghast)

And fought with his Sufan a watery grave.

The story, though old, the sailors yet tell,  
And it still does their sorrows renew;

On the long-tried affection with pleasure they dwell,

And sigh for the sufferings that to the lot fell,

Of unfortunate Edward and Sue.

## ALCANDER and LYCIDAS;

OR

*The Helvetican Shepherds: A Pastoral Poem.*

ON Alpine hills, whence fable Isser  
pours  
Its rising billows thro' the sylvan shores:  
Blest Lycidas, the mountain woods along,  
Drove his fair flock, and tun'd the rural  
song;  
The sun's declining wheels had ting'd the  
main,  
And from their toils return'd the labour-  
ing train,  
When from the vales a hoary swain he  
view'd,  
With feeble pace, approaching thro' the  
wood:  
His right a staff of bending willow bore,  
His left sustain'd a scrip of scanty store:  
Thrice twenty winters press'd him with  
their cold,  
Thrice twenty summers had his sorrows  
told.  
His tattered mantle floated in the breeze,  
A faithful dog pursued him thro' the trees.  
Soon as advanc'd the venerable man,  
Awhile he stood, and gazed, and thus  
began.

ALCANDER.

'Thrice happy swain! who far from ills  
remov'd,  
By heaven protected, by the world belov'd,  
Liv'st here, the monarch of this blest do-  
main,  
While desolation fills the neighbouring  
plain:  
For thee the skies indulgent showers be-  
stow;  
For thee the fields in bright profusion  
grow.  
At eve, secure thy fleecy care retires;  
At eve the hearth displays its cheerful fires:  
In peace thy vales and sunny hills are sown;  
Such are thy joys, and such were once my  
own.  
But now my soul these pleasures must  
reign,  
My flock, my cot, and all that once were  
mine;  
Doom'd thro' a world of misery to stray,  
And find no home in life's declining day.  
This dog alone, of all my former friends,  
Cheers my sad hours, and now my steps  
attends;  
And where'er thro' lingering life I go,  
With dumb compassion mitigates my woe.  
Oh! let thy hospitable gifts be given,  
The friend of strangers is the care of  
heav'n.'

LYCIDAS.

'O swain! whate'er my fields or low-  
ing kine  
Can yield to want and age shall here be  
thine;  
Not solely for themselves the good should  
live,  
'Tis heav'n that grants them wealth, and  
theirs to give.  
But whence, O stranger! this reverse of  
fate,  
Thy steps so wearied, and thy journey  
late?  
Has some unfriendly brother, from thy  
land,  
Or Lord, expell'd thee with a tyrant's  
hand?  
Or son usurp'd, ungrateful on the plain,  
Thy rural mansion and thy fleecy train?'

ALCANDER.

'No lordly tyrant with unfeeling rage,  
O swain! expels me in declining age;  
Nor brother, base, usurps my fleecy train;  
Nor neighbour drives me friendless from  
the plain;  
Nor son ungrateful—but by strangers  
thrown  
On the wide world, and to the world  
unknown:  
I taste the bread of bitterness and care,  
And feel the dire inclemencies of air:  
For now no flock, nor cottage, mine re-  
main,  
Nor friends in age, my sorrows to re-  
strain.  
Thrice sixty sheep, and thrice a score of  
kine,  
Spread o'er the fields and mountain  
ground were mine:  
Before my cot the Rhone impell'd his  
flood,  
Behind arose, of beech, a lofty wood;  
'There first my happier scenes of life be-  
gun,  
In valleys shaded from the summer's sun.  
Along the craggy cliffs my vines arose,  
With purple clusters and depending  
boughs:  
There shone above the steep my fields of  
corn,  
With safe enclosures from the forest borne;  
There first the sweets of early toil I knew,  
There oft my feet have brush'd the  
morning dew;  
There, too, my flocks along the valleys  
spread,  
Paus'd at the brook, or sought the cool-  
ing shade;  
While I, rejoicing on my rural throne,  
Beheld, at ease, the little realm my own.

But, ah! not long, the rage of wasting war  
Destroy'd my fields, and urg'd me thence  
afar.

Now, driv'n to want, in solitude I go,  
'Thro' sylvan shades, and mountains topt  
with snow,

To beg subsistence from the rural train,  
And sooth, with hope of death, the sense  
of pain.

This path-way led my feet from yonder  
height,

To seek repose, and shelter from the  
night:

Oh! let the hospitable boon be given;  
Who gives the stranger will receive  
from heaven.'

LYCIDAS.

'Hard is the bosom that rejects the  
poor,  
And sad to shut the stranger from the  
door:

This night, at least, with me forget your  
woes,

Rest from your toils, and in my cot re-  
pose:

For now the night extends her awful  
shade,

And clouds of darkness from the moun-  
tain spread;

Along the vale each weary swain retires,  
And distant domes reflect their evening  
fires.'

*An ADIEU to the VALE of PAR-  
NASSUS; a romantic spot near Sche-  
necady,*

SWEET smiling vale, a tender, last  
adieu;  
Soon must thy beauties vanish from my  
view.

Already duty chides a scholar swain,  
Who shuns his study for thy grassy plain;  
Bids him no longer haunt thy bowery  
way,

Where love and innocence delight to  
stray;

With voice severe commands him to de-  
part,

And break the flowery chain that binds  
his heart.

Farewell, sweet vale! a tender, long  
adieu!

Ah! could my sorrows all be left with  
you:

Ah! could dejection which I've cherish'd  
—fade—

Be left to slumber in thy silent shade:

Ah! could fond hope and pleasure's cheer-  
ful throng,  
Elate and sooth me with their thrilling  
song;

Delusions vanish, fancy's falsehoods cease,  
Dull cares be banish'd by the smile of  
peace.

Sweet vale! how oft I've trac'd thy  
lovely glade,

And brush'd the dew drops from thy  
rustling shade;

How many tales I've told thy evening  
breeze;

How many garlands hung upon thy  
trees;

How often listen'd to thy streamlets'  
sound,

Which, tumbling, throws its fairy mu-  
sic round.

But now, perhaps, I never more shall  
rove

Along thy glade, amid thy whispering  
grove;

No more thy solitudes shall sooth my  
breast,

Thy little waters murmur me to rest;  
No more thy echo, in her airy hall,

In hollow voice, shall answer to my call;  
No more resound the lay that love would  
frame,

And bid each rock repeat my Laura's  
name.

Ah! if the peerless maid should press  
thy green,

Thy haunts survey, and wander where  
I've been;

Guard and protect her: let no south-  
wind dare

To hover round and damp her flowing  
hair;

Let all thy songsters raise their tuneful  
strains,

And sweetest fragrance fill thy bloomy  
plains;

And thou, fair Luna, light her on her  
way,

And in her path throw thy soft trem-  
bling ray.

If the lov'd maid should ever press thy  
green,

Thy haunts survey, and wander where  
I've been,

Those thoughts, which I have told alone  
to thee,

Waft to her breast, that she may think  
of me:

Tell her those scenes I oft have rambled  
o'er;

But now, far distant, may behold no more.  
L.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

*Pope's attempt to describe the labour of Syphilus is justly esteemed, by critical readers; as one of the noblest examples of representative harmony in our language. The enclosed needs no comment from the author; but, as the passage is short, perhaps it may find a place in your elegant miscellany.*

ENNIUS.

THE LABOUR of SYSPHUS in HELL.

11th *Odyssey*.

By POPE.

**I** TURN'D my eye, and, as I turn'd,  
 survey'd  
 A mournful vision—the Syphilcean shade:  
 With many a weary step, and many a  
 groan,  
 Up a high hill he heaves a huge round  
 stone;

The huge round stone, refulgent with a  
 bound,  
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes  
 along the ground.  
 Again the restless orb his toil renews,  
 Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends  
 in dews.

*Copied from a late version of Homer.*

Turning around thro' Pluto's dreary  
 dome,  
 The realm of sorrow and of endless gloom,  
 My eyes the lab'ring Syphilus survey'd,  
 In Ades ever doom'd a mournful shade!  
 Heaving, he strains (so Jove condemns  
 his soul),  
 A huge round rock up a high hill to roll.  
 The huge round rock, from off the  
 mountain ground,  
 Headlong rolls down the gloom, and  
 makes all hell rebound!  
 Again he heaves the never-ceasing stone,  
 Eternal woe succeeds, and groan to  
 groan!

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Ode to SAMUEL LOW, Esq." by "CENSOR," though expressive of *correct opinions*, is, in *manner*, not fully adapted for publication in our miscellany.

Several poetical pieces, by "J. DAVIS," are received, and will appear in due season.

"KOTZEBUE to the EMPEROR PAUL" breathes generous indignation in vigorous and spirited verse; but a *few lines* have induced us to suspend its insertion.

An "Eulogium on Gen. WASHINGTON," has been received. The length of this performance renders it unsuitable for our Magazine; and the numerous publications on the same subject, as well as similar claims which we are obliged to reject, induce us to return it in the manner our friendly correspondent has requested.

The "Epistle from a Clergyman to two Young Ladies, &c." and the "Verses," by the same correspondent, possess not sufficient originality and spirit to entitle them to a place in our literary vehicle.

"An Oration on War," though a pleasing specimen of *juvenile* declamation, seems not calculated to interest the majority of our readers.

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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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VOL. III.]

NOVEMBER, 1800.

[No. 5.]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*Objections to Richardson's Clarissa.*

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

SOME sprightly correspondent of yours has been pleased, in a former number, to pronounce the eulogy of Richardson. Much of her praise is certainly merited by that extraordinary genius, but I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the applause is somewhat exaggerated.

Much allowance is always to be made for the enthusiasm of the youthful mind; and, when every fault in a performance is obscured to the observer's apprehension by the lustre of neighbouring excellences, these excellences being, indeed, of an eminent kind, there is scarcely room for any censure.

The disposition, always eager to detect blemishes, and industrious in holding them forth to view, is much to be deplored; but, though he who only *blames* is less excusable than he who merely *applauds*, perfect approbation is due only to the *just*; to those who proportion their esteem or contempt of men and books, not to the quantity of merit or de-

fect, exclusively considered, but to the preponderance of one over the other.

From a cursory perusal of the works of Richardson, it seems to me that his compositions are liable to several objections. That I may fulfil the duty of impartiality, as above explained, I desire the reader may consider me as holding a balance, one scale of which has been supplied by your fair correspondent, and the other is now about to be imperfectly supplied.

By adding to the moral accomplishments of Grandison and Clarissa, the adventitious advantages of birth, opulence, gracefulness, and beauty, the usefulness of the model is greatly lessened, inasmuch as the effects described appear to flow, not so much, or not merely from the intellectual or moral character of the persons, as from things indifferent or accidental; and dangerous and false ideas are apt to be instilled into the reader, as if rank, and riches, and personal beauty, were necessary to make virtue efficacious, either to the good of others or to our own reputation. Every reader's experience, I imagine, will testify the truth of this objection, by having

to acknowledge that much converse with this author has heightened her superstitious reverence for titles, and riches, and show; and, especially, has induced her to lay more stress upon personal beauty and accomplishments than was proper. The lesson of most general and durable benefit, is that which inculcates the independence of man upon fortune, and the power over the esteem and the happiness of other men, conferred by pure intentions, united with clear perceptions and an indefatigable temper, and either commanding the goods of fortune, or acting in contempt of them.

The virtue on which much stress is laid in the portrait of *Clarissa* and *Grandison*, is filial piety. Duty to parents is not the sole, or the chief duty of man, and is to give way when it clashes with other and higher duties. Filial duty does not enjoin the *same* conduct to parents, the same deference to their will, and value for their good opinion in *all* cases. Our treatment of parents must be regulated by their character; and, when parents are vicious and absurd, our duty lies in rejecting their commands and waving their approbation. So far as our relation to others give us power over their welfare, religion enjoins us to employ it diligently and wisely; and religion especially enjoins us to rely for happiness on the approbation of an all-seeing Judge, and not on that of erring or vicious mortals.

*Grandison* is defective by as much as his conduct shows an undue reverence for the person, and deference to the will, of a vicious father. *Clarissa* is defective by as much as she makes her happiness dependant on the favour of a father and uncles, sordid, selfish, and tyrannical.

The excessive awe and dread which the anger of this unjust parent

produces; the difficulty of resisting the *petition* of this father, in a case wherein her duty to herself, to God, and to others, forbid her to obey; the agony which the curses of this selfish and inhuman parent produces; the influence which she ascribes to this malediction, and the importance of its revocation to the peace of her dying hours, are all blemishes in her character.

It will be noted, that I am not now discussing *Clarissa's* qualities as unnatural or improbable, but merely as defects in a portrait intended to be, or considered as being, a pattern for our imitation.

In all these particulars, it is evident that *Clarissa's* mind was not sufficiently imbued with the importance of conforming our actions and feelings to the will, and to the approbation of the divine Judge. Instead of that self-confidence, tranquillity, steadfastness, and magnanimous exemption from passion and repining, which clear conceptions of our duty as moral, and especially as religious beings, are sure to confer, we find her rendered completely miserable by the unjust opinions and actions of others. Finally, she dies; not a martyr to any duty, but a victim of grief; a grief occasioned by an unreasonable value set on things of which she is deprived, not by her own fault, but by that of others.

*Clarissa's* chief calamity is of an extreme and delicate nature. I shall not pretend to investigate or settle the origin or value of a circumstance which we certainly find to be most prized by the most pure, and by those whose moral sentiments, in other respects, are the most correct. I shall merely propose, to an enlightened woman, the question, whether the immediate phrenzy, and ultimate death, of *Clarissa*, be, in themselves, arguments of virtue or vice, of fortitude or weakness? Whether, after

the calamity has actually and irretrievably occurred, either moral or religious duty enjoins us to *live* or to *die*; to be passionate in lamentation, or serene in fortitude? Ought the evils of human life, incurred without guilt in ourselves, to occasion a grief inconsistent with life, or only to produce a *resignation* to what, *on the whole*, while the whole is under the direction of one perfect in goodness and wisdom, is *best*?

Is there any essential difference in the merits of those who suffer an external evil to destroy them instantly by dagger or poison, or slowly by heart-breaking grief? Does not our conduct, in either case, evince a disproportionate attachment to earthly and transient goods, and a disproportionate contempt or disregard for the testimony of a good conscience, and the approbation of a perfect Judge? Is the death of Clarissa to be applauded, as conformable to duty and religion, or merely considered as a thing which, from the general infirmity of human nature, and the power which education and example have over us, is entitled to compassion and excuse?

Clarissa, like every other, was placed in a mixed scene. Her power over others was large, and her duty lay in exerting this power to the utmost, and most beneficially. In the exertion of this power, there was no criterion but the *will*, and no recompense to be sought but the *approbation* of the Deity.

How far did Clarissa consult *this* will, and how far did she seek her recompense in *this* approbation? Was it from submission to this will that she set the value which she *did* set upon the force of unjust and tyrannical relations, upon the esteem of the misjudging part of the world (for *that* part only would have withdrawn their reverence on account of her misfortunes), and on

the possession of a corporeal integrity? Was it just, was it noble, was it exemplary, to suffer the groundless anger of kindred; restraint upon her liberty; and an involuntary violation; to bereave her, first of her tranquillity, next of her senses, and, lastly, of her life?

It is remarkable, that the indignant independence which Clarissa wanted, seems to have been possessed by her friend, Anna Howe; but, unfortunately, Miss Howe is the adviser, not the actor. Her sentiments are so blended and exhibited as to appear the effect, not of principle, but temper or passion; and that things are so managed by the author, that we are induced to consider the conduct of Miss Harlowe only as the intended model.

As a work of genius, and as a portrait of human nature, as it is, Clarissa cannot be too much admired; but as instructing us, by the exhibition, in the principal character, of a model of right conduct, it is certainly defective. While, in many respects, it inculcates the purest maxims of wisdom, it tends to obscure our notions of rectitude; by depicting a certain *kind* of grief, and of death, as meritorious and worthy imitation, which really are infractions of duty, and by making the will of parents of undue weight in influencing our actions or our happiness.

X.

### What is a Jew?

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN addition to the queries inserted in your former number, concerning the present state of the Jews, and which are well worth consideration, I beg leave to propose one which seems to be of no



small importance, and which, perhaps, it is requisite to decide in the first place. This question is—

What is a Jew?

Suppose a man and his wife, whose parents respectively were of the Hebrew nation and opinions, to be convinced of the truth of the Christian faith, and to throw off all the rules and practices that usually distinguish the followers of Moses, are such persons and their immediate posterity, trained up in their father's new religion, Jews?

Suppose a man, a Delaware Indian, for instance, to adopt the law of Moses and the prophets, in exclusion of the New Testament, does such a man become a Jew?

Or is this appellation confined to those who can trace their genealogy somewhat backward, and find it to be unmixed with the blood of the *aboriginal* inhabitants of any country but Palestine, and *likewise* who conform to the ritual of Moses, in exclusion of any later system?

If his claim to this appellation arise from his *opinions*, it may seem that a Jew may be distinguished from another man with tolerable precision. Any man, in this case, is a Jew who believes and practices (exclusively) the law of Moses. But it is an obvious inquiry—what *is* the law, and the prophets? What interpretation of the Hebrew writings is the true one?

While *opinion* is the standard, it is evident that no man is either Jew or Christian in a strict and proper sense, who finds in the scriptures what is not there; who ascribes to Moses and Christ doctrines and practices which they never approved.

A rational Christian must believe that his *own* construction of the Hebrew writings is the only true one; that every reputed Jew is merely a Jew in name; that he *totally* mistakes the meaning of the sacred books, and is as far from be-

ing a genuine worshipper of the *God of Israel*, as a Mahometan or Hindoo. In embracing christianity, the rational man believes that he is fulfilling the law and the prophets, and is conforming strictly to the directions of Jehovah and his servant Moses.

But admitting that the creed of a proper Jew must *exclude* a belief in Christ, that negative alone does not make a Jew. Unless we admit a man to be what he chooses to call himself, we must confer the name of Jew only on him whose positive constructions of the law are true.

There are three sects of reputed or nominal Jews. One confines its faith to the pentateuch; another adheres exclusively to the *mishna*, or body of Rabbinical traditions; a third sect embraces, at once, the *mishna* and the pentateuch. Now, which of these is the Jew?

Does the rejector of the books of Moses deserve this name? Among those whose guide is Moses, there is as great a variety of sects, in proportion to their number, as among Christians. Which of these sects contains the pure, unadulterated Jew?

These remarks show the difficulties which attend the subject, if we make opinion the criterion of *Jewism*.

If, on the contrary, we consider this as a national distinction, we shall be obliged to load, with all the obligations and penalties of Jewism, thousands and millions who are descended from Jewish proselytes to the Christian faith. This people are, in reality, a miserable remnant, who owe the present fewness of their numbers to wide and incessant desertions. The miracle connected with the separate existence of the Jews, does not consist in the number having never been *impaired* by desertions, but that the persecution and contempt pursuing them for so many ages,

have not occasioned the conversion, and consequent disappearance, of the whole.

The Inquisition has had wonderful influence in lessening the number of reputed Jews, not by executions, but by forced or feigned conversions. A great number of the Portuguese nobility are descendants, in the fourth or fifth generation, from Jews, proselyted by the fear of exile, fire, and wheel, and bear the tokens of their origin in their features.

If we confine this appellation to one who is at once of the Hebrew nation and the Hebrew faith, we shall still be involved in considerable difficulty; for how shall a Jew's genealogy be ascertained? How shall we discover that some reputed Jew is not descended from a Christian proselyte to Judaism, who has been incorporated, by marriage or adoption, at some time or another, with the nation? If descent be the standard, then the convert of St. Paul, and all his posterity, are Jews, as well as he whose father abandoned the fraternity last year; and the reputed Jew, whose ancestor three centuries ago became a proselyte to Judaism, is no Jew.

If opinion be the standard, then a convert to any form of Christianity ceases to be a Jew; and an aboriginal American becomes a Jew by circumcision or profession.

If opinion and descent together make a Jew, then it is impossible to ascertain the genuineness of a Jew. If an indefinite pedigree be not necessary to make a Jew, what number of generations must pass before he acquires all the penalties and privileges annexed to this people? Are they five, ten, fifteen, or twenty generations? And where is to be found the tree of any Jew's pedigree?

In short, Mr. Editor, before I answer any of your correspondent's

queries, I should be glad to know what a Jew is.

QUEST.

### A PORTRAIT.

**L**UCY WELLS is a good girl. She has sense, reading, some experience of the world, a discretion ever watchful, shrinking and more apt to err on the safe, than on the hurtful side; a temper impetuous and affectionate.

Look at her, and you see a figure ungraceful and inelegant, wanting in the due proportions, with eyes of sorry hue, and limbs carelessly moulded and unskilfully locked together, and all this negligence or stinginess of Nature, enhanced by postures and movements expressive only of self-distrust, silly timidity, and rustic ignorance. Poor hands! How bewildered are they! They know not where to place themselves, or what to do; always idly or mischievously active; pulling those innocent threads to pieces; piercing that unoffending sleeve through and through!

Poor eyes! Are they never to find a place of rest, or only on the blank wall or senseless floor? How they toil to shun the encounter of inquisitive or friendly eyes! Civility and her decrees are set at naught: they prescribe attention and a steadfast glance to him that listens, but Lucy turns her back upon the talker, and scans the figures on the hangings or the flitting shadow, while the stranger's features are shunned as if they were a gorgon's.

Hearken to her tones! Sweet they are—mellow and pathetic! The heart flutters at the sound; but they falter, hesitate: timorous, and frivolous, and vague are her words, merely from the fear of being frivolous and vague. Kept mute, or made to falter by the fear

of being silent or terror of blundering.

Let not these sad prognostics dishearten you. Persist in your attention to the whimsical girl. Poor, indeed, is your sagacity if it see not through this veil a mind that never errs, though it never reasons; a temper to bewitch us by its fervent sympathies; a capacity to be revered on account of its artless rectitude; capable of every thing, yet overwhelmed by a sense of imperfections; unlimited in its aspirations after excellence, yet humble in its claims to praise; affording in its misgivings, its self-contempts, its despondences, the surest omens of the good to come.

Fortunate girl! exult that Nature was not bounteous to thy person; that vanity finds, in thy cheek, no strong hold; that thou art compelled to rely for happiness and a fair fame on thy goodness of heart, thy lively, yet sober sympathies, thy circumspect discretion; thy social, thy filial, thy conjugal virtues; on pure devotion to thy God, and the submission of thy thoughts and actions to the yoke of thy duty.

Hasten to learn what is due to thyself, and what thy dignity requires. Lay aside, among forgotten things and childish follies, manners that obscure thy real merit, and lead the hasty-judging to deny thee all that rectitude of heart, and force of understanding, which they who look beyond appearances, and more accurately scrutinize, know that thou possessest.

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#### CAT-CATERERS.

(From a Traveller's Journal.)

**I**N London there is a numerous class of persons whose trade and whose subsistence consists in purchasing meat, boiling it, dividing, neatly into certain portions, and

conveying it about the streets for sale. The venders have a squeaking tone, and, while they continually utter an unintelligible cry, they call at this house and that, and tapping at the cellar-window-shutter, summon a crowd about them immediately.

When I first noticed these strolling caterers, some of whom, of more than ordinary opulence, carry their ware about in small cars drawn by mules, I was greatly puzzled in conjecturing the nature of their calling. The most obvious suppositions were denied by my companion, who at length told me that the outcry was no other than "Cat-meat," and that this fraternity lived by preparing food for cats and dogs!

This incident, like many others in that huge city, afforded much room for speculation. The number of dogs in London are computed to be about thirty thousand, and the number of cats about double that of the canine multitude. Hence there are little less than an hundred thousand animals maintained merely for custom-sake and the gratification of caprice. This number is equal to one tenth of the human inhabitants; and a man may certainly make a *sparing* meal on that in which a cat or dog dines plentifully.

Nothing, in the structure of society among us, is more ridiculous in one view, and deplorable in another, than the affection, attention, and care, bestowed upon the useless or pernicious part of the four-footed kind; while man, with all his capabilities about him, is either wholly despised, or merely admitted to a share, with Tabby or with Towser, of our notice and regard.

While traversing London streets, and shortly after the incident just mentioned, I observed an aged, hoary, stooping, wan, hollow-eyed, long-bearded, and dismal-looking

figure, busily groping in the yellow mud of the kennel with his fingers.

"What can that miserable wretch be looking for?" said I to my companion.

"Stop a moment," he replied, "and you will see."

Presently I observed him draw forth something from its bed of mud, which, after he had wiped away its slimy covering with his other hand, I discovered to be parings of turnips and apples. Those he put to his mouth and devoured with every mark of satisfaction.

Poor wretch! shivering as thou art this frosty morning, under thy covering of rags, how much less worthy art thou than the sleek, fat, and lazy grey-hound stretched at his length before the parlour-fire in that opulent house before us, after having *lapped* his full of milk and toast from a China-bason, held out to him by the delicate hand of my lady Dutchess!

*The Anglo-German: A Dialogue.*

Philadelphia, Oct. 1800.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

*I beg leave to submit to your learned Readers, the following Dialogue. It is a true Specimen of the Anglo-German Dialect of this City, and of one Form of Invitation to a Funeral: as such it may be worth deciphering, or, at least, of preserving.*

L. M.

SCENE,

*Street before an House in Vine-street.*

*Enter Shoe-Maker, with Boots in his hand. Taps softly at the door.*

Finch. (within) **W**HO's there?  
C. Nebber mind; 'tis o'ny me, vid Mishter Vinch's two pootes.

F. (*Opening the door*) Well, Conrad.

C. Ferry well; tank you kaintley. So! 'tis right hot akin to-day: ov'vre, not so hot as Soontay: unt no rain at all: Got's veel pe done; unt dare's Mishter Vinch's two pootes. I'fe heel'd 'toder, unt poot fone sole to dis.

F. (*Taking the boots*) Very well, Conrad.

C. Hem—hem—'tish hard times, mine vife says; ferry hard times, she says, unt no ledder in de *hause*; unt de widdow Veester vont two shoose fur papey. She's kot a *new* papey, unt de oder fone iss dead; unt so she vont shoose to let her vaulk pye-unt-pye—hem!—hard times, inteed, Mishter Vinch, my vife says.

F. True, Conrad; and so, to soften them a little, there's your money.

C. Tank you kaintley. So, kooté pye! (*going*).

F. Good day, Conrad.

C. (*Returning*) Mine Kott! I foorkits Katy Stephens—poor Katy!

F. What of her, Conrad?

C. Kott's veel pe done; unt, a voort more mit you, Mishter Vinch. (*After a pause—assumes a grave tone*) Your company iss, in a most pertee'kler manner, invited to de perrin of \*Ratmouse Stephen's pig shile, at four diss effternoon: unt two perrins koes in fone: unt fone iss a leetle fone, unt 'toder iss much pigger; unt de parson koes before: So, kooté pye! (*going*).

F. But you say there's two, Conrad: who is the other?

C. (*Returning*) Mine Kott! I voorkits 'toder.—'Toder iss Sophy, up pye de cooper's *hause*, right ober Kingsint'n perrin kround. So! kooté pye (*going*).

F. But, Conrad, what Sophy is this?

C. Mine Kott, Mishter Vinch,

no madder fur her oder name. Eff I vas tell you, you vould'nt know it. So, kootte pye!

F. But what was her complaint, Conrad?

C. De seeber unt agur, unt a leetle pain in de pones. Mine own shile died of *dat* last yee'ar. Put Sophy Schneider died of 'toder ting: put I don't know vot *dat* voss. De doctor Sehneehause said it voss de grumble in de pelley, ov'vre some sish ting; fur old mooter Schütpeckke laid a spell upon Sophy; unt so she had de grumbles and died so: unt so, kootte pye!

(*Exeunt.*)

*Queries of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences.*

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*The following Queries, though intended to procure Information on the History and Condition of Connecticut, are of such a nature as to render them worthy of more extensive circulation. By inserting them in your Magazine you will oblige your well-wisher.* C. I.

New-Haven, Jan. 1, 1800.

To ————.

SIR,

THE Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, desirous of contributing to the collection and propagation of useful knowledge, and of procuring the materials for a statistical history of Connecticut, request you to furnish them with every species of information which it may be in your power to obtain, relative to the geography, natural, civil, and political history, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of the State of Connecticut. Among the articles to which the

Academy request your attention, are the following:

1st. The history of the settlement of the town or society in which you reside; the situation and extent of each; the number of societies, school-districts, and school-houses in the town; by what means the lands were obtained from the Indians, whether by purchase or conquest; the number of foreigners, and of what country.

2d. The Indian names of places, mountains, rivers, lakes, and ponds, within the town; also, any remarkable occurrences in the history of the Indians, their customs, mythology, battles, burying-places, monuments, forts, and any other traces of their settlement; the tribe to which they belong; their present number and situation, as to subsistence, vices, &c.

3d. The face of the country, in regard to mountains, hills, vallies and plains, rocks, stones, clay, sand, nature of the soil; curiosities, natural and artificial, antiquities, monumental inscriptions elucidating points of history.

4th. Rivers, streams, springs (if remarkable), especially mineral and medicinal springs; lakes and ponds, their sources and uses as to mills, navigation, and the production of fish, or the watering of lands; cataracts or falls; wells, their depth on different grounds; aqueducts or pipes for conveying water to families; the expense by the rod; plenty or scarcity of water for domestic uses; change of quality within the present age; failure of streams in consequence of clearing the land; increase or decrease of water in springs or wells; accidents by damps or mephitic air in wells or other places, the time and other circumstances attending them.

5th. Mines and minerals, especially those most useful, as iron, copper, lead, silver, sulphur; also, quarries of stone, with the kind and

quality of the stone, and its distance from navigable water.

6th. What was the natural or original growth of timber and wood, and what the variations in the species or successive cuttings; whether the timber is plenty or scarce, increasing or decreasing, and the causes; the best method of increasing the quantity; the best time in the year for felling timber for durability, and wood for fuel; the sugar-maple tree, and the quantity and quality of the sugar made; improvement in making and refining it; the best mode of procuring the sap without injuring the tree; quantity, quality, and price of lumber of all kinds; distance from navigable water.

7th. Fuel of all kinds, as wood, coal, peat or turf; the quantity and quality; distance from navigable water; increase or decrease of fuel, and price of the several kinds.

8th. Furnaces, forges, and mills; their situation, conveniences, and quantity of work performed; in particular, a description of any curious machinery, by which the labour of man is abridged, and the operation of the mechanical powers simplified and applied to useful purposes.

9th. Agriculture; increase or decrease of the price of land, within the memory of the present generation; price of provisions and labour in the several occupations; the kind of grain cultivated, quantity of each produced on an acre, and total quantity in a year; quantity of flour, and kiln dried meal exported annually; quantity of hemp and flax raised, and the best mode of raising, rotting, and dressing them; the quantity of flax and flax-seed exported; quantity of land planted with potatoes, and sown with turnips; rotation of crops best suited to various soils; improvements by means of artificial grasses, improve-

ments by draining and diking marshes, meadows, and ponds.

10th. Manures, the best for particular soils, and the best time and mode of applying them, as stable manure, lime, lime-stone, shells, ashes, salt, compost, marl, swamp, creek and sea-mud, plaister of Paris, and sea-weed; the preparation best suited for particular crops; the best means of increasing manures; the effects of irrigation or watering lands.

11th. The best seed-time and harvest-time; best time and modes of preparing lands for seeding; best modes of extirpating weeds, and of preserving grains from insects. The effects of a change of seed.

12th. Mode of cultivation, whether by oxen or horses; the expense, advantages and disadvantages of each; number of teams; the number and kinds of waggons, carts, ploughs, harrows, drills, winnowing and threshing machines now in use; improvements in them both as to utility and cheapness; fences, the materials and mode of erecting them, kinds most used; increase or decrease of timber for fencing; the best kinds of trees or shrubs for hedges, and the means of propagating them.

13th. Uncommon fruits and garden vegetables, native or imported; the soils on which particular fruits and vegetables best flourish, and the modes of cultivating them; quantity of cider made annually; quantity exported; best mode of making, improving, and preserving it; best mode of preserving apples and other fruits during the winter; improvements by ingrafting and inoculation; best time and mode of pruning; state of gardening.

14th. Number of tenants on leased lands; quantity of lands leased, and the rent; the state of cultivation of leased lands compared with that in the hands of proprietors; emigra-

tions from the town or society; the number of persons convicted of capital crimes, and instances of suicide within twenty years, or since the town was settled, and whether committed by natives or foreigners. The time when pleasure carriages were first used.

15th. Number of sheep and swine; quantity of pork, beef, butter and cheese annually sent to market; the best mode of multiplying, improving, feeding, and fattening sheep, swine, neat cattle, and horses; their diseases, description of them, and the best mode of preventing and curing them.

16th. Manufactures; distinguishing the kinds and quantity made in families and in manufactories; the market for them; the history of any useful manufacture, including its increase and decline, and the causes.

17th. Breweries; time of their introduction; the kinds and quantity of beer made.

18th. Fisheries; the kinds, quantity, and value of fish taken; best mode of curing them; the market; the years when shell and other fish have been unusually lean or sickly, and when they have declined, disappeared, and perished, from causes known or unknown; the best modes of multiplying and preserving shell fish.

19th. Ship building; its increase or decline; harbours, depth of water, direction of the channels, obstructions, land-marks and directions for entrance, the year when the first vessel was built, and the progress of trade; the means of facilitating transportation by land or water.

20th. Roads and bridges; the present state of them, annual expense, and mode of defraying it; description of bridges remarkable for elegance or utility; the best mode of securing bridges from the effects of frost, floods, and sea-

worms; the kinds of timber not subject to be eaten by sea-worms.

21st. Ferries; their situation, and whether public or private property; the places near them where bridges may be erected, and probably made permanent.

22d. Wild animals, now or heretofore known; their increase or decrease, and from what causes; new species, migration, and natural history of birds.

23d. Natural history of plants, their kinds, whether noxious or useful, new species, time of their introduction, their progress; effects of the barberry and other noxious plants, and the best mode of extirpating them.

24th. Places of public worship, their number, and the denomination to which they belong; the rise of congregations and various sects, the names of the successive clergymen, the time of their settlement and exit; notices of any eminent clergymen; the salaries of clergymen, and the funds by which religious worship is maintained.

25th. Academies and schools; in what manner supported; number of winter and summer schools; the time they are kept in each year, whether by male or female instructors; names of scholars; salaries or wages of teachers; kinds of knowledge taught; improvements in the mode of instruction; prices of board, and expenses of schooling.

26th. Poor; their number, whether natives or foreigners; their former occupations; the expense of maintaining them; the mode best calculated to unite humanity with economy in their support; the means by which they were reduced to want, or inability to labour.

27th. Free blacks; their number, vices, and modes of life; their industry and success in acquiring property; whether those born free are more ingenious, industrious, and virtuous, than those who were

emancipated after arriving to adult years.

28th. Inns or taverns; their number.

29th. Climate and diseases, and variations in seasons and in diseases from clearing lands, draining swamps, and the like causes; the diseases most prevalent in high and low situations, near streams of running water, or marsh and stagnant water, on the north and south sides of hills and mountains, and on different soils; remarkable instances of diseases and mortality among animals of various kinds; meteorological observations; register of marriages, births and deaths, noting the sex, occupations, ages, and diseases of those who die; remarkable instances of longevity; the local situation, the occupation, and habits of life of those who arrive to a great age, as also their temper, whether cheerful or melancholy, quiet or discontented.

30th. Remarkable seasons for occurrences in the natural world, as tempest, rain, hail, snow, and inundations, by which injury has been sustained; the time when they happened; unusual insects, or usual insects in unusual numbers; time of their appearance and disappearance; their generation and transformations; injury sustained by them; unusual deaths of insects; best modes of destroying noxious insects, or preventing their ravages.

31st. Unusual failure of crops, from causes known or unknown; the years when it occurred, and the temperature of the seasons; an explanation of the causes and phenomena of blast, mildew, rust, honeydew, bursting of vegetables, diseases and death of plants, trees, or shrubs; the times when they occurred.

32d. Distinguished characters,

who have been natives or residents in the town; improvements in arts and sciences, and the authors or the inventors of curious machines, vices, amusements, attention to civil and religious institutions, remarkable instances of liberality, heroism, or other virtues; libraries, when established, and the number of volumes; charitable institutions and endowments; associations for the purpose of improvement or humanity; benefactions to pious and charitable uses.

It is not expected, that in all the above-mentioned articles, information can be given by each, or perhaps any gentleman to whom this letter is addressed; but it is hoped, and believed, that the magnitude of the object in view will induce every one to spare no pains in obtaining and communicating such information as shall be in his power. Should the exertion for this purpose be general and active, all the necessary information will probably be collected.

In Scotland, the first, and, it is supposed, the only successful attempt of this nature, has been carried into complete execution by a similar application to the clergymen, and a few other enlightened persons in that country.

It is rationally believed, that efforts equally spirited and efficacious will be made in Connecticut: should this be the case, our State will have the honour of leading in this important field of knowledge.

Every piece of information on the subjects specified, will contribute to the great object in view, and will be gratefully received by this Academy.

By order of the Academy,  
SIMEON BALDWIN,  
*Recording Secretary.*



*Mr. Webster's Letter to the Editor,  
on the Review of his History of  
Pestilence.*

—  
*The Author of the History of Epi-  
demic and Pestilential Diseases,  
to the Editor of the Monthly Maga-  
zine, and American Review.*

SEVERAL months have elapsed since your review of my History of Pestilence has been before the public; but my necessary occupations have, till now, prevented me from making some strictures on your many inaccurate opinions. Your opinions, and your style, as well as mine, are before the tribunal of the world, and we must both submit to the same impartial decision. As you have kindly attempted to be useful to me, in pointing out the faults of my book, gratitude demands that I should not forget to reciprocate the favour.

In the Review for January, 1800, page 31, you tell me that "a scourge neither devours nor sweeps." I confess it, Sir; and, if the word has not become so appropriate, when used of pestilence, as to have lost its figurative meaning, there is a confusion of metaphor which just criticism condemns. But pray, Sir, why did you not advert to this when, in the preceding page, you clothed a subject in a familiar and intelligible garb to gratify the cravings of popular curiosity?

In many of your reviews, you affect to despise verbal criticism; yet you could not help informing your readers, in page 33, that "*originate* is not an active verb." I presume that before this time you must have discovered your error, as any English dictionary will fur-

nish you with the means.\* But I cannot help remarking with what decision you deliver your opinions. A little more care, and more candour, will be very useful to you as a critic.

But, not to enlarge on points of small moment, you say, in the 31st page, that my "remarks on the defects of travellers and historians seem to be superfluous; and are suggested too much by that spirit which every student displays, of depreciating every object of pursuit but his own." By no means. I had not an idea of depreciating any object of pursuit whatever: nothing in my books authorize that reflection. I censure travellers and historians for omitting to give us the most important facts; I depreciate not the objects of pursuit, but the manner in which those objects are pursued.

Very far from the truth is your assertion that war and political intrigues, the ambition of princes and demagogues, are more important to human happiness than any physical agent. Setting aside the pain and misery occasioned by disease, the number of persons who have perished by pestilential distempers alone, since the days of Moses, probably exceeds ten times the number destroyed by sword, or by political tumults, in the same period. It is susceptible of demonstration, that, in the healthiest countries, one seventh of all the people who die, perish with epidemic and pestilential diseases, including influenza, measles, diseases of the throat, small-pox, malignant dysentery, epidemic plague, and yellow fever. In such countries, death changes the whole human race *once in seventy*

\* The Editor does not consider it as sufficient authority for the use of a word in composition, that it can be found in a dictionary. By one who wishes to write with precision or elegance, authors of established reputation must be read and studied, and their practice compared with the principles peculiar to the structure of the English language. At present, it is not recollected that the use of *originate*, as an active verb, can be justified by the example of any good English author. E.

years; one seventh of this mortality, then, is chargeable to the account of epidemic and pestilential diseases: of course, a number equal to the whole human race existing at any one time, is swept away by epidemic and pestilential diseases in less than five hundred years.

On these principles, the souls which have perished by these unusual maladies, since the days of Moses, amount to about seven times the number of inhabitants on the globe. If the globe had at all times been as well peopled as at present, this number would have amounted to five thousand millions. This estimate is supported by correct bills of mortality for fifteen years past in America, and is rather under than over the truth; for, in a great portion of the world, instead of a seventh, more than a fifth of all who die fall victims to epidemic maladies and pestilence—and within a century past, the ravages of disease have been lessened by the cessation of the plague in some parts of the earth, and by the art of inoculating for the small-pox.

For neglecting to relate facts on this *all interesting subject*, I have censured modern travellers and historians; and the more I examine the subject in a philosophical and practical view, the more I am satisfied the censure is just.—It is because the attention of writers and readers has been principally occupied with “war and political intrigues,” that the causes and the phenomena of epidemic diseases, with the means of alleviating, curing, and preventing them, have been neglected, and the most certain and interesting facts and principles respecting them are to this day as little known to a great part of the world, as the use of iron or the magnet was to the Americans when first discovered by Europeans.

Equally inaccurate is your observation that “it is far more pro-

per to exhibit the mischiefs of ambition and mis-government, *which are susceptible of remedy*, than the influence of comets and volcanoes, which come and go, burst forth and subside, without the leave and in defiance of the wisdom of mortals.” It is true that the convulsions of the globe are not to be prevented; but, as a *general remark*, it is true also, that it is more easy to *avoid* the calamities arising from these convulsions, than those which proceed from the malignant passions of man. The greatest portion of extraordinary natural evils is *limited in time and place*—the evils of earthquakes, for instance, are mostly local and temporary—it is easy to avoid them, because the greatest part of the globe sustains no injury from them. The same is true of pestilence. More than half, probably nine-tenths, of the whole force of that calamity falls on *cities*—and might be almost wholly prevented by a different mode of constructing them.—It is no more an *unavoidable* evil than the destruction of Catania, at the foot of *Ætna*, by eruptions of fire. If people will live in that spot, they incur a risk—but that risk is by no means necessary, for the people are not obliged to live there.

The certainty and uniformity of physical evils of the *greatest magnitude*, render it easy to avoid them. Others indeed *appear* to be unavoidable; but this may be only the effect of our ignorance. It is far from being certain that men will not discover the means of avoiding or mitigating the severity of other fatal diseases as well as the small-pox. But the evils of mis-government are certain and unavoidable—they proceed from the evil propensities and irregular passions of man, and they are as universal and as permanent as his existence on earth.

You do justice to my motives in

the use made of certain passages of scripture; but you seem to think a pious mind will not be pleased with the attempt to trace resemblances between the ordinary phenomena of the present day (respecting diseases) and those recorded by Moses. But this I believe will be the first time that a pious mind was ever offended at an *attempt to confirm the truth of the Scripture*, by proving a resemblance between the phenomena of pestilence in modern days and in the time of Moses, and thus removing the doubts of men on account of the improbability of the events related. So different has been the opinion of other learned Christians, that many of them labour to find *natural means* to account for the extraordinary events related in Scripture. If you are acquainted with biblical learning, you will call to mind many instances of this. I will only name the opinion of the learned Pridcaux, that the destruction of Sennacherib's army, in the days of Hezekiah, was owing to the Samiel, or fatal Arabian suffocating wind, which, in modern times, destroys whole caravans.\* Instead of being offended at such suggestions, the real christian should rejoice to find modern facts that confirm the probability of scripture history; as every instance of this kind *corroborates the evidence of the truth of the work, in regard to other relations, and to all events clearly supernatural.*

But how can you, Sir, have the face to vindicate the scripture history, when, in page 33, you tell the world that "the allusions made by the prophets to the diseases of Egypt, are, at most, evidences of *their opinion* on a physiological subject. On such subjects, it was never believed that *their opinions were infallible.*" Surely, Sir, if you disregard the opinion of their inspiration,

you ought, at least, to respect their information; as they lived near Egypt, and had daily opportunities of learning facts. It cannot, therefore, be true that the "education of the prophets," as you alledge, "made them more liable to mistake than to judge truly."

In commenting on the passage in my book which contains a censure on the inaccuracies of Mr. Gibbon (Review, page 34 & 35), you assert that "comprehensive knowledge (of history) is *only* to be gained from compilations and abridgments, since the longest life will be exhausted before an hundredth part of original historians can be read." This assertion proves you to be unacquainted with the fact, or to have mistaken my ideas. With respect to the histories of the countries which have been deemed civilized, and which alone are very interesting, the fact is not so; on the contrary, the original writers are far *less voluminous* than the abridgments and compilations. No man who pretends to read history, would be satisfied to peruse a single abridgment; and, if he attempts to read *all*, or a considerable part, he had better undertake to read the originals, as the least laborious task.

But whatever may be the labour, I maintain my opinion, and can demonstrate that abridgments and modern compilations will not lead the student to "an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of history," according to my former assertion. In my History of Pestilence, I have selected, in proof of the assertion, two or three instances which have relation to that subject. One instance in Mr. Gibbon, who describes the reign of the Antonines as the "most happy and prosperous." I agree to the fact, in a political view, as depending on the administration of a succession of

\* Pridcaux's Connection, part i. book 1.

virtuous princes; but I deny the fact in a *physical* view; and censure a historian who considers the happiness of man as depending exclusively or principally on government. The faithful historian should not restrict his view to the *political* state of a nation; it is a narrow, imperfect view: he should examine the moral, the civil, and the physical condition of men, as well as the state of their government. This defect in modern histories is remarkable: the writers seem to disregard every thing which does not display the exploits, or the vices of princes and great men; while the condition of the mass of people is almost totally overlooked.

But I have other objections to the modern manner of writing history. Instead of detailing facts in the order of time or connection, a large part of modern histories is made up of the writer's remarks, comments, and reasonings; and the practice of *generalizing ideas*, or *deducing general conclusions from particular premises*, bids fair to prevent all accuracy and precision in historical relations.

I have cited an instance of this in the common place remark, that pestilence follows famine—"pestis post famem," found in ancient authors, and from which the moderns have sagaciously drawn their philosophical conclusion, that pestilence is often owing to famine—a conclusion which I have fully disproved. A like error, arising from this practice of *generalizing* descriptions, I have detected in Newton's

Dissertations on the Prophecies; and Gibbon's history is full of similar inaccuracies. I would add, also, that the learned Whitaker, in the appendix to his History of Manchester, has recited a dozen errors in the three first pages of Hume's History of England; and still more in the beginning of Carte's History. Most modern histories abound with similar mistakes, all arising from the want of *precision in the detail of facts*; or from *blending many particulars into a general description*; or from *drawing a general conclusion from a simple fact or two*; or, in short, from the practice of abridging. The instances I have mentioned are not improperly introduced, because they relate to that particular subject.\*

In the continuation of your review for February, 1800, p. 108, you complain of a want of method in the relation of facts, in the first volume of my history. This complaint is well founded: as an apology, please to observe that the whole compilation was begun and executed in less than eighteen months, three of which I was ill of the disease of which I was treating, and a following tertian; that in that time I was obliged to ride to Boston, on the one hand, and Philadelphia, on the other, and made extracts from half a dozen different libraries; that my friends called for a publication, and it was finally given from the first copy, without any considerable corrections. If any man can do more, and do it better, in that time, I shall be happy to have proof of it.

\* In the same manner two or three remarkable severe winters, related by Livy, have led the moderns to believe there has been a general increase of heat on the globe, and the Abbe du Bos, Hume, Gibbon, and others, have erected a theory on this hypothesis—as chimerical as it is unsupported by fact or philosophy. So the philosophers of France, England, and Germany raised a theory of tides on a few facts; and, to suit the facts to the theory, the moderns have asserted that the "tides rise highest near the equator." See this assertion in Adams's Ancient and Modern Geography, p. 86. This is so far from the truth, that in no part of the ocean is there any considerable tide near the equator; and, in the great Pacific, none at all in the equatorial regions. The tides do not make a spheroid according to this theory.

In the next page, you write, that "unfortunately the *chief design* of the author is to show that epidemics are effects of general and irremediable causes." No, Sir, this representation is totally unjust. I could have had no such *design*, because, until I had advanced far in the investigation, I was not convinced of the fact. You have substituted the word *design* for the *result* of my inquiries. I discovered a connection between epidemics and certain unusual phenomena; but I could have had no *design* to make the discovery; and I was very much surprised at the number of facts concurring to the same point in every successive age.

You proceed farther, and say "that my *chief design* was to show that epidemics are connected with revolutions of earth and air, which cannot be foreseen, and when they take place cannot be disarmed of their malignant influence." But this was not my *design*; it was rather the unavoidable result of the facts collected and compared. And we are not sure that many of these changes may not be foreseen, or disarmed of their malignant influence. The progressiveness of epidemics, and their connection, lead us to believe that useful discoveries are yet to be made on these subjects. And the facts already collected, prove that, in many instances, the invasion of pestilential diseases may be foreseen with great, if not indubitable certainty; and I will venture to assert that I have discovered such sure signs and precursors of approaching pestilence in cities, that, in most cases, the magistracy may rely on them with a good degree of confidence, in time for the people to escape. And this, alone, will prove of immense benefit to mankind.

Besides, admitting that epidemics proceed from uncontrollable causes, does it follow that no method can

be found to obviate many of their effects on the human body? We can never remedy an evil until we know the cause; and, if a general atmospheric agent produces a general and similar effect, our business is to know the cause and the effect; what part of the body is the seat of the morbid action; whether the blood, the nerves, the stomach, &c. in short, without understanding the exciting causes and their general effect, little progress can be made towards prevention or cure.

In your remarks on my narrations of the more severe pestilences, especially that of 1348, you discover very little accuracy, and your credulity would subvert the authority of all history; you had before censured me for opposing the testimony of Aurelius Victor to that of Gibbon, although I had cited, for the particular facts, other most respectable historians, as Am, Marcellinus, and Julius Capitolinus, in addition to the authority of Victor. So now you accuse me of a "faith in analysts and chroniclers," and of exaggeration, as well as a "lugubrious spirit." To prove these heavy charges, you cite my account of the pestilence in the year 1348. How can you, with a decent appearance of candour or truth, make such remarks, when I had quoted, not merely chronicles, many of whom, by the way, are the highest authorities, as Knighton and Stowe, but also the most respectable historians that ever wrote, as Muratori, Mezeray, and Villani; and, in addition to these, had cited an act of the English parliament, 23d Edward III. which confirms the melancholy tale, and which was occasioned by the destruction of almost all the labouring people. Permit me, then, to remark to you, Sir, that until you are better acquainted with history than you appear to be, you are not a proper person to determine the credit of the writers, or

the truth of representations founded on their authority. Instead of exaggeration, my descriptions, in every instance, I believe, fall far short of those in the original writers: and that those writers were not guilty of overcharging their descriptions, may be fairly inferred from a comparison of their accounts of the more severe plagues, in which few survived three days illness, and the account of the fever in Philadelphia in 1793, which was light when compared with many plagues in former days. It may be proved, also, by the facts that occurred in Mexico in 1576, when, in one year, a pestilence swept away *two millions* of native Indians, a number that would appear incredible were it not taken from actual registers kept by the Spanish missionaries. See Robertson and Clavigero, who relate the fact from Torquemada.

With respect to your remarks on my account of the London plague in 1665, they are very just, except that you call that *contempt* which was really *indignation*. I have recorded a reflection or two in that part of my subject which are disrespectful; and I have no excuse to plead, but my indignation at the absurd manner in which the subject of contagion has been treated by most writers, the miserable logic by which men have been misled,\* and the fatal consequences of the errors that a small portion of sound reasoning, in minds unfettered by authority, would have prevented. If it is ever lawful to indulge a frailty, it must be at the recital of whole towns depopulated, and millions of people perishing, age after age, for want of a collection and comparison of facts, that any physician, since the days of Hippocrates, might have made in a year.

Permit me now, Sir, to make some general remarks on your method of reviewing the History of Pestilence.

It is altogether probable, that a man who devotes some months to the examination of a particular subject, may feel more zeal and engagedness in it than an indifferent person, who sits down coolly to read, with slight attention, and in a few hours, what has been compiled and written with much labour. And while it must be admitted, that the writer is liable to be misled by his zeal or enthusiasm; it must not be denied, that the indifference or haste of the reader equally exposes him to mistakes, from oversight and misconception. You have furnished instances of mistakes from both sources.—Indeed it is hardly possible for a critic to know all the facts necessary to enable him to form a correct view of the writer's object, and the circumstances under which a work is produced, much less to place himself in the situation of the writer. I was aware of the risk to be encountered, from my ignorance of medical history and science; from the suddenness of the undertaking, and the precipitation with which it was executed. But I claim no indulgence on these accounts. I am only surprised that *you*, who must have known these circumstances, should not have made some small allowance in favour of a writer, who thus departed from his usual and more pleasurable pursuits, and engaged in a laborious attempt, *solely from motives of humanity*. Nor is it less extraordinary, that a professed critic, who devotes his life to instruct and correct his countrymen, should have overlooked most of the important results of my investigation.

\* The following is a sample: "It seems the plague had actually been imported, for two or three persons died suddenly with the marks of the plague on their bodies." (See the account of the plague in 1665. Encyclop. art. London.)

The work is not perfect—this is repeatedly admitted in the course of it. Some trifling errors I have discovered; and for such as you have mentioned, I thank you for noticing. But why did you omit to mention the connection between winters of uncommon severity and volcanic discharges—a connection that my compilation has nearly demonstrated? Is this a discovery of none, or of trifling, consideration in a philosophical view, as connected with the operations of electricity on the atmosphere? This discovery may yet lead to most important investigations and new facts respecting the constitution of the air—It may even lead to practical uses of immense advantage; it may, in many cases, enable men to foresee winters of unusual severity.

Equally interesting to philosophy is the fact, that such discharges of fire are preceded and accompanied by a drought of unusual extent and severity.

Still more interesting is the discovery of a progressiveness in the principle of destruction in Epidemic Diseases; and this progressiveness, in some cases, is so regular, as nearly to establish the doctrine of an essential connection—as, for instance, that of malignant anginas with following dysentery or plague. This is a curious discovery; and we are certain, that this connection has existed from the days of Hippocrates and the Athenian plague; for Hippocrates enumerates among the spring diseases preceding Pestilence, *diseases of the fauces or throat*; and Diodorus Siculus informs us, that the plague in Athens invaded the patient in the form of catarrh or sore throat. Sydenham informs us, that the plague in London was preceded by the same complaints. Mosely tells us, this also was the fact in Jamaica in 1780, when a deadly sore throat preceded as deadly a yellow-fever. Warren assures

us of a like fact in Barbadoes in 1738; and we all know that the fact is uniform in America, on the invasion of several epidemics.—How could you, Sir, as a candid critic, fail to notice some of these facts, which are as interesting to philosophy as to the happiness of mankind? How could you overlook the obvious increase of mortality, as evidenced by the bills for London, for two years before the plagues of the last century, and the material influence which this fact must have in deciding the question of importation, as well as the connection of pestilential diseases now considered as distinct? And why did you omit to notice the contemporaneousness of diseases of a certain character in different parts of the globe, a fact which I have demonstrated? How could you overlook the important philosophical fact, which I have also demonstrated, that earthquakes are usually influenced by the position of the moon in her orbit—a fact that proves the medium of her influence and the cause of earthquakes to be *electricity*; and one that disproves the opinion of Buffon and others, that earthquakes are produced by an elastic vapour. Surely some of those discoveries might have been selected as the subject of particular remark.

On the whole, the review indicates want of attention, or of candour. Admitting my history to be very imperfect and immethodical, and many of my opinions to be conjectural; yet several important points are proved in a most satisfactory manner, and others are rendered probable; and the results of facts collated bid fair to lead to some new disquisitions and useful discoveries.—Under these circumstances would it not manifest more liberality and more zeal for science, to give credit for the good, as well as to charge the evil; to encourage

rather than to check the ardent zeal which prompts a man to travel an unbeaten path, in search of a medicinal flower or leaf to alleviate the sufferings of his race?

This question is of the more consequence, as you also are vulnerable, in common with your fellow-authors. In the Magazine for May, 1799, page 81, you tell your readers, that "the greatest heat is experienced when the earth, in its annual course, approaches nearest to the sun." Now, the fact is directly the reverse; the earth is in her perihelion in winter: and, as an editor of a periodical publication, you should be cautious of admitting such errors, for they fall mostly in the way of young readers, who may be misled.\*

In the same Magazine, an attempt is made to ridicule the modern style and use of Almanacs, the accounts of the position of the planets, the festivals of the church, &c. Do you not know that the tides are influenced by the moon's place; and that every seaman, merchant, shipwright, &c. has frequent occasion to consult his almanac? Do you not know that most of the historians of the middle ages used to date events by the feasts, and not by the days of the month? How will the readers of Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, &c. understand their dates, unless by a Calendar? Add whatever is useful to Almanacs, but do not omit what others may find convenient and necessary. Sound science is going into disrepute fast enough without the aid of ridicule. I will only add my belief, that more age and more learning will make you more liberal, discreet, and correct.

[E] A sincere desire that ample justice should be done to the merits

of every author, has induced us to insert the foregoing letter, which, as it concerns a subject interesting to science, and, indirectly, to sound criticism and literature, will, we hope, notwithstanding its length, be favourably received by our readers. We shall always be happy to have our decisions rectified when they are wrong; for, as men and individuals, we have neither the *vanity* or *folly* to suppose that our judgments are *infallible*.—In matters of *taste* and *criticism*, as well as of *morality* and *history*, we have not yet discovered any mode by which the truth of our opinions could be *demonstrated*.—To the mathematical and physical sciences, belongs that demonstrative power which at once unfolds the truth and removes all doubt and uncertainty; but, concerning those things about which *wiser*, *older*, and more *learned* men have differed in opinion, a reviewer may be allowed to doubt.

We are charged with being wanting either in *attention* or *candour*. Some discoveries of the author have not been particularly noticed by us; but, though it belongs to the critic to distinguish *excellencies* as well as *defects*, yet, if *all* are not pointed out, the omission is venial if a sufficient account is given of the book to enable the reader to form a pretty good opinion of its contents and merits. Those who consider that near thirty of the large and crowded pages of our Review are occupied with Mr. Webster's book, will not consider us as deficient in respectful attention. And a *candid* and *impartial* examiner will perceive that we have praised his industry, commended the ingenuity and acuteness of his reasonings, the plausibility of his conjectures, and that weight of fact and deduction which has given, if not

\* Though the Editor is not strictly chargeable with the errors of his correspondents, he ought, perhaps, to be censured for suffering such an one to pass uncorrected. E.



*demonstration*, at least probability, to his theory; have applauded the cogent and persuasive manner in which the means of prevention of epidemical diseases are recommended; and have *apologised* for the many negligences and repetitions which are to be found in the work, as well as for the want of chemical and technical knowledge in its author. True, we have casually objected to *one* metaphor and *one* verb; have endeavoured to caution Mr. W. against furnishing, unintentionally, arguments for the infidel against the scripture miracles; have ventured to defend an historian of *equal learning, industry, and integrity* as himself, from the charge of ignorance, *superficiality* and studied perversion of the truth; have questioned the necessity of that accumulation of horrors, by bringing together all the evils and miseries which have befallen mankind, and placing them in such strong colours as to terrify and dishearten the reader; have recommended a spirit of mildness, candour, and conciliation towards those who entertain opposite or different opinions on *doubtful* subjects, rather than the indulgence of anger, indignation, or contempt; and a becoming caution in the needless adoption of a *theory* of generation dangerous to religion and sound philosophy; and have expressed a regret that the work, on the whole, was not more perfect, more thoroughly compacted, concocted, and elaborated, and such as the literary and critical reader had a right to expect from the author of an English Grammar, and Dissertations on the English Language. For all *such* errors and ignorances, we crave the indulgence and protection of an enlightened public.

We have expressed, what we really feel, respect and gratitude for the industry and zeal of a writer who has submitted to so much laborious and painful research, not with

any view to emolument or fame, but "solely from motives of humanity." Our prepossessions are all strongly in his favour; but, though friends of Plato, we are more the friends of truth. At present, we do not see sufficient reasons for retracting any of the opinions that have been given in our Review. We are sorry, unintentionally, to have called forth what we do not merit, the *anger* and *contempt* of Mr. W. Though surprised, we are not *indignant* at his censure and reproof. We charitably make allowances for the infirmities of human nature, and that too irritable temperament which sometimes belongs to men of genius. Though *age* and *experience* are not convertible terms, we intend that the increase of years *shall* add to *our learning*, and, if necessary, to *our modesty* and *discretion*. Its influence on *liberality* is less certain; but that quality is not the less to be desired by *all* who *examine* or *controvert* the opinions of others. In these respects the public will decide between the author and the reviewer. It was certainly intended to exercise as much indulgence towards the History of Pestilence as was consistent with a due regard for our own reputation, and a respect for the taste and discernment of our readers. Its dissatisfied author will, we hope, find ample compensation for our deficiencies in the more favourable and indulgent decisions of other courts, in the great republic of English literature, before whom his performance may be tried.]

#### New-York Market.

IN the markets of the city of New-York, are to be obtained upwards of one hundred and forty different species of eatable animals, exclusively of tame birds and quadrupeds, as will appear by the following enumeration, which is not offered as a complete one.

**FISH.**

Salmon,  
Codfish,  
Black-fish,  
Bass or Rock-fish,  
Sheepshead,  
Sea-bass,  
Mackerel,  
Spanish Mackerel,  
Horse Mackerel,  
Trout,  
Pike,  
Sun-fish,  
Suckers,  
Chubs,  
Roach,  
Shiners,  
White Perch,  
Yellow Perch,  
Black or Sea Perch,  
Sturgeon,  
Haddock,  
Pollick,  
Hake,  
Shad,  
Herring,  
Sardines,  
Sprat,  
Monhaden,  
Weak-fish,  
Smelts,  
Mullet,  
Bonetta,  
King-fish,  
Silver-fish,  
Porgey,  
Skipjack,  
Angle-fish,  
Grunts,  
Tusk or Cusk.  
Red Drum,  
Black Drum,  
Sheep-head Drum,  
Dog-fish,  
Killi-fish, or Memme-  
chog,  
Bergalls,  
Tom-Cod,  
Red Gournard,  
Grey Gournard,  
Spearings,

Gar-fish,  
Frost-fish,  
Blow-fish,  
Toad-fish,  
Hallibut,  
Flounder,  
Skait,  
Soals,  
Plaise,  
Sting-ray,  
Common Eel,  
Conger Eel,  
Lampreys.

62.

**SHELL-FISH.**

Oysters,  
Lobsters,  
Prawns,  
Crabs,  
Sea-Crabs,  
Craw-fish,  
Shrimps,  
Clams,  
Sea-Clams,  
Soft-Clams,  
Scollops,  
Muscles,  
Black-Muscles,  
Periwinkles.

14.

**AMPHIBIOUS.**

Green Turtle,  
Hawk's-bill,  
Loggerhead,  
Snapping Turtle,  
Tarrapans.

5.

**BIRDS.**

Wild-Goose,  
Brant,  
Black-Duck,  
Grey-Duck,  
Canvass-back,  
Wood-Duck,  
Widgeon,  
Teal,  
Blue, or Broad-bill,  
Dopper,

Shell-Drake,  
Old-Wife,  
Coote,  
Hell-Diver,  
Whistling-Diver,  
Red-Heads,  
Loon,  
Cormorant,  
Pile Start,  
Sheer-water,  
Curlew,  
Marling,  
Willer,

Wood-cock,  
English Snipe,  
Grey Snipe,  
Yellow-legged Snipe,  
Robin Snipe,  
Dovestie,  
Small Sand Snipe,  
Green Plover,  
Grey Plover,  
Kill-deer,  
Wild-Turkey,  
Grouse,  
Partridge,  
Quail,  
Meadow-Hen,  
Wild-Pigeon,  
Turtle-Dove,

Lark,  
Robin,  
Large Grey Snow-bird,  
Small Blue Snow-bird,  
Blue-Jay,  
Yellow-tails,  
Clape,  
Black-bird,  
Wood-Pecker,  
Blue Crane,  
White Crane.

51.

**QUADRUPEDS.**

Deer,  
Bear,  
Raccoon,  
Ground-Hog,  
Opossum,  
Squirrel,  
Rabbit,  
Hare.

8.

*The Retort Direct.*

SOME time after the evacuation of Boston, in the late war, two English officers, of the New-York garrison, walking on the quay, met a New-England-man, who walked about on his parole, and who, unluckily, had an hump-back. One of the loungers, as soon as he came up with the stranger, clapt his hand upon the prominence and exclaimed, "Hallo! my little fellow! what hill is *this*?"

The abruptness of the salutation startled the little man at first; but, as soon as he had cast an eye on the questioner, he twisted his features into a peculiarly arch expression, and replied, "Bunker's Hill, Sir!"

The gentlemen thought proper to be angry, and began to be very liberal of their "Dam'd scoundrels" and "Yankee puppies."

"Gad-a-mercy, gentlemen," said the honest Captain, "if you must be angry, be angry at yourselves and my father. You called my hump a *hill*, and my father gave me his own name, Jonathan *Bunker*; and it is no fault of mine that I carry a *hill* upon my shoulders; and why are you so much out of humour that what is my disgrace should happen to be yours also? Faith, gentlemen, I have joined you a thousand times in wishing *Bunker's Hill* to the devil!

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## American Review.

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## ART. XLI.

*The Magnetic Atlas; or, Variation Charts of the whole Terraqueous Globe. Comprising a System of the Variation and Dip of the Needle; by which, the Observations being truly made, the Longitude may be ascertained. The third Edition, with Additions. By John Churchman, Fellow of the Russian Imperial Academy. 4to. pp. 82. New-York. Gaine and Ten Eyck. 1800.*

WHILE the mariner feared to trust himself to the uncertain light of the stars, or beyond the sight of land, navigation advanced with slow and timid steps. The immense importance of the discovery of the polarity of the magnet in accelerating its progress, is evident from the numerous voyages which have been undertaken since, by which the ocean and the land have become subjected to the empire of man.—

Before this great discovery, the spirit of enterprise was limited and confined; but, possessed of that faithful guide, the compass, the mariner soon dared to traverse unknown seas, amidst all the changes of the sky, and to explore every region of the globe with confidence and security.

At the time of this discovery (1302), the direction of the magnetic needle is supposed to have been nearly in the plane of the meridian. Its variation from the polar star was beheld by those early navigators who first dared to seek their way across the pathless ocean, with astonishment and alarm. And the ablest mathematicians and astronomers, from that time to the present, have exercised their sagacity, in vain, to discover the cause of so singular a phenomenon. We say, in vain, because the most that has, as yet, been offered in its explanation, is ingenious hypothesis and plausible conjecture. The labours of those

who have been employed in their researches on this interesting and difficult subject, have not been useless, since they afford some, even an imperfect, remedy for the errors in the calculations of the navigator, caused by the variations of the position of the magnetic needle.

Among those who have been most successful in suggesting expedients for ascertaining the magnetic variations, and in exploring their causes, Mr. Churchman, for his ingenuity, zeal, and persevering industry, merits to be honourably mentioned. Though this is an age of experiments, it no less abounds with speculation and theory. Of all speculations, those which relate to useful science demand the most favourable reception. In an introduction, Mr. C. has given a history of magnetic discoveries, and an account of the various hypotheses formed by scientific and ingenious men, to account for the magnetic variations. Had those variations been governed by any fixed and known laws, which influenced their mutations in different places, they might have been settled with sufficient certainty by a series of observations and calculations made for that purpose. But the quantity of variation was found to be fluctuating and subject to an almost endless variety of changes. The hypothesis which, in Europe, has been regarded as the most plausible, and as approaching the nearest to truth, is that of the great mathematician Halley, and, after him, Euler. The Halleyan theory must be familiar to those who have bestowed any attention on the subject; but it may be acceptable to many of our readers to see it as stated by Mr. C.

"The same Dr. Halley who made so many real improvements in science, spent much time in trying to ascertain the laws of the magnetic variation. He published, in the year 1683, his first theory

of the magnet, in which he made this conclusion: 'The whole globe of the earth is one great magnet, having four magnetical poles, or points of attraction; near each pole of the equator two; and that, in those parts of the world which lie near or adjacent to any one of these magnetical poles, the needle is governed thereby, the nearest pole being always predominant over the more remote.' Although Dr. Halley's first theory was favourably received at home and abroad, he was soon sensible of several insurmountable difficulties in it. It is plain that the magnetic poles are not fixed, but moveable, as appears by the great changes of the needle's direction. In England, where this discovery was made, the direction of the needle has changed no less than 33 degrees in 200 years. Dr. Halley, probably considering the difficulty of forming any system without a number of observations, made application to government, in the reign of William and Mary, when this matter was considered in so favourable a point of view, that the command of the *Paramour Pink*, one of the ships of the royal navy, was given to Dr. Halley, with orders to seek, by observation, the discovery of the rule of the variation of the compass. Dr. Halley made magnetic observations at Brazil, St. Helena, Barbadoes, Bermudas, Newfoundland, and other places on land and sea. He arrived in England in September, 1700, and the next year published a chart on Mercator's projection; which will preserve his name longer than brass or marble. This was done by drawing lines through those parts where the variation was equal: but his observations were by no means universal. Dr. Halley, now satisfied his first theory would not bear the test, communicated his second to the Royal Society under the following appellation: 'An Account of the Cause of the Change of the Variation of the Magnetical Needle; with an Hypothesis of the Structure of the Internal Parts of the Earth.'

"In this paper he says, 'These difficulties had wholly made me despond, and I had long since given over an inquiry I had so little hopes of, when, in accidental discourse, and least expecting it, I stumbled on the following hypothesis: the external parts of the globe may well be reckoned as the shell, and the internal as a nucleus, or inner globe included within ours, with a fluid medium between, which, having the same common centre

and axis of diurnal rotation, may turn about with our earth each twenty-four hours; only this outer sphere having its turbinating motion some small matter either swifter or slower than the internal ball: and a very minute difference in length of time, by many repetitions becoming sensible, the internal parts will, by degrees, recede from the external; and, not keeping pace with one another, will appear gradually to move either eastwards or westwards by the difference of their motions.

"Dr. Halley supposes the fixed poles are the poles of this external shell or cortex of the earth, and the other two the poles of a magnetical nucleus, included and moveable within the other; and, finally, Dr. Halley concludes this motion is westward.

"Instead of the motion of the magnetic influence moving westward, as Dr. Halley supposed, the two magnetic points will be found to move from west to east, the northern one quicker, and the southern slower, than the earth; so that the apparent revolution of the northern magnetic point is from west to east, and the apparent revolution of the southern magnetic point is from east to west.

"Since Dr. Halley's chart was published, the greatest part of a century has passed, affording many observations. I hope to prove clearly, in the following work, by calculations from the actual observation from which Dr. Halley's chart was constructed, and from others, that two magnetic points alone, not diametrically opposite to each other, are sufficient to account for the singular figure of the lines passing through the points of equal variation: if so, it will appear unphilosophical to suppose more magnetic points than are absolutely necessary to account for the phenomena.

"The quantity of the variation being in a state of fluctuation throughout the world; at the same place it changes, at one time quick, at another time slow; sometimes almost stationary, and then retrograde; at the same time, in different places, there is the same variety of changes. In the space of forty years, the lines laid down by Dr. Halley were grown entirely useless. For want of a knowledge of the principles of the variation, other charts could not be constructed without a multitude of observations. William Mountain and James Dodson, fellows of the Royal Society, undertook to renew the chart of Dr.

Halley; and, receiving the assistance of the commissioners of the navy, and of the directors of the East-India, African, and Hudson's Bay companies, they obtained leave to peruse the journals of those mariners who were under the direction of each respective body; from which, the charts were re-published for 1744 and 1756. From the great number of observations in their possession, they doubted not, at first, of being able to draw lines representing the variation at the four different periods, 1711, 1722, 1733, and 1744; and thence, by analogy, to have performed the same for 1755; but they soon found the impracticability of this scheme, as they themselves acknowledge, experience having pointed out to them the irregular mutations of the variation. Any expectation before retained of re-constructing a new set of lines by analogy, soon vanished; and they were obliged to pursue their tedious method of proceeding, by collecting the greatest possible number of observations: thus they were enabled to approve of some and reject others, accordingly as they were supposed to be supported or not by concurrent testimony; and from thence to draw lines representing the variation at that time. They also published charts of the same kind for 1756; but those charts of Mountain and Dodson, not being constructed by their own observations, but from observations made by various Captains of ships, the different methods of observing the variation, together with the uncertainty of the situations of places where the observations were made, these charts cannot be expected to be true, in every part, any more than Dr. Halley's chart, which was not founded entirely on his own observations. Dr. Halley himself seems not to give them as exact, as well for want of a sufficient number of observations, as principally because many of the observations upon which his chart was founded, were made long before the epocha of 1700."

Mr. C. acknowledges his obligations to the great Euler, on whom he bestows the highest praise. That great genius, in 1757, published a memoir on the magnetic variations, in which he endeavours, by most laborious and masterly calculations, to ascertain the position of the needle in every part of the earth.

He made his computations for two poles only, one of which he places in latitude  $76^{\circ}$  north, and longitude  $96^{\circ}$  west from Teneriffe; and the other in latitude  $58^{\circ}$  south, and longitude  $158^{\circ}$  west from Teneriffe; and accompanied his memoir with a chart of Halleyan curves, adapted to these calculations for the year 1757. The use of the Halleyan chart, and the variation charts which it has been necessary to construct since, appears to be the furnishing an easier way of finding the longitude. The variation lines being drawn on the chart, and the latitude and variation being observed, the point of intersection of the parallel of latitude and the line of variation, is the true place of the observer.

Mr. C.'s book is divided into six chapters; the first consists of *definitions and corollaries*, which cannot be wholly understood without the diagrams to which he refers. The second chapter contains the solution of problems, accompanied with a table showing the place of the northern magnetic point, according to its annual revolution round the north pole of the earth, and exhibiting the variation by calculation and observation for thirty-seven different years between 1621 and 1801.

These computations are made for the latitude of the royal observatory at Greenwich, which is the place taken in his examples. But this mode of calculation has been objected to, as not applicable to other places, with any tolerable certainty. If this objection be well founded, the mode of solution proposed by Mr. C. can be of no extensive use, nor remove the cloud which has hitherto veiled the subject.

In his third chapter, Mr. C. endeavours to remove objections to the false variations. We shall give it entire.

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"Several objections have been stated against making accurate observations of the magnetic variation at sea.

"*Objection 1st.* The same compass has been said to give a different variation, from no other cause than putting the ship's head a contrary way.

"*Answer.* This might readily happen if there was more iron near the compass on one side of the ship than on the other. The following remedy is proposed for this difficulty:—Let there be fixed a true meridian on shore, but near the ship, out of the reach of the attraction of iron: here let the variation be taken on this meridian; then, before she sails, let the variation be taken on board the ship, with her head turned, if occasion should require, on every point of the compass. By noting the difference between the true variation on the true meridian, and the false variation on board, a table of difference may be constructed, which may show the allowance necessary to be made for false variation throughout any voyage, while the iron remains in the same situation. Or, if the azimuth compass is firmly fixed to a three-legged staff, about five feet above the deck, it will then be nearly out of the reach and influence of the iron.

"*Objection 2d.* The same compass, removed a few miles, but at a different time of the day, has been said to give variations differing from one another.

"*Answer.* As it is impossible to move, either in the same meridian or parallel of latitude, without having a different variation, it is not strange if there should be a sensible difference in a few miles: besides, if the observations are made at different times of the day, the small diurnal variation, which seems reducible to certain fixed laws, will require to be allowed for.

"*Objection 3d.* The same compass, on the same day, and in the hands of the same observer, has been said to give variations differing from one another, on board the same ship, when under sail, and when at anchor in a roadstead.

"*Answer.* A ship being under way must certainly change her situation: if the variation was not different in different places, it would be hard to know the situation of the place by the variation; therefore, one answer may apply to both the second and third objections.

"*Objection 4th.* Compasses, made by the same artist, at the same time and

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place, but on board different ships, have been said to differ in the variation.

*Answer.* This might arise from a greater quantity of iron in one ship than another, placed in such a situation as to give a false variation to the needle.

*Objection 5th.* The same compass, on board the same ship, and within a few miles of the same situation, but at different times of being in such situation, is said to have given different variations.

*Answer.* The two magnetic points being known to perform revolutions, the variation must, of consequence, continually alter, more or less, in every part of this globe; therefore the different variation may readily be accounted for, as well from the difference of time as the different situations of places.

*Objection 6th.* Different compasses, at the same time, on board the same ship, and, in every respect, under the same circumstances, are said to have given variations differing from one another.

*Answer.* Different compasses, if true, are found to agree with one another on shore. I knew an instrument-maker, in particular, who had a meridian on shore, and made many circumferencers. He made a rule never to turn one out of his hands till he proved it by his meridian. By this method all his instruments would agree one with another.

Captain Cook, when he observed the transit of Venus at the Island of King George III. or Otaheite, although he found, in some instances, that different instruments gave different variations, yet, in the account of his voyage, he writes, "the same needle agrees with itself in several trials one after another." This seems to prove what dependence may be placed upon a true needle. The cause of different instruments disagreeing must then be occasioned by a fault in the workmanship.

Hitherto it has generally been thought useless to try to obtain the variation with a great degree of accuracy, merely for the purpose of steering the course of a ship: but in order to make the variation scheme useful in finding the situation of a ship at sea, it will be necessary, in order to counteract the motion of the waves, to make a number of observations with great care, and take a mean for the true variation. In this respect a little practice will point out the path towards perfection.

"It is well known, that on land there

is no difficulty in determining the longitude by Jupiter's satellites: if the true situation of any coast, and the situation of the two magnetic points are known, the true variation may be found by calculation: so that, if bodies of iron ore on the sea-coast should even influence the needle, the difference between the variation, by calculation and observation, will consequently be the allowance for false variation. By this method the variations may be corrected with a little care.

"It is probable the magnetic observations, in Captain Cook's last voyage, are still as accurate and extensive as any other yet published; but as the variation of the compass is subject to change, the length of time between Captain Cook's last observations, and the time for which the charts are constructed, will cause some difference unless the proper allowance is made."

In the fourth chapter, are the following "hints concerning the cause of magnetic variation."

"Notice has been already taken, in the introduction, of the hypothesis of Dr. Halley, with which he attempted to account for the magnetic variation by four magnetic poles. From a multitude of magnetic observations, made as well in Dr. Halley's day as since, it is found that the first and last magnetic meridians are always arches of great circles. If there were, according to Dr. Halley, four magnetic poles, two fixed and two moveable, they could never admit any one magnetic meridian to be an arch of a great circle, unless all the said four poles were situated in the same plane; and as the two magnetic poles or points move round the poles of the earth at different periods, the two fixed poles of our earth, which Dr. Halley supposed were magnetical, could never continue in the same plane with those two moveable magnetic poles. Hence it must follow, that there are but two magnetic poles or points, and that the poles of this earth have no more influence on the magnetic needle than any other part of the earth.—Now, there must necessarily be a cause for the needle's having an universal direction towards these two magnetic points; and this cause must either be above or below the surface of the earth. Dr. Halley supposed the cause to be a nucleus, or inner globe, included within our globe, with a fluid medium between. The motion of the inner globe he thought to be com-

communicated by the outer one. While the motion of the magnetic influence was supposed to be westward, there was some degree of reason for Dr. Halley to account for the variation as he did; but, as it is now determined, without the least doubt, that the northern magnetic point moves faster than the earth, from west to east, the case seems entirely altered.

"It is an established axiom, that 'no cause can give what it has not itself;' how, then, can the earth give a swifter motion than it has itself to a nucleus therein contained? The northern magnetic point revolving quicker, and the southern slower, than the earth, the apparent revolution of the northern one must be from west to east, while the apparent revolution of the southern one is the contrary way. Whereas, if the variation of the variation was occasioned by a nucleus, Dr. Halley's two moveable magnetic poles should move the same way, and with equal velocities.

"To determine the periods of the magnetic points, it was necessary to know their true situations for different times. If the exact latitude of the magnetic points were; well known, it would be easy to fix their longitudes. To fix their places properly, it was necessary to have more observations made near the first and last magnetic meridians. But I conceive the best mode of proving the places of the magnetic points would be to make astronomical observations on the spot. Seeing navigators have often been in much higher latitudes, it would be very easy to approach the magnetic points: for example, the northern one might be found by following the horizontal needle till it became indifferent to any particular direction; or it might be found by the inclination of the dipping needle. With a view of visiting the northern magnetic point in particular, as this expense would fall heavy on an individual, I have several times endeavoured to describe the importance of such a voyage—first to the American Congress, and again to the Board of Longitude in Great-Britain—apprehending such an expedition would cast light on this mysterious principle, as it might go near to determine the cause of the variation, and pave the way to other useful discoveries: but as I have not hitherto been fortunate enough to succeed in undertaking this expedition myself, I would beg leave earnestly to recommend this matter to the particular attention of the gentlemen who, under

the British government, have the direction of the survey of the north-west coast of America. The present king of Great-Britain having distinguished himself so eminently in the cause of science, I hope this matter will not be unworthy their attention.

"Let the cause of the magnetic variation be what it may, it is very remarkable that the sidereal revolutions of the two magnetic points are regularly performed in the same way, and are also very nearly equal, in time, to the nearest satellites of several of the planets: for instance, the nearest of Saturn's, according to Dr. Herschell, performs one sidereal revolution in 22h. 40' 46''

Professor Euler conjectured the magnetic poles moved from east to west. The place of the north magnetic point is supposed by Mr. C. to be nearly the same as conjectured by Halley and Euler. And there appears much plausibility in the supposition that many discoveries might be made, and much valuable information derived from a set of judicious observations made in Baffin's Bay, or in a latitude near the supposed place of the north magnetic pole.

The fifth chapter is concerning the construction of charts. In the delineation of his chart, Mr. C. has undoubtedly made a material improvement on those of Halley, which, formed on Mercator's or Wright's projection, produces a great distortion of the curves near the two poles, and thereby alters the appearance in the two places where it is of the greatest consequence to preserve their true magnitude and proportions. The charts of Mr. C.'s atlas have blank gores, or gussets, which, when cut out, the remainder will fit and cover a globe forty-eight inches in circumference.

"The earth's meridians meeting in the poles of the earth, the magnetic meridians meet in the two magnetic points, experience proves that the influence of one magnetic point is greater than the other; on this account the magnetic meridians



are not curves truly circular, except the first and last, which are arches of great circles. The nature of the curves being known, the proportion of influence is also known, and the curves will always be included within the most rigid rules of calculation.

"To fix the places and periods of the magnetic points, thousands of calculations have been made that do not appear in the present work: as they were made merely for trial, it is unnecessary to make them public.

"In a former publication I proposed a Magnetic Almanac, which will contain an universal set of tables, showing the variation corresponding with any part of each meridian, without the trouble of measuring angles. Such tables, *when the places and periods of the magnetic points are proved to be true, and the theory settled*, will afford a ready means of applying the principles to practice. But if, by future experience, the places and periods of the two magnetic points should not be found very exact, at present this will, no doubt, be deemed pardonable, seeing the exact length of a year has not been long determined, notwithstanding the many volumes of astronomical observations made during many centuries."

An improvement also has been made by Mr. C. in this third edition of his charts, by drawing dotted curve lines through the different places where the variations are equal, thereby avoiding the trouble of measuring angles, which it was difficult to do with accuracy in the former charts. These lines of equal variation have been compared with the observations of modern circumnavigators; but the author, at the same time, admits that there are some circumstances where *two magnetic points* alone are not sufficient to account for the extraordinary shape of the dotted curve lines passing through the points of equal variation. The charts are accompanied with the necessary explanations, and a method of finding the variation by an azimuth.

The sixth and last chapter contains "an hypothesis concerning magnetic tides." Mr. C. gives a

brief notice of the deluges and remarkable inundations and retrocessions of the ocean, which have taken place in the world, and supposes them to have happened according to the revolutions of the two magnetic points, which, as they approach the meridian of any place, the sea appears to gain on the land, and the contrary when the magnetic points recede from a place.

"It is highly probable these revolutions of the ocean are governed by laws as uniform as the common tides. If these laws were once fully known, we might calculate a deluge as well as the return of a comet. And it would be of the utmost importance in geography: for, let a map of the world be ever so correct, in process of time, as the ocean continuing to gain in some places while it loses in others, the map becomes erroneous. And after knowing the proportion between land and sea throughout the globe, as we know already the number of acres contained in the whole, the quantity of land emerging every year might also be easily estimated. This, in round numbers, I take to be about two millions.

"If, when the northern magnetic point approaches the meridian of any place, the ocean should uniformly be found to rise, so as to cover the low grounds, this may be termed a magnetic tide: and if, when both magnetic points are in conjunction, the ocean should rise so as to cover the higher grounds, this may be termed a magnetic spring tide."

In an appendix, Mr. C. has given the letters received by him from various learned societies and distinguished men in Europe and America, by whom he appears to have been received with a polite and respectful attention. None, however, entered so fully into his design as to proffer their aid in crowning all his exertions with the proposed voyage of discovery and experiment. Yet, the philosopher will believe that the revenues of a great sovereign would be better employed in the solution of an important problem in nautical science, than in carrying on any schemes of con-

quest and national aggrandizement. From the government of his own country, Mr. C. had reason to expect the desired patronage and assistance in prosecuting an inquiry of so much importance to a commercial and enterprising nation. But the caution exercised by Congress, in the then existing state of its finances, was perhaps reasonable. Though nothing has since been done by Mr. C. towards the *practical* success of his principles, or to fortify his hypothesis, yet, a voyage of the kind, proposed, planned and conducted with judgment and ability, though it might fail to confirm the truth of such an hypothesis, would still be productive of great benefit to nautical science.

At present, we can say, in the language of the *Princess of Daschkaw*, addressed to the author, that by his "further inquiries and discoveries, especially relating to the southern hemisphere, the *calculation of the exact revolutions of the two magnetic planets round the poles of the earth, by a greater number of observations,*" he would greatly oblige the nautical world, as well as her Highness. Though Mr. C. has hitherto failed in obtaining that patronage and assistance which would have enabled him to ascertain the truth of his hypothesis; or, at least, by a series of accurate observations, to have given greater certainty and precision to his calculations on this subject; yet he has the satisfaction of reflecting that he has done, perhaps, all in his power to prosecute his inquiries, and that he merits the gratitude and thanks of mankind.

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#### ART. XLII.

*Sermons on some of the first Principles and Doctrines of true Religion. By Nathanael Emmons, D. D. Pas-*

*tor of the Church in Franklin, Massachusetts. 8vo. pp. 510. Wrentham. N. and B. Heaton. 1800.*

THIS is the volume which we announced to our readers in the Magazine for September last, as having been published a few weeks before. A more careful perusal of it has convinced us that it deserves, what we then intimated an intention of giving it, a more detailed and ample consideration.

Dr. Emmons has been, for some time, considered as one of the most distinguished champions of what is called *Hopkinsian divinity*, in Massachusetts. It is presumed few of our readers need to be informed that the theological system so denominated, is *Calvinism* carried to a greater length, with regard to some particulars, than it was by the orthodox divines of the last age; and that the name is derived from the Rev. Dr. HOPKINS, pastor of a congregational church in Newport, Rhode-Island, who early rendered himself conspicuous as a friend and teacher of these peculiarities. How far Dr. E. conforms himself, in some respects, to the system which he, in general, adopts, will hereafter appear.

The sermons in this volume, are twenty in number. 1. On the Being and Perfections of God. 2. On the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures. 3. On the Essential and Immutable Difference between Right and Wrong. 4. On the Doctrine of the Trinity. 5. On Affections being Essential to the Moral Perfections of the Deity. 6. The Glory of God Illustrated. 7. The Testimony of Christ to his own Divinity. 8. On Conscience. 9. Man's Activity and Dependence Illustrated and Reconciled. 10. The same subject continued. 11. Love the Essence of Obedience. 12. The Primitive Rectitude of Adam. 13. On Original Sin. 14. The Nature,

Extent, and Influence of the Moral Depravity of Sinners. 15. On the Special and Irresistible Grace of God in the Conversion of Sinners. 16. The Divine Conduct in the Reprobation of Incurable Sinners, both Illustrated and Justified. 17. On the Unpardonable Sin. 18. The true Character of Good Men Delineated. 19. The same subject continued. 20. The proper Design and Energy of Prayer.

It will be readily perceived by the intelligent reader, that some of the subjects above stated, are among the most important in their nature, and the most difficult to be discussed, that occur to the theological student. Dr. E. has treated them in a way which evinces him to be an acute, ingenious, and well-informed man. He reasons forcibly; but sometimes with unnecessary parade. He refers to the labours of others with the familiarity of one much conversant with books; but not always without pedantry. He frequently deviates from the common path, and in a very plausible manner; but, in some instances, with an apparent love of singularity. These remarks apply to several of the discourses in this volume; and, in a particular manner, to the first, "On the Being and Perfections of God." The reader will be able to judge how far our opinion is correct, by finding, in a *popular sermon*, the following paragraphs:

"If the world *might* have had a *cause*, then it *must* have had a *cause*. Some seem to scruple whether this can be fairly made out by strict and proper reasoning. Lord Kaimes and Mr. Hume deny that it implies any absurdity to suppose that a thing may *begin* to exist *without* a *cause*. And hence they conclude it is impossible to *prove*, that every thing which *begins* to exist *must* have a *cause*. Mr. Hume says, a *cause* is nothing more than an antecedent to a consequent; and an effect is nothing more than a consequent of an antecedent. But this representation of cause and effect is contrary to common sense.

When a number of men walk in procession, they bear the relation of antecedent and consequent to each other, but not the relation of cause and effect. The motion of those who walk before is no cause of the motion of those who walk behind; or, in other words, the antecedents do not bear the relation of *cause* to the consequents, nor the consequents bear the relation of *effect* to the antecedents. The idea of cause and effect always carries something more in it than the bare perception of antecedent and consequent. This we know from our own experience. The operation of our own minds gives us a clear and distinct perception of cause and effect. When we walk, we are conscious of a power to produce motion. The exercise of this power gives us the perception of *cause*, and the motion which flows from it gives us the perception not only of a *consequent*, but of an *effect*. Our idea of cause and effect is as clear and distinct as our idea of heat and cold, and is as truly correspondent to an original impression. This being established, the way is prepared to show, that if the world *might* have had a *cause*, it *must* have had a *cause*.

"Whatever we can conceive to be *capable* of existing by a *cause*, we can as clearly conceive to be *incapable* of existing without a *cause*: for that which renders any thing *capable* of existing by a *cause*, renders it equally *incapable* of existing without a *cause*. Thus, if the nature of a certain wheel render it *capable* of being moved by a *cause*, then that same nature renders it *incapable* of moving without a *cause*. Or, if the nature of a certain wheel render it *capable* of moving without a *cause*, then that same nature renders it *incapable* of being moved by a *cause*. Suppose there are two wheels, the one large and the other small. Suppose it is the nature of the large wheel to stand still of itself, but the nature of the small wheel to move of itself. Here it is easy to see, that motion, in one of these wheels, may be owing to a *cause*, but not in the other. The large wheel, whose nature it is to stand of itself, may be moved by a *cause*: for, if a proper power be applied to it, motion will instantly follow; and if that power be withdrawn, motion will instantly cease. But the small wheel, whose nature it is to move of itself, cannot be moved by a *cause*: for if any power whatever be applied to it, the motion will be the same; "

\* "That is, if it moves as fast as possible, which is supposed."

and, of consequence, the power applied will produce *no effect*, and be *no cause*. If this reasoning be just, then whatever we can conceive to be *capable* of being an *effect*, *must* have been an *effect*; or whatever we can conceive to be *capable* of having a *cause* of its existence, *must* have had a *cause* of its existence. If we can only *conceive*, therefore, that the world in which we live, and the objects with which we are surrounded, are *capable* of having had a *cause* of their existence, then we can as clearly *conceive*, that it was absolutely impossible for them to have come into existence *without a cause*.

"But Mr. Hume does not pretend to deny that the world is *capable* of having had a cause. And if this be true, then it is certain to a demonstration, that there was *some cause* which actually produced it. That is demonstrably false which cannot be conceived to be true; and that is demonstrably true which cannot be conceived to be false. It is demonstrably false, that a body can move north and south at the same time; for it is not in the power of the mind to *conceive* that a body is moving north while it is moving south. It is demonstrably true, that two and two are equal to four; for it is not in the power of the mind to *conceive* that two and two should be more or less than four. It is demonstrably true, that all the parts are equal to the whole; for it is not in the power of the mind to *conceive* that all the parts should be more or less than the whole. And, in the same manner, it is demonstrably true, that the world *must* have had a *cause* of its existence. We can clearly *conceive* that the world is *capable* of having had a *cause* of its existence; and, therefore, we cannot *conceive* that it was *capable* of coming into existence *without a cause*. The *possibility* of its having had a *cause*, destroys the *possibility* of its having come into existence *without a cause*, just as the *possibility* of a body's moving *one way* at once destroys the *possibility* of its moving *two ways* at once. Had Hume and Kaimes properly consulted the operation of their own minds upon this subject, we presume they never would have granted, that it was *possible* for the world to have come into existence *by a cause*, and yet asserted that it was *possible* it might have come into existence *without a cause*. By granting the *possibility* of the world's coming into existence *by a cause*, they have virtually granted, that it was absolutely *impossible* it should have come into exist-

ence *without a cause*. The bare possibility of the world's beginning to exist, amounts to a demonstration that it *did begin* to exist. And the bare possibility of its beginning to exist *by a cause*, amounts to a demonstration, that *there was some cause* of its beginning to exist."

On the doctrine of the Trinity, in the eighth sermon, Dr. E. writes perspicuously and ably. We observe, however, that he departs from most of the divines usually denominated *orthodox*, in his ideas respecting the *filiation* of the second person in the trinity. But this we barely notice, without presuming to offer an opinion on a doctrine so sublimely mysterious; and on which some of the best heads and hearts in the christian world have differed materially.

In the eighth discourse, "On Conscience," Dr. E. does not fully satisfy us. He speaks, indeed, sensibly and instructively on the subject; but he leaves several of the leading and most important and practical points of inquiry respecting it, undecided; or, at least, vaguely exhibited. Among the various practical inferences with which this discourse concludes, is the following:

"If it be true that conscience is a distinct faculty of the soul, and necessarily constitutes a moral agent, then it is very natural to conclude, that infants are moral agents as soon as they are agents. Though they are born weak and helpless creatures, yet they very early discover not only motion, but action. When they are but a few days old, they appear to act voluntarily in the view of motives. They are pleased with some objects, and displeased with others. They never fail, for instance, to prefer light to darkness, and sweet to bitter. By such instances of choosing and refusing, they appear to be *agents*, or to act voluntarily in the view of motives. But we cannot suppose that they are *mere agents*, in these *free, spontaneous, voluntary exertions*. For if they were *mere agents*, they would not be men in miniature, nor be capable of becoming moral agents. *Mere agents* are utterly incapable of becoming moral

agents. This has been demonstrated by all the experiments which have been made upon tamed animals. Though they have been taught to do many curious things, and to imitate a thousand human actions, yet they have never been taught to *distinguish* virtue from vice, nor to feel the force of moral obligation. They are by nature *mere* agents; and, without a new nature, they cannot be made, nor become *moral* agents. And if infants were, at first, *mere* agents, they could never be made, nor become *moral* agents. Neither experience, nor observation, nor instruction, could give them the *faculty* of moral discernment. We may use many means to strengthen and refine the mental powers of infants and children; but there are no means to be used to give them any new intellectual faculty. If conscience, therefore, be an essential faculty of the human mind, it must belong to it in infancy. And if infants possess this faculty of *moral* discernment, then they must, of necessity, commence *moral* agents as soon as they commence agents. There seems to be no way to avoid this conclusion, but to suppose that conscience cannot be exercised *so early* as the other faculties of the mind. But how does it appear that conscience cannot be exercised *as early* as any other intellectual faculty? It does not appear from experience: for every person knows that he has been able to distinguish right from wrong, and to feel a sense of guilt, ever since he can remember. It does not appear from observation: for infants discover plain marks of moral depravity, and appear to act *wrong* as soon they *begin* to act. And it does not appear from scripture: for the Bible represents infants as sinful, guilty creatures, as soon as they are born, which plainly implies that they are moral agents. In a word, scripture, reason, observation and experience, are all in favour of the moral agency of infants. And if we do not admit that moral agency commences in infancy, it is impossible to determine, or even to form a probable conjecture, when it does commence."

Is not this extreme useless, and, therefore, objectionable refinement?

In the eleventh discourse, which treats of *love* as comprehending the whole of obedience, Dr. E. delivers some opinions to which, we suspect, he will find many objectors.

We do not refer to the leading doctrine expressed in the text, and taught in the discourse, but to the following remarks, introduced by way of inference:

"Some suppose that a good heart essentially consists in a good principle, taste or relish, which is totally independent of the will. They imagine that Adam was created with such a good principle, taste or relish, which was the source of all his holy exercises and actions, before the fall. And upon this ground they suppose that regeneration consists in implanting a new principle, taste or relish in the mind, which is the source of all the holy exercises of the subject of grace. But this sentiment is totally repugnant to the law of love. This law requires no such principle of holiness, but holiness itself. This law requires nothing which is *previous* to love, but love itself. This law requires no dormant, inactive, torpid disposition, inclination, or taste, but the free, voluntary exercise of true benevolence.

"Some suppose that a bad heart consists in a bad principle, disposition, or inclination, which is entirely distinct from sinful, voluntary exercises. They represent a corrupt nature, or depraved heart, as the source of all sinful affections and passions; and they maintain that this corrupt nature is conveyed from Adam to all his posterity, who, they suppose, are morally depraved before they have one sinful exercise, volition, or affection. But it appears, from what has been said in this discourse, that all sinfulness consists in the various exercises and modifications of self-love. The divine law condemns these exercises and nothing else. And our consciences concur with the sentence of the law, and condemn us for sinful exercises only. Hence we intuitively know that we never did derive a morally corrupt nature, or a morally corrupt principle, or a morally corrupt heart, from Adam. All our sin is personal, and consists in our own free and voluntary exercises.

"Some suppose that sinners are *passive* in having a new heart, or in becoming real saints. But if a new heart does not consist in a principle of holiness, but in the exercise of holiness or true benevolence, then the sinner may be as *active* in beginning to be holy as in continuing to be holy—in turning from sin to holiness, as in perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

When Dr. E. asserts that a bad heart does *not* consist in a bad *principle, disposition, or inclination*; and that a good heart does *not* consist in a *reigning and governing principle of holiness*, is he aware of the consequence? Can no man be called bad or good, with propriety, who is not immediately in the exercise of specific, malignant, or benevolent emotions? But we would merely state our doubts—it is not for us to enter the lists with theological metaphysicians.

Most of our readers probably know that one branch of the *Hopkinsian* peculiarities in theology is this: that the Deity exercises, in the production of *evil*, the same *direct and positive agency* as in the production of *good*. If it be possible to carry this doctrine too far, or to state it in a manner which deserves to be called offensive, we think Dr. E. has done so, in the sixteenth discourse, in which “the divine conduct in the reprobation of incorrigible sinners, is illustrated and justified.” On this subject he speaks in the following manner:

“That God hardened his heart. We read, ‘The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord.’ And we read again, ‘The king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will.’ Pharaoh, as a man and as a king, was just as much dependent on God as other men and other kings. His heart, therefore, was in the hand of the Lord, who had a right, as well as power, to turn it whithersoever he pleased. And he was pleased to turn it against all good. God told Moses, before he sent him to Pharaoh, that he *would* harden his heart; and he repeatedly told Moses, after he had sent him to Pharaoh, that he *had* hardened his heart. God intended to hinder Pharaoh from granting the request of the children of Israel, until he had prepared him for his final overthrow. And he foresaw, that nothing short of hardening his heart would fit him for that fatal event: for the powers and faculties which he had given him, the exalted

dignity which he had conferred upon him, and all the peculiar circumstances under which he had placed him, would have mutually conspired to fit him for heaven, if his heart had been tender and benevolent. It is often thought and said, that nothing more was necessary, on God’s part, in order to fit Pharaoh for destruction, than barely to leave him to himself. But God knew that no external means and motives would be sufficient, of themselves, to form his moral character. He determined, therefore, to operate on *his heart itself*, and cause him to put forth certain *evil exercises*, in the view of certain *external motives*. When Moses called upon him to let the people go, God stood by him, and *moved* him to refuse. When Moses interceded for him, and procured him respite, God stood by him, and *moved* him to exult in his obstinacy. When the people departed from his kingdom, God stood by him, and *moved* him to pursue after them, with increased malice and revenge. And what God did on such particular occasions, he did at all times. He continually hardened his heart, and governed all the exercises of his mind, from the day of his birth to the day of his death. This was absolutely necessary to prepare him for his final state. All other methods, without this, would have failed of fitting him for destruction.”

Is this a sober, scriptural, and useful mode of treating this important subject? Or is it speaking rashly, unwarrantably, and in a way calculated to do harm? We are aware that the point in question is of most difficult solution. It is probably one of those *knots* in theology which no *human* wisdom, perhaps no *created* wisdom is able to untie. To say that God *permits* evil to exist, is, probably, not going far enough: it was, doubtless, *a part of his plan* from the beginning, that sin should enter the world, and should reign in the hearts of men. But here we stop. We will not pronounce that Dr. E. in saying that God prompted Pharaoh, by immediate and positive agency, to exercise malice and revenge, has uttered blasphemy [on a subject so mysterious and awful, we dare not be

positive; we had rather shrink from a decision than decide presumptuously] but we will say that he has shocked our feelings; and that even if he have delivered nothing more than the *truth*, such an harsh, unqualified mode of exhibiting it, can hardly, in our opinion, be calculated to do good. At any rate, if it was thought proper and necessary to bring forward the doctrine which Dr. E. has stated, might it not have been done in a less exceptionable manner? We cannot, indeed, enter into the views of those who would *disguise* or *keep back* any truth, when it is ascertained to be such; but we think there is such a thing as *discretion* in the mode of explaining truth.

In delineating the true character of good men (sermon 18 and 19), Dr. E. contends that their want of entire conformity to the divine law, does not consist in the *imperfection*, but in the *inconstancy* of their holy exercises. Though this position is defended with considerable ingenuity and force, we doubt whether it rests on tenable ground. We rather coincide with the great body of practical writers on theology, who consider the scriptures as teaching that the most elevated exercises of holy affection in good men, while on earth, fall short of the divine standard, and are mingled with imperfection. But, be this as it may, Dr. E. has the honour, so far as we recollect, of being rather singular in his opinion on this subject.

After making these free remarks, we cannot conclude without again paying a tribute of respect to the ingenuity and acuteness of Dr. E. He has a bold, independent mode of thinking, and of expressing his opinions, which exceedingly pleases us. His style is simple and forcible; but is seldom elegant, and never adorned. It is probable few will rise from the perusal of this volume

without feeling themselves instructed by it.

If these discourses were to be viewed as a specimen of Dr. E.'s *common* and *popular* pulpit addresses, we should suspect, either that he is oftentimes wholly unintelligible to his auditors, or else that, under his instruction, they have made very uncommon attainments in *metaphysical* skill and acuteness. But, considering many of the discourses before us as designed only to be *read*, and that by students of theology, or the more intelligent classes of christians, they are, perhaps, not liable to exception.

#### ART. XLIII.

*The Claims of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency examined at the Bar of Christianity.* By a Layman. 8vo. pp. 54. Philadelphia. Dickins. 1800.

WE are here presented with a *third pleading*, before the bar of christianity, against the claims of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency of the United States. When *political* are combined with *religious* motives, they tend powerfully to excite the zeal and sharpen the ingenuity of the advocates. The present pleader appears in the *unprofessional* garb of a *layman*; and his mode of conducting his cause differs much, both in argument and illustration, from the two coadjutors who have preceded him in the same cause. He disdains to produce books written by the accused, or witnesses who have heard his declarations, to prove that he is not a christian. He entrenches himself behind the bold assertion that the infidelity, and even *atheism* of Mr. Jefferson are *notorious*, and *believed* by every man who has heard any thing of him, as well as by his warmest friends and most zealous advocates. As there is no

small portion of novelty, ingenuity, and spirit in this branch of the author's argument, we shall quote a few passages; though the web is so closely woven together that the threads cannot be detached without injury to the fabric.

"No one, I believe, has hitherto openly and publicly asserted Mr. Jefferson to be a christian. There are bounds to human audacity, as this silence evinces; but these bounds are set merely by the incredulity of mankind, and by the notoriety of that fact to which our assertion may relate. —There is a poor fellow, in a certain house, who has been heard to say, in a numerous company, with emphatical solemnity, that a few months before Washington's death, that great man was offered, by a committee of the Congress, a crown of gold, and the homage of the United States, as to their hereditary sovereign. If one of the company insinuate any doubt of the truth of this great event, the man immediately replies, that all doubt is absurd, since thousands of men witnessed the transaction, and he, in particular, has reason to be positive, since it was *he* who headed this king-making committee, and actually delivered the crown, with his own hands, to the General.

"But what shall we think of this fellow? He cannot, in an affair like this, intend to deceive us. He cannot suppose that his single testimony will be credited, in opposition, it may be, to our own senses. No, it is plain that he himself is deceived, and that the man is *mad*. Thus should we be obliged to decide, with regard to any one who should publicly affirm that Mr. Jefferson was a christian. In such conduct there would be neither knavery nor folly, but mere insanity.

"And yet the difference, perhaps, is of no moment, between absolute assertions of a fact, and a train of argument tending to disprove the opposite of that fact. What can be the purpose of those who deny the evidence of Mr. Jefferson's opinions drawn from his writings? This and that passage, they tell us, do not prove his disbelief of the scriptures. The only inference which such denials can be intended to suggest, must be, that he *believes in them*.

"Though I dissuade you from choosing Mr. Jefferson your president, I am far more his admirer and reverer than

the men who maintain his cause in this manner. I esteem him so much as to think that he is incapable of avowing opinions which his understanding condemns; that he regards the efforts of his followers with contempt and disapprobation; that he frowns, in secret, upon those who are thus labouring, indirectly, to destroy a belief which the frankness of his conversation and deportment has long ago made notorious.

"To go about quoting books and conversations, to show the creed of such a man, is like furnishing an attested copy, from the records of the British Privy Council, of the proclamation of George the Third, as king of Great-Britain, to prove that such is the name of the British monarch. It is like applying the two hands to a lever made of rye straw, in order to lift an apple to the mouth. One might as well take the trouble to convince a well read man that Moses has been mentioned in the Old Testament, by summoning this or that divine to a court of justice, and making him depose, upon oath, that he had read the name of Moses in the sacred volume.

"Such feeble methods of proving a notorious fact are manifestly unjust to the truth. By producing this evidence, we tacitly acknowledge that this is the best evidence we can produce. We open an unbounded field for cavil and objection, and ten to one but the artful adversary will obtain advantages over us, which only our own inadvertency and folly have furnished him.

"Suppose I want to show the atheistical belief of a man who is too candid to conceal his sentiments, and whose belief is well known to all those who are in habits of conversing with him, and, by their means, to the rest of mankind. It would surely be irrational in me to quote a book, written by him ten years ago, wherein atheism is formally defended; for the objector is always ready with his arguments, to show that this book only manifests the writer's opinion at that time, and that ten years is long enough to witness twenty changes of opinion. Much less wisdom would there be in quoting a book, from whose contents the irreligion of the author is only doubtfully inferable."

"Thus, if, in order to prove a man to have rejected christianity, I quote his works, in which he denies the truth of the Mosaic account of the deluge, the antagonist is ready with his *yets* and *buts*.



'What,' says he, 'may not a man admit the truth of the New Testament, and yet deny his faith in the Old? No matter whether this can be *truly* done or not. Cannot it, in fact, be admitted by the human understanding, and has not, indeed, this very belief distinguished a numerous sect of christians in the early ages; by whom, at once, Christ was admitted as a divine teacher, while Moses was rejected as the agent of a mighty but evil spirit? Are there not many, at this hour, who distinguish between Moses as the leader and law-giver of the Jews, and Moses as the historian of ages preceding his own; and while they admit his claims to inspiration in the former character, deny him any faith in the latter, but as a mere collector of traditions, and copyist of chronicles?'

"Suppose I should infer his disbelief of inspiration from declarations that all mankind could never have descended from a single pair, or that the Americans are older than the Asiatics. Here I may be again assailed by the same distinctions between the historical and legislative character of Moses, between the usual constructions of his history and another, which has had its advocates, and which places Paradise not in the old, but in the new world: between those who regard the Mosaic record as the history of the origin of man, in general, and others who consider it as a deduction of the origin of the Jews only.

"All such inferences, therefore, are in themselves disputable. Much more so is the evidence of particular conversations. He whose interest it is to deny, will never admit the truth of sayings that are only reported as having been received at second hand; through channels, perhaps, or with intervals of time, which make the authenticity questionable, and the turns of which allow of many a deceitful gloss and plausible evasion.

"It is not on such foundations that I believe; that the friends of Mr. Jefferson believe; that all my fellow-citizens, who extend their inquiries beyond their own noses, believe this person to be no christian. The fact, indeed, has the same kind of evidence which informs us that Mr. Jefferson was once a member of the colonial Congress, and has since been ambassador to France. To prove either of these, by quoting documents and pamphlets, would evince a singular perversion of faculties; it would be relinquishing the true ground, and strongest

hold, and voluntarily retreating to a plain of moving sand, and innumerable unseen pitfalls.

"Thus, then, may we return to our original ground. He who is proposed to you as supreme magistrate is no christian. His political maxims, it is true, are erroneous. His selections of measures and agents, in the administration of the government, will be wrong, will injure and disgrace us, will set our safety and happiness in the most imminent hazard; and this alone would make it your duty to reject him. Supposing him devout and steadfast in the true faith, the political errors of his understanding alone would disqualify him for your ruler, and these errors it will be easy to exhibit in their true light. Many persons have ably executed this task, and an able pen will, no doubt, perform it again: but, at present, I omit to dwell upon these objections, because there is one error of the greatest magnitude, and which would alone form, if not in the apprehension of every citizen, yet, at least, in the minds of those whom I am now addressing, the minds of believers in religion, an insuperable objection. The man who is offered to your choice is without that faith which you deem necessary to future happiness, and to the right employment of those powers which heaven has entrusted, for useful purposes, to man. He is in want of that basis of integrity, on which only integrity can rest, and which becomes more necessary; the want of which is more disastrous and deplorable, in proportion to the extent of that authority, and the force of those talents, with which the man is invested."

Though this writer indulges, in some parts of his performance, in rhetorical exaggeration, and seeks to bear down every opposing argument by the torrent of eloquence, or to dazzle and confound by the splendid images of a creative fancy, yet he is not destitute of liberality and candour in stating, in the strongest point of view, what he regards as the *sophistries* of his antagonists. The *impartial* reader will excuse us for extracting what appears to contain the essence and force of all that can be said on the other side of this important question.

"Will he whisper in your ear, 'that, though religion be of use to give the due direction and force to our principles, yet, self-interest, when it chances to impel to the same course of action with virtue and religion, will, of itself, be strong enough to keep us in the safe and honest path. Thomas Jefferson, to be sure, would be less exceptionable if he had religion; but let us overlook his errors, in that respect, for the sake of his political rectitude. He will not meddle with our consciences: he cannot meddle with them. All his power to shake our religious principles, must rest in him as a man. It is by his converse and writings only, that he is a formidable enemy. By raising him to office, we in no respect enlarge his power. He will have nothing to do, as President, with our religious concerns. We have no established church, whose ministers are changed or appointed by him; and of which, therefore, he might rule the destiny, and bid it flourish or decay, by the nomination of men, conniving at, acquiescing in, or favourable to his purposes.

"He will have no power over the funds provided for the support of religious houses, and the encouragement and sustentance of ministers. These, in the strictest sense, are private property, and as sacred from his violating touch, as the purity of our wives or the fastenings of our coffers.

"In no way can any indirect or covert influence be exercised. By what means can he damp the zeal of the apostles of religious truth? It is ridiculous to imagine that he will attempt to bribe our teachers into duplicity, prevarication or neglect: that he will divert the public treasures from the payment of the known agents of the public, its military and civil servants, to the purchase of the consciences of pastors, to hiring their tongues and hands, to betray or counteract the cause of religion.

"Will he give stipends to men who shall wander up and down the land, expounding texts in the *Age of Reason*? Will he erect buildings (churches I cannot call them) in which salaried lectures shall exhort the people to throw off the yoke of priests, and expose to derision the impostures of Moses and Christ?

"Will he endow colleges, and commission professors, for the propagation of deism and anarchy, and employ to these various purposes, the power, the influ-

ence, and the money which he possesses, as President of the United States?

"Will he seduce members of the legislature, and employ them to propose and defend laws subversive of religion and morals, and repay their labours by pensions, and compensate their infamy by offices of trust and profit? What ridiculous bigotry must that be, which can dread these things from Mr. Jefferson? What childish ignorance that which imagines, that even if he had the will, the office of President will invest him with the power to act in this manner.

"To judge of what we may expect from him, only for a moment, consider the past, and reflect upon what he has already done. Where are the eloquent defences of irreligion which he has written? He is no stranger to the pen. It is a tool, of which he was long ago an accomplished master, and he is fully aware of the power which it gives him over the actions and opinions of mankind. Compared with this; with the miracles which writing and printing are able to perform; with the sway which is exercised by authority and rhetoric, engaged in a cause so congenial to the passions and foibles of mankind, the lust of novelty, and the impatience of restraint; the mere weight of office, and the dignity of station, are as nothing. How has he hitherto employed his leisure and retirements? What books has he written, and how often has he endeavoured to seduce us by the fame of past services, and to dazzle us by the lustre of a great reputation?

"Never. Only one performance, of considerable length, has he written. In that, he has allowed the nature of the subject, in a few occasions, to draw him into the avowal of opinions which ingenuity may, indeed, wrest into hostility to religion, but which are, doubtless, capable of constructions favourable to it; and which, at the very worst, are nothing more than brief, circumspect, and ambiguous allusions.

"Had the man been a Vanini, a Voltaire, or a Paine, who employed all the power they possessed, as private persons, to the overthrow of religion, it would be natural to expect, that if raised to a throne, the same use would be made of every imperial prerogative, and that every faculty and sinew would be bent to further that end, in their new capacity, to which all their force had been devoted in a private station.

"But such is not Thomas Jefferson. His time and talents have been directed to the calm pursuits of natural philosophy. He has enriched science by speculations on the topographical and zoological condition of our country. Instead of reviling and traducing what mankind holds sacred, and preaching up new gods or new governments, he has been busy in the classification and analysis of the animate and inanimate worlds; and while his character exhibits many similarities to that of Newton, there is not a hue or a shade which he possesses in common with the mischievous demagogues who have troubled the world with their crude schemes of reformation, and who dream that they have found that lever after which Archimedes sighed in vain, and by which they hope to lift the world to empyrean heights, and to leave far below them every impure and variable element.

"His opinions, indeed, coincide not with popular creeds, but they are void of arrogance and ostentation. He labours not to hide or to publish them. In that respect, he treads the difficult path, equally distant from rashness and cowardice, and exquisitely compounded of deference to others, and respect to himself. He neither seats himself in the chair of the scorner, nor borrows the cloak of the hypocrite. Benevolence and dignity are enshrined in his venerable person. Simplicity and frankness might pass for his other names.

"That he is without religion, I will neither deny nor assert. I will leave it to be determined by those by whom piety is vaunted as the necessary safeguard of moral rectitude. To such I will offer the life of Jefferson; and, while they are compelled to confess that it is free from any odious stain; that in all the social relations, he falls not short of the usual standard of a pure life, I will leave them to decide in one of these ways: either that his example is a refutation of that creed which maintains the necessity of a basis in religion, to the edifice of blameless conduct; or that this man is an exception to a rule, in other cases true; or that, though a nominal or reputed unbeliever, yet there are maxims and habits grounded in religion, which he acknowledges in secret, and an angel that hovers over him, unseen, even by his own eyes.

"One of these conclusions must be drawn. Either of them will serve my

purpose. Either of them will effectually destroy every moral argument against Mr. Jefferson; for since his integrity in the private or public stations he has hitherto filled cannot be impeached, we have nothing to dread from his exaltation to a higher post, where, though his power will be greater, the hedges that will bound his path, and hinder him from wandering into evil, will be proportionably higher and less pervious."

To this reasoning it is replied:

"Such is the *tabbana* which may be employed to deaden your conscience, to lull you into the stupor of indifference, or make you deaf to salutary warnings. Can any thing better than this be said; any topic more specious? More diffuse and more eloquent your familiar may easily be, but these are surely the utmost heights to which a fancy, the most anxious for success, the most enamoured of its theme, can soar.

"And is your ear caught by a strain like this, though seductive? Needs there any foreign aid to strip those fallacies of their glossy coat, and show you the subtlety and venom that lurks beneath?

"Mr. Jefferson, says his advocate, is no profligate, no dissembler, no duty-breaker, no bane to the peace of families, no example or teacher of blasphemy, adultery or theft, and yet—mark, I pray you, the conclusion—he believes not, he professes not religion.

"Religion, I suppose, is, in your eye, sacred, and true, and necessary. And why? Does it not impart force and harmony to morals? Does it not inspire with a just zeal in the cause of human happiness? Does it not make the hands strong and the heart strenuous; and, while it furnishes the only adequate motive, supplies the only certain clue to the great end of individual and national good?

"What are its tendencies? its views? Does it not regard this world merely as the threshold of another? As a region of trials and mists, through which our passage is swift, and in which we are placed, as in a seminary, for the exercise of self-denial, and the acquisition of merits, which entitle us to recompense hereafter? Does it not teach us, not merely that virtue has a sure and liberal reward in another state, that vice will hereafter meet with condign and inevitable punishment—but likewise (that in which all other teachers have failed) does it

not teach us what virtue is, and what is vice?

"Does it not warn us of a state to come, of a God whose eyes are pure, and who is present to our inmost thoughts; whose will is the criterion of truth, and whose decree will regulate our eternal allotment? Does it not teach us that the sole merit consists in preference of a remote to a present good; in referring every action to the eternal and future happiness of others and of ourselves; in submission to the explicit will of a divine Judge; and the modelling of our whole conduct, by the hope of his approbation?

"I will not talk to you of your redeemer. I will not quote the sacred volume to show the necessity of belief in *his* name, to present happiness and usefulness, and to future safety. I address you, indeed, as Christians, but I concern not myself with the forms or tenets which distinguish you from others that call themselves by the same name. These differences weigh nothing in the balance that I hold. I assail you not by arguments forcible or feeble, according as your faith is that of Luther or Calvin, or Barclay or Wesley, but by pleas, to which you are bound to listen, and which your understandings must admit to be irrefragable, in as much as you are *Christians*; have faith in a revealed and written will of your Maker, in the duty of submission to that will, in the distribution of bliss or woe, *hereafter*, according to our acknowledgment or defiance, our neglect or observance of that will.

"As such, then, let me ask you, what it is to deny those truths; to make consciousness and retribution die with the body; to deny a written or revealed will of God; the connection between the stages of being on this side, and beyond death? He who does this, robs virtue of the only ground upon which it can rest—but that is to betray the cause, to palliate iniquity by specious names. To suppose that the spurner at religion and the rebel to God only changes the name and the form of virtue, is false. He abolishes the thing; he annihilates the essence; he rears a Molock whose banquet is blood; he bites an apple fair and enticing, perhaps, to the eye, but found, on proof, to be *bitter after*: he hides the disappointment; he makes himself vender, and trumpets the baneful mass as nutritious and delectable.

"What is that man who denies religion?

What are his merits? Shall we pile up our offerings before him? Shall we praise him as a *true guide*? Shall we invest him with homage, and lift him to power, and place the destinies of mankind in his hands?

"God forbid! Let us not be found thus audaciously rejecting, thus openly belying a sacred principle. Of what avail is it that our lips avow religion, while our actions deny it; that we maintain the necessity of these truths to the welfare of man, present and future, while our conduct absolutely affirms that they are futile and false?

"And will not *this*; will not this signal preference of one who knows not religion, be such a declaration? Where lies the excellence of piety, if it form no title to our favour, no security for right conduct; no claim to be our guardian and counsellor? And where are the evils of impiety, if it form no bar in the road to our confidence and veneration; no disqualification for the possession of authority and influence?

"It is not the man who serves your tea-table with milk, or one who makes your clothes, or who supplies your wants from afar, or who cures the maladies of your children, or educates their minds, of whose merits you are called upon to judge. Even in cases like these, none but the covert unbeliever, the hypocrite, the lukewarm, or the giddy, will deride you for reflecting upon the moral qualities of your neighbour, before you adopt a conduct towards him which evinces your reliance on his probity, or esteem for his wisdom; and for being guided in your judgment of his claims to this respect and this confidence, by his admission or rejection of religious truths.

"There are those, indeed, who will revile you, and, trusting to your thoughtlessness, will call your deliberation by the names of intolerance and bigotry; but hearken not to their revilings—or, rather, while you listen, retort their scorn with pity, and repulse their artful stratagems by simple, but irresistible truths. Call to mind the true nature of piety, and reflect, that if her dictates be sacred, those who receive them are not blind; that they want the only sure compass to guide them on this sea of temptations and passions; that they have not what truly distinguishes and effectually recommends virtue.

"*Virtue!* They have the word, it is true, but the meaning of the term is

their mouths is *vice*. The set of motives and views which they call by that abused name, excludes every sanction, rejects every standard, and denies every attribute which you deem indispensable; which you account not merely an appendage, a corroborative, a thing to be put on or off, an ingredient to be rejected from, or admitted to the mass, without injuring or changing the *essence*. No; you deem that which they reject, the entire and unalterable thing, *virtue*.

"You have no alternative, no middle way; you cannot tend hither or thither, recede, or linger, or advance at pleasure. Either the irreligious are strangers to true virtue; are victims of dire illusions, have no title to reverence and service—or, *Religion is a lie*. If, in your treatment of the most insignificant of your neighbours, you confer esteem, benefit and power, without regard to, or in contempt of these distinctions, what wretches do you make yourselves!

"But the case before you is no trivial consultation on the claims of butchers or taylor, of preceptors or physicians.—You are called upon to manifest the last, the most open and flagrant contempt of every sacred principle, by raising one, without religion, to be the arbiter of the lives, liberties and properties of *five millions of men*! The arbiter I call him, justly call him; not in the sense of royal, or imperial, or despotic; but in the sense which the defects of human society, the extent of our country, and the vices of our countrymen, render necessarily, but dangerously wide.

"I invoke nothing but compassion; succour from Divine mercy, and the aid of human benevolence on the head of the contempters of religion. I ask you not to banish or to persecute; to maltreat or revile those who are so greatly unfortunate. All angry passions, all contumelies, every note of infamy, every instrument of torment, are excluded from the school of true piety. The lessons that are there taught, are succour to all; consolation to all the sons of wretchedness; admonitions to the erring; and such an exhibition of the truth, so lucid and so strenuous, as to win the love, and gain the convictions of the most obdurate and stupid.

"I ask you not to withhold your hands, your counsel, your vindicating voice, whenever the name of Jefferson becomes the sport of slander or his fortune the prey of adversity. Instead of being in-

dignant or callous, unjust or uncompassionate to the outcasts of God, for them are the sublimest efforts of your charity to be exerted; in the cause of their eternal happiness, are you commanded to employ your best energies? Compared with their state, nakedness and famine, obloquy and exile, the pangs of disease, and the reveries of madness, are light; and for them your works of mercy must be more signal, because their calamity is greatest."

To those who consider the election of Mr. Jefferson as likely to produce no influence on the religious character of the people, this writer thus addresses himself:

"You talk of religion!" will be the retort of the reprobate; 'you boast of its power to enable us to resist the temptations that beset human life! It is the one thing needful, you cry, to peace hereafter, and to sober and honest life here: to consideration and power amongst men, it is the only valid passport!

"Look there. Is not Jefferson your first magistrate? Is not Jefferson an unbeliever? Was not Jefferson raised to this sublime station by your voice? Had he gained only the voices of those who disbelieve like him, and with whom, therefore, his disbelief was meritorious, never would he have ascended to this height. By you he was raised; by you, to whom his opinions are notorious.—Could you raise him higher? Is there any office of greater dignity and power in your gift? Were you called upon to show your confidence in the wisdom and integrity of any man, is it possible to afford a stronger proof of it? To create a more conspicuous example, a more widely-seen and long-lasting monument of the *nothingness* of piety; of its remoteness from the judgments, its disconnection with the affairs of mankind; its inefficacy in confirming integrity, in securing reputation, in drawing after it the worship even of yourselves?

"After this will you dare to vaunt of holiness, to dwell with whining accents upon the progress of irreligion in the world, complain of the industry, and deplore the talents of its champions?

"Behold, in your mirrors, in each other the most formidable adversaries of religion. Behold, in your own act, a wound to the cause you pretend to uphold, deeper, more incurable, more ghastly than any that has ever been in-

sisted on it by the rhetoric of atheists, or the sword of persecutors. Hear you not the triumph of the votaries of that rhetoric? Mark you not the concourse of them, issued from their closets, their congratulatory and joyous greetings on an event that illustriously testifies the success of their efforts, while it carries forward their success farther in one day than the confederacy of all their pens had been able to carry it during ages?"

Those who regard the christian religion as essential in our political rulers, and as connected with that great system of morals of which policy and government constitute a part, will find it difficult to deny the general truth of this writer's argument, without exposing themselves to the charge of inconsistency or contradiction. It is not easy to elude so earnest, so ingenious and eloquent an advocate. The reader, however reluctant, is borne along by the force and rapidity of the stream, to the place to which the author intended he should be conducted. He presses his suit with that importunate vehemence which will allow no time for the operation of that spirit of charitable indulgence which makes allowance for the complexity of motives, the uncertainty of evidence, and the fallibility of judgment. A mind strong in its own convictions, and deeply impressed with the magnitude of the cause for which it contends, cannot regulate its march by the timorous and wavering steps of more feeble or irresolute spirits. Yet, while the latter reach not the goal of truth, the former sometimes go beyond it.

The statement of the powers of the president is artfully calculated to alarm the reader, and call his attention to the magnitude of the consequences which may flow from a wrong choice of such a magistrate. But the qualified *veto* in legislation, and peculiar powers given to the executive by the constitution, will surely not authorize the asser-

tion, that "in his hands are lodged the sacred power of making laws, the direction of the national force, and the choice of foreign nations as enemies or friends; and that, consequently, in his hands are the causes of happiness and misery; the disposal of our lives, properties, and persons; and the condition of us and our posterity." This formidable display of the prerogatives and powers of a president, partakes more of the exaggeration of the professed orator, than the accurate delineations of a disinterested inquirer. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that the *concurrence* of the president in the making of laws, is not *absolutely* and indispensably requisite; and that the exercise of his powers is checked and controuled in too many ways to leave him the *arbiter* of our lives and fortunes, happiness and misery.

To a president, or rather *sovereign*, whose single will is to decide the fate of nations, the following remarks may be applied with their full force and effect:

"These private qualities, which his age, his ample fortune, his habitual attachment to study, make it natural that he possesses, are worthy of esteem in any one. In him they are more remarkable, because religion, that finishing and excellence to private virtue, is wanting. Even temperance and affability are not seldom abandoned by him who rejects the guide of religious principle; while others, who have trodden in the footsteps of Cæsar and Cromwell, have likewise been distinguished by their conciliating manners, and their restraint from sensual excesses. The social virtues have shone brightly in him who, in his dealings with mankind at large, and with his country, has been cruel and perfidious; and attachment to the sciences is good or ill, according to the end that is meditated, and is nothing, in an estimate like this, unless it be a fault.

"Science and government are different paths. He that walks in one, becomes, at every step, less qualified to walk with steadfastness or vigour in the other. The most lamentable prelude, the worst pre-

paration possible for a ruler of men, was a life passed like that of Newton.— Would to heaven that the parallel that some choofe to suggest between that divine sage and the sage of Monticello, were complete; and that those disastrous incidents had never occurred, which have made Jefferson the point of union with his party.

“Would he continue to pursue a sequestered tenor, and glean from books the ideas already formed, or investigate the history of the meaner classes of existence with his own eyes, he might gratify himself, without direct injury to others. He might live, little, indeed, to the benefit of mankind, and not at all to the honour of his Maker, but without perpetrating any ample or lasting mischief. *O, bona si sua norit!* O that his friends were aware, that to him the only honourable station is a private one—that mankind would suffer his talents and energies to be harmlessly exhausted in adjusting the bones of a *non-descript* animal, or tracing the pedigree of savage tribes who no longer exist, and forbear to bring them forth into a scene untried—a scene in which his most ardent worshippers may tremble for his magnanimity, and those who hold his opinions in abhorrence may be certain of his failure!

“To act, to speculate, are different functions. Poverty and incapacity to reason are sometimes found in one whose deeds are illustrious and full of design; and who that knows any thing of mankind will build his hopes of a firm and upright use of power on the lucubrations of retirement: on what the man resolves or promises to do before the curtain is lifted; and of what avail are gentleness of manners and harmless reveries, when reputation and life, the curses or blessings of a world, hang upon our decision?

“Then is the call for great sacrifices, the *atrocem animum*, the soul that holds its purposes fast, in spite of blandishments or menaces, of infamy or death; that gives failure and success to the winds, and is prepared to smile whether heaven is propitious to his efforts, or leave nothing to his dying hour but the consciousness of meaning well.”

We have been led to exhibit more of the contents of this pamphlet, and to indulge in our remarks, on account of the singularity and im-

portance of the controversy, and because it is probable that this author is the last who will enter the lists. Though he supposes *volumes* might be written, we are at a loss to conjecture what new proofs or untried arguments can be produced in the cause. To him we readily assign the palm of superior eloquence; nor will we forbear to express the pleasure derived from the display of argumentative skill, of language cogent and correct, of a fancy vigorous and fertile, of brilliant illustrations, and turns of expression striking and happy.

Having heard, with patient attention, the copious discussion of this great politico-theological question, we shall wait, with the anxious solicitude of patriots, for the judgment which is to be pronounced by those *select judges* to whom it belongs to decide; and shall submit to their decision, as that of the people, with the humble resignation of christians.

#### ART. XLIV.

*Letter from Alexander Hamilton, concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams, Esq. President of the United States. 8vo. pp. 54. 4th Edition. New-York. Lang. 1800.*

OF all modes ever devised or practised, for exercising that censorial power which is deemed essential to the preservation of a free government, that of a *free press* is the most formidable and efficacious. It is a power, which, in the hands of genius and virtue, and guided by a sacred regard for truth, becomes irresistible in its effects, and tremendous to the magistrate against whom it is directed. In proportion to the magnitude of this power is the danger of its abuse, and the necessity of that wisdom and dis-

cretion which should preside over and controul its operations.

On few occasions has its exercise been viewed with greater curiosity and interest, by the impartial spectator of public events, than in that of the publication now before us. A man of known discernment and eminent abilities, and an important actor in the great scene of political affairs, has undertaken to arraign a most distinguished leader in the revolution, and the chief magistrate, of the United States, before the bar of the people; and to bring his public conduct, his intellectual and moral character, to a severe scrutiny.

The portrait of such a person, drawn by his cotemporary and coadjutor in the administration of government, will be regarded by the present age, and by future students and historians, as of great value.—While the spirit of political dissension remains alive it will never be viewed in its true light. While the world of readers is divided between his friends and his enemies, the judgment passed upon the painter will be perverted by personal considerations.—To look at the present scene with the same unimpassioned tranquillity as we regard the revolutions of Parthia or China, is, considering the moral structure of man, perhaps, impossible; nor would a frigid indifference to the happiness of those around us have much claim to the approbation of virtue. Yet to pronounce a judgment impartial and just, it is necessary to withdraw from the tumultuous throng of contending parties, beyond the reach of the immediate influence of friends or foes. In doing this, there is danger of shocking the prejudices of both parties, and being reviled and neglected by both. It is with much diffidence, therefore, that we venture to scrutinize the picture before us, and to weigh the credit it deserves as a faithful copy of nature. Its

fidelity can be measured only by our own knowledge of the original, or the genius, knowledge, and impartiality of the artist.

The qualities of this picture afford an object for consideration very different from the motives of the artist in bestowing his talents on the execution of it, or in exhibiting it, *at this time*, to the public view. We may suppose him to be actuated by a laudable regard to the public welfare, which requires that we should do all in our power to enable mankind to form a right judgment of the character of those who are proposed as their governors; and, for this purpose, to employ the means and embrace the opportunity most efficacious to this end. Or, we may imagine him incited by resentment, on account of some real or imagined injury, inflicted by the *pourtrayed* on the *pourtrayer*. Or, in the third place, we may, from a due regard to the ineradicable selfishness of human nature, and its occasional generosity, be allowed to conclude, as is most prudent to do in *all* cases, and as, from the representations of the artist himself, we are obliged to do in *this* case, that the motives of the man were complicated; that personal resentment has had a considerable share in guiding and invigorating the pencil, but that he has likewise designed the benefit of his country.

The great outlines and favourable touches in this portrait are patriotism and integrity, and talents of a certain kind; high claims upon the public gratitude, a *substantial worth of character* atoning for great defects.—The objectionable parts are, a sublimated and eccentric imagination; unsoundness of judgment; want of perseverance; a boundless vanity; extreme egotism; impatience of inferiority even to Washington; disgusting arrogance; distempered jealousy; ungovernable indiscretion; indecent



irascibility; absolute unfitness for the post of chief magistrate.

To justify the laying on of these colours a view is taken of the conduct of Mr. Adams, previous and subsequent to his elevation to the office of president. His conduct, as negociator at the close of the revolution, obtains an ambiguous approbation. He is praised, not as the world in general has approved of him, as a principal or leader, but merely as cordially co-operating with, or seconding the efforts of, another.

A quotation of a journal, kept by Mr. Adams while in Paris, is then introduced; from which it is inferred, that the journalist has a puerile degree of vanity. The propriety of this quotation, and the soundness of the inference drawn from it, is liable to some doubt. An air of contempt is assumed by Mr. H. by no means suitable to the occasion. Instead of a common ceremonial, in performing which there is no merit, though there would be incivility in omitting it, the writer skillfully exhibits the ambassador's behaviour in a light as if it were awkward and impertinent; and what was probably nothing more than the current coin of French politeness, is unwarrantably represented as a sarcasm.

We cannot be much pleased with this quotation, nor with the stress that is laid, throughout this performance, on symptoms of a foible the most common, the most harmless, and more frequently associated with estimable qualities than any other. Every man has vanity, and the difference, as to merit, between vain men, lies in the degree and the objects of their vanity. He who seeks the praise of knowledge and skill is surely far less culpable than he who derives pleasure from the imputation of qualities, which, though they argue a certain degree of dexterity and address, are yet,

in a moral view, in a high degree, despicable and pernicious.

Candour will always balance defects against excellences; and will scarcely suffer its veneration for talents and worth to be impaired by proofs of undue dependance on the approbation of others. These it will regard with sincere regret, and take pleasure in remarking, that though the thirst of praise is displayed in an inordinate degree, yet the judgment, as to what is praiseworthy, is perfectly correct.

It is true, that the importance of certain qualities depends, in a great degree, on the light in which the character is viewed; whether as acting in the narrow limits of private and domestic life, or in the elevated station of a magistrate and ruler, on the wisdom of whose conduct often depends the tranquillity and happiness of millions.—A foible which, in the one case, may be innocent, or only render its possessor less worthy of admiration, may, in the other, if predominant, mislead the actor himself, or be managed, by the artful and designing, to turn him aside from the path of wisdom, to aid some sinister and mischievous purpose.

The writer proceeds to support the charge of vanity by various instances. He acknowledges, however, that Mr. Adams's conduct as Vice-President was *satisfactory*; and that his concurrence with him, in the management of the sinking fund, "won from him an unfeigned return of amicable sentiments."

After some remarks upon the transactions which terminated in the election of Mr. Adams as Vice-President, a well known letter to Tench Coxe is made the subject of an ample commentary. No one will withhold his tribute of admiration from the ingenuity and skill, at least, of the commentator. This letter is supposed to evince an inordinate jealousy, stimulated by ill-

will, "and blind to the most obvious consequences." It is, indeed, mentioned as a proof of something more, for he goes on to ask :

"How will Mr. Adams answer to the government and to his country, for having thus wantonly given the sanction of his opinion to the worst of the aspersions which the enemies of the administration have impudently thrown upon it? Can we be surprised that such a torrent of slander was poured out against it, when a man, the second in official rank, the second in the favour of the friends of the government, stooped to become himself one of its calumniators? It is peculiarly unlucky for Mr. Adams, in this affair, that he is known to have desired, at the time, the appointment which was given to Mr. Pinckney."

The writer seems to have forgotten that this wanton calumny, this furtherance of the schemes of an hostile party, was a confidential letter to a *co-partizan*, and published directly against the will of the writer; and has, at least, been endeavoured to be explained away.

The conduct of the President in his negotiation with France is next examined. Amidst abundance of censure, expressed or insinuated, of the President in these negotiations, the following strains of approbation unexpectedly occur :

"The expediency of the step was suggested to Mr. Adams, through a federal channel, a considerable time before he determined to take it. He hesitated whether it could be done, after the rejection of Genl. Pinckney, without national debasement. The doubt was an honourable one: it was afterwards very properly surrendered to the cogent reasons which pleaded for a further experiment.

"Without imitating the flatterers of Mr. Adams, who, in derogation from the intrinsic force of circumstances, and from the magnanimity of the nation, ascribe to him the whole merits of producing the spirit which appeared in the community, it shall, with cheerfulness, be acknowledged, that he took, upon the occasion, a manly and courageous lead—that he did all in his power to

rouse the pride of the nation—to inspire it with a just sense of the injuries and outrages which it had experienced, and to dispose it to a firm and magnanimous resistance—and that his efforts contributed materially to the end."

The second mission is then mentioned with the strongest marks of disapprobation. "It was wrong," says he, "in mode and substance." This is a question on one side of which Mr. H. has reasoned plausibly and forcibly; but, no doubt, much may likewise be plausibly said in opposition. At least those who regard success as the grand criterion in state affairs, will consider all argumentation as superfluous while the event is unknown, which, in a very short time, will give or withhold the only proof of political wisdom, on which they will place their confidence. Of the versatility of Mr. Adams's conduct on this occasion Mr. H. gives this proof.

"The session which ensued the promulgation of the dispatches of our commissioners was about to commence. Mr. Adams arrived at Philadelphia from his seat at Quincy. The tone of his mind seemed to have been raised rather than depressed.

"It was suggested to him, that it might be expedient to insert, in his speech to Congress, a sentiment of this import: That after the repeatedly rejected advances of this country, its dignity required that it should be left with France, in future, to make the first overture; that if, desirous of reconciliation, she should evince the disposition by sending a minister to this government, he would be received with the respect due to his character, and treated with in the frankness of a sincere desire of accommodation.

"The suggestion was received in a manner both indignant and intemperate.

"Mr. Adams declared, as a sentiment, which he had adopted on mature reflection, 'That if France should send a minister to-morrow, he would order him back the day after.'

"So imprudent an idea was easily refuted. Little argument was requisite to show, that by a similar system of retaliation, when one government, in a parti-

cular instance, had refused the envoy of another, nations might entail upon each other perpetual hostility—mutually barring the avenues of explanation.

"In less than forty-eight hours from this extraordinary fall, the mind of Mr. Adams underwent a total revolution. He resolved not only to insert in his speech the sentiment which had been proposed to him, but to go farther, and to declare, that if France would give explicit assurances of receiving a minister from this country, with due respect, he would send one."

The following remarks, upon the duty of a supreme magistrate, are admirable, "both in mode and substance;" and the reasoning appears to us satisfactory and conclusive:

"A President is not bound to conform to the advice of his ministers. He is even under no positive injunction to ask or require it. But the constitution presumes that he will consult them; and the genius of our government and the public good recommend the practice.

"As the President nominates his ministers, and may displace them when he pleases, it must be his own fault if he be not surrounded by men, who for ability and integrity deserve his confidence. And if his ministers are of this character, the consulting of them will always be likely to be useful to himself and to the State. Let it even be supposed that he is a man of talents superior to the collected talents of all his ministers (which can seldom happen, as the world has seen but few Fredericks), he may, nevertheless, often assist his judgment by a comparison and collision of ideas. The greatest genius, hurried away by the rapidity of its own conceptions, will occasionally overlook obstacles which ordinary and more phlegmatic men will discover, and which, when presented to his consideration, will be thought by himself decisive objections to his plans.

"When, unhappily, an ordinary man dreams himself to be a Frederick, and, through vanity, refrains from counselling with his constitutional advisers, he is very apt to fall into the hands of miserable intriguers, with whom his self-love is more at ease, and who, without diffi-

culty, slide into his confidence, and, by flattery, govern him.

"The ablest men may profit by advice. Inferior men cannot dispense with it; and if they do not get it through legitimate channels, it will find its way to them through such as are clandestine and impure.

"Very different from the practice of Mr. Adams was that of the modest and sage Washington. He consulted much, pondered much, resolved slowly, resolved surely.

"And, as surely, Mr. Adams might have benefited by the advice of his ministers.

"The stately system of not consulting ministers is likely to have a further disadvantage. It will tend to exclude from places of primary trust the men most fit to occupy them.

"Few and feeble are the interested inducements to accept a place in our administration. Far from being lucrative, there is not one which will not involve pecuniary sacrifice to every honest man of pre-eminent talents. And has not experience shown, that he must be fortunate indeed, if even the successful execution of his task can secure to him consideration and fame? Of a large harvest of obloquy he is sure.

"If excluded from the counsels of the executive chief, his office must become truly insignificant. What amiable and virtuous man will long consent to be so miserable a pageant?

"Every thing that tends to banish from the administration able men, tends to diminish the chances of able counsels. The probable operation of a system of this kind must be to consign places of the highest trust to incapable honest men, whose inducement will be a livelihood—or to capable dishonest men, who will seek indirect indefinable inducements."

New proofs are next exhibited of jealousy, vanity, and irascibility; and an attempt is successfully made to vindicate himself from the charge of any selfish or sordid preference of the interests of Great-Britain.

"I never advised any connection\* with Great-Britain other than a commercial

\* "I mean a lasting connection. From what I recollect of the train of my ideas, it is possible I may at some time have suggested a temporary connection, for the pur-

the; and, in this, I never advocated the giving to her any privilege or advantage which was not to be imparted to other nations. With regard to her pretensions as a belligerent power in relation to neutrals, my opinions, while in the administration, to the best of my recollection, coincided with those of Mr. Jefferson. When, in the year 1793, her depredations on our commerce discovered a hostile spirit, I recommended one definitive effort to terminate differences by negotiation, to be followed, if unsuccessful, by a declaration of war. I urged, in the most earnest manner, the friends of the administration in both houses of Congress, to prepare, by sea and land, for the alternative, to the utmost extent of our resources; and to an extent far exceeding what any member of either party was found willing to go. For this alternative, I became so firmly pledged to the friends and enemies of the administration, and especially to the President of the United States, in writing as well as verbally, that I could not afterwards have retracted without a glaring and disgraceful inconsistency: and, being thus pledged, I explicitly gave it as my opinion to Mr. Jay, envoy to Great-Britain, that "*unless an adjustment of the differences with her could be effected on solid terms, it would be better to do nothing.*" When the treaty arrived, it was not without full deliberation, and some hesitation, that I resolved to support it. The articles relative to the settlement of differences, were, upon the whole, satisfactory; but there were a few of the others which appeared to me of a different character. The article respecting contraband, though conformable with the general law of nations, was not in all its features such as could have been wished. The 25th article, which gave asylum, in our ports, under certain exceptions, to privateers with their prizes, was in itself an ineligible one, being of a nature to excite the discontent of nations against whom it should operate, and deriving its justification from the example before set of an equivalent stipulation in our treaty with France. The 12th article was in my view inadmissible. The enlightened negotiator, not unconscious that some parts of the treaty were less well arranged than was to be desired, had himself

hesitated to sign: but he had resigned his scruples to the conviction that nothing better could be effected; and that, aggregatedly considered, the instrument would be advantageous to the United States. On my part, the result of mature reflection was, that as the subjects of controversy which had threatened the peace of the two nations, and which implicated great interests of this country, were, in the essential points, well adjusted; and as the other articles would expire in twelve years after the ratification of the treaty, it would be wise and right to confirm the compact, with the exception of the 12th article. Nevertheless, when an account was received that the British cruizers had seized provisions going to ports of the French dominions, not in fact blockaded or besieged, I advised the President to ratify the treaty conditionally only, that is, with express instructions not to exchange ratifications, unless the British government would disavow a construction of the instrument authorizing the practice, and would discontinue it.

"After the rejection of Mr. Pinckney by the government of France, immediately after the installment of Mr. Adams as President, and long before the measure was taken, I urged a member of Congress, then high in the confidence of the President, to propose to him the immediate appointment of three Commissioners, of whom Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison to be one, to make another attempt to negotiate. And when afterwards Commissioners were appointed, I expressly gave it as my opinion, that indemnification for spoliation should not be a *sine qua non* of accommodation. In fine, I have been disposed to go greater lengths to avoid a rupture with France than with Great-Britain; to make greater sacrifices for reconciliation with the former than with the latter.

"In making this avowal, I owe it to my own character to say, that the disposition I have confessed did not proceed from predilection for France (revolutionary France, after her early beginnings, has been always to me an object of horror), nor from the supposition that more was to be feared from France, as an enemy, than from Great-Britain (I thought that the maritime power of

pose of co-operating against France, in the event of a definitive rupture; but of this I am not certain, as I well remember that the expediency of the measure was always problematical in my mind, and that I have occasionally discouraged it."

the latter could do us most mischief), but from the persuasion, that the sentiments and prejudices of our country would render war with France a more unmanageable business than war with Great-Britain.

"Let any fair man pronounce, whether the circumstances which have been disclosed bespeak the partizan of Great-Britain, or the man exclusively devoted to the interests of this country. Let any delicate man decide, whether it must not be shocking to an ingenious mind, to have to combat a slander so vile, after having sacrificed the interests of his family, and devoted the best part of his life to the service of that country, in counsel and in the field."

After this the following recapitulation appears:

"The statement which has been made, shows that Mr. Adams has committed some positive and serious errors of administration; that, in addition to these, he has certain fixed points of character, which tend naturally to the detriment of any cause of which he is the chief, of any administration of which he is the head; that, by his ill humours and jealousies, he has already divided and distracted the supporters of the government; that he has furnished deadly weapons to its enemies, by unfounded accusations, and has weakened the force of its friends, by decrying some of the most influential of them to the utmost of his power; and let it be added, as the necessary effect of such conduct, that he has made great progress in undermining the ground which was gained for the government by his predecessor, and that there is real cause to apprehend it might totter, if not fall, under his future auspices. A new government, constructed on free principles, is always weak, and must stand in need of the props of a firm and good administration, till time shall have rendered its authority venerable, and fortified it by habits of obedience.

"Yet, with this opinion of Mr. Adams, I have finally resolved not to advise the withholding from him a single vote. The body of federalists, for want of sufficient knowledge of facts, are not convinced of the expediency of relinquishing him."

The conclusion of this performance is the least satisfactory part of it. It is, indeed, in style and sentiment, perplexed and obscure.

The only and declared tendency of this performance is to prove Mr. Adams's unfitness for the office of President; and to show, that the government is "likely to totter, if not to fall, under his future auspices." Yet we are told of "the extreme reluctance he feels to refrain from a *decided opposition*." He tells us, that this work is written "to promote the co-operation of the electors in favour of Mr. Pinckney, and to defend his own character."

"Accordingly, it will be my endeavour to regulate the communication of it in such a manner as will not be likely to deprive Mr. Adams of a single vote. Indeed, it is much my wish that its circulation could forever be confined within narrow limits. I am sensible of the inconveniences of giving publicity to a similar development of the character of the chief magistrate of our country; and I lament the necessity of taking a step which will involve that result. Yet to suppress truths, the disclosure of which is so interesting to the public welfare, as well as to the vindication of my friends and myself, did not appear to me justifiable."

The necessity which is thus explored is, perhaps, ideal; and to conceal for a month longer truths, the communication of which, when made, is "designed to be so regulated as not to take away a vote from Adams," it was no hard matter to justify. It is not easy to conceive how the public good required the consecration of our choice to the man, whose portrait is thus odious and contemptible.

We eagerly relinquish the political consideration of this pamphlet, and hasten to view it in the less doubtful, and more inoffensive, light of a literary composition.—The supereminent abilities of Mr. H. as an advocate and an orator, and his high and established reputation as a political writer, renders a critical examination of his style more proper and more useful, as

he cannot fail to have many admirers and imitators, and to be regarded as

—“The mark, and glass, and book,  
That fashions others.”

The present performance may be considered as a fair specimen of his powers as a writer; and as containing striking examples of the good as well as bad qualities of his composition.

Many passages display strong views and luminous conceptions; but the style is not always equal to the sentiment. Terms are often selected with too little discrimination, and with an apparent haste that occasions the needless multiplication of words. Sentences may be found prolix and circuitous, and destitute of that *precision* which is the result of an intimate knowledge of the properties and powers of the English language. We shall select a few terms and phrases which will be allowed as offending against purity, elegance, or perspicuity: such as “*disparage the motives*; to *advocate* the equal support; *derogatory aspects*; a description of persons; the prominent feature of an accusation; with reference to; to retrospect; bring home suggestions; sublimated imagination; egotism of temper; fortuitous emanations of momentary impulses; the import of a sentiment; the mitigated form of a measure; meet an extremity.” Many of these and such like phrases may plead the authority of forensic usage in their favour, but will be avoided by a correct writer.

We could proceed to explain, by examples, the nature of our objection to that verboseness or redundancy of terms, arising, not from luxuriance, but negligence; or from that dearth of a choice collection of words which seeks to supply the place of one aptly significant by many that are vague; but we fear that we may be regarded over curi-

ous in this respect. Yet such a minute and critical examination would not be deemed, by those who have a taste for fine writing, as unprofitable; nor be viewed, even by the author himself, with displeasure. It would only prove that Mr. H.’s taste in composition is not perfectly refined and correct. The exhibition of faults which proceed, in some degree, from the forensic habits of the writer, might not lessen our opinion of his general merit, nor our esteem for the ingenuity, sagacity, and extensive knowledge which he has displayed: Still those qualities would have appeared to more advantage if the purity and energy of the style had always kept pace with the vigour of the sentiment. But our readers will think we detain them too long by such remarks. Two letters, addressed by Mr. H. to Mr. Adams, the 1st of August and the 1st of October, concerning some charges of a personal nature, noticed in the preceding letter, are subjoined. The silence of Mr. Adams, in respect to them, was, probably, a principal cause of the present publication.

#### ART. XLV.

*Recherches sur la Medecine, ou l’Application de la Chimie a la Medecine. Par François Blanchet. 8vo. pp. 246. New-York. Parisot. 1800.*

MODERN discoveries in chemistry have gone so far in bringing us acquainted with the elements of organic substances, as to inspire confidence in many of great practical improvements in the knowledge of the nature of vegetables and animals. Much has already been done in pursuance of this object. Medical science, ever watchful of occasions to extend its boundaries, has been among the

first to seize this new mode of research. Hence it has become the reigning fashion of physicians to conduct their investigations under the guidance of chemical principles, and to consider the animal system as a complicated laboratory, where affinities are incessantly at work, and where various elements are in a perpetual flux of combination and decomposition.

Under the influence of this prevailing passion for the illustration of medical principles by the aid of chemistry, Mr. Blanchet undertakes the present work. The two great agents which he finds principally employed in administering the functions and accomplishing the changes, whether morbid or salutary, that take place in the animal system, are caloric and oxygen. The operations assigned to them are numerous and various; they are pursued through minute details; and the results lead to conclusions of great importance in the consideration of the animal economy.

The work is divided into twelve chapters, which we shall cursorily examine in order.

In the first chapter, Mr. B. considers the general effects of oxygen and caloric in the animal system. For the purpose of elucidating the subject, he briefly considers, in the first section, the composition of animal matter, as discovered by chemical analysis; and then proceeds to treat of the agency of oxygen and caloric in producing the decay and death of animal beings. The second section explains the manner in which these all-important agents, by a different mode of operation, excite the phenomena of life.

The second chapter treats of insensible perspiration. The formation of this excretion is attributed to the action of caloric in effecting a chemical union between oxygen and hydrogen. In a similar man-

ner he accounts for the production of urine, the liquid matter of diarrhoea, of the other secreted fluids, and especially of the *semen masculinum*. To the remarkable concentration of oxygen and caloric in the latter he ascribes its animating powers exhibited in the development of the embryo. Inflammation, both local and general, he supposes to be caused by the accumulation and retention of oxygen and caloric in the system, in consequence of obstructed excretions. And hence is explained the usefulness of free perspiration in the treatment of such diseases.

The constitution of acids forms the subject of the third chapter. Mr. B. asserts that acids are composed, not only of certain radicals combined with oxygen, according to the generally received opinion, but that they likewise contain a large portion of fixed caloric. To this combination of caloric with the other elementary ingredients of acids he ascribes their active and caustic properties; and he supposes these properties to exist in a greater or less degree in proportion to the facility or difficulty with which the oxygen and caloric are detached from one another.

In the fourth chapter Mr. B. delivers his theory of the constitution of the virulent principle in poisons. He believes that they owe their deleterious power to the condensation of a great quantity of caloric. In illustration of this opinion, he takes a view of the phenomena resulting from the application of cantharides to the skin, from the bite of the viper and other serpents, from the effects of opium, stramonium, cicuta, digitalis, arsenic, lime, and ardent liquors, from the canine poison, that of syphilis, small-pox, &c.

Electricity engages the attention of our author in the fifth chapter. He attributes the fatal effects of

lightning, strokes of the sun, and of excessive heat operating in many other modes, to a sudden decomposition of the animal system, in which, through the intervention of caloric, oxygen and azote become chemically united, and form nitric acid. In its salutary operation, electricity augments and accelerates the discharge of perspirable matter, and affords such a quantity of caloric as safely and gently stimulates the system.

In the sixth chapter Mr. B. treats of the operation of cold upon the living body. The morbid effects of cold he supposes to arise from its application to the surface of the body causing an excessive accumulation of caloric in the internal parts, and thereby producing inflammatory diseases.

In the seventh chapter Mr. B. explains the menstrual flux, by ascribing it to a surcharge of caloric and oxygen in the blood, whose influences are more particularly directed to the uterine system.

Chapter eighth is intended to prove that sleep is the effect of the accumulation of caloric in the body; and that its nightly recurrence is the result of that accumulation produced by the various exercises and exertions of the body during the day.

In chapters ninth and tenth Mr. B. contends that cathartic and emetic remedies produce their respective effects by forming, in consequence of the caloric and oxygen they contain, certain combinations which are unfit to remain in the system, or to be digested, absorbed, and assimilated to an animal nature, and therefore are necessarily expelled.

In the eleventh chapter he describes the chemical influence of comets, volcanoes, lightning, &c. on atmospheric air in producing noxious combinations of its elements.

The twelfth chapter is occupied in delivering his opinions on the subject of light.

Our limits do not allow us to discuss these several opinions, nor to state the difficulties and objections which will arise in the minds of all such as accurately consider the subject. We believe, however, that the ingenious author has the merit of having entered upon the path which must finally conduct medical inquirers to the attainment of much important truth. It is not easy, in the present state of knowledge, to trace the boundaries beyond which the inquisitiveness and enterprise of science ought not to pass. It may be said, indeed, that the principle of vitality is not a proper subject of chemical examination, and that even the most adventurous attempts in analysis must always fall short of this point. It is to be feared there is too much solidity in this objection, and that human efforts (however mortifying the conclusion) will be exercised in vain to solve this mystery. But there is no point-blank-shot in aiming at mental objects, more than in the course and direction of a projectile. It is necessary, on some occasions, to elevate our views above the proper point, in order to multiply the chances of reaching it.

Dr. Beddoes declares, that "till advances are made in *chemical physiology*, medical science must remain a chimera." For ourselves, we believe there is a vast *terra incognita* in physiology, pathology, and therapeutics, which must ever remain inaccessible but to the chemical discoverer. This fair and fertile region constitutes the medical *land of promise*, inviting attention by the splendour of its scenery, and alluring our hopes by the profusion of its riches. To us, perhaps, it will not be permitted to go over and possess the land; but we entertain no doubts of that blessing being enjoyed by a more sagacious, inquisitive, and fortunate posterity.



## ART. XLVI.

*The Valedictory Lecture delivered before the Philosophical Society of Delaware. By Dr. John Vaughan, Member of said Society, &c. 12mo. pp. 36. Wilmington. Wilson. 1800.*

ABOUT a year ago, a literary and scientific association took place in the State of Delaware, under the name of "THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF DELAWARE." Soon after its establishment, the society, conceiving that it would aid their design, which was to disseminate useful knowledge, determined to exhibit "a series of lectures and experiments on electricity, pneumatics, and chemistry." Dr. VAUGHAN, a very respectable physician, of Wilmington, in that State, was appointed lecturer: and, of the course which he delivered, the pamphlet before us is the concluding lecture.

We are pleased to see the means of information on the various subjects discussed in this lecture, becoming so popular and common in the United States. We are still more pleased to be able to infer, from several hints given by Dr. V. in the course of the present address, that the plan of instruction in which he engaged was so well received, that it was attended with avidity, and with great apparent interest, by large numbers of both sexes; and that the ladies, in a remarkable manner, distinguished themselves by their zealous and intelligent devotedness to the opportunity which was offered them of acquiring knowledge. Indeed, Dr. V. had so high an opinion of this part of his audience, that he chose to dedicate his publication "To the Female Inquirers of Wilmington."

The design of Dr. V. in this valedictory lecture, he tells us, was to take a cursory review of the sub-

jects he had discussed; to enumerate their principal characters; to recapitulate a few of the general conclusions; to repeat some of the most interesting experiments; and then bid his audience a grateful farewell.

In pursuance of this plan, the lecturer, in the performance before us, touches on a great variety of subjects, in a rapid and summary way. He abounds in agreeable flights of fancy, in rhetorical flourishes, sometimes respectable in their kind, in allusions to various departments of science, in literary anecdotes, and in pleasant compliments, especially to his fair auditors. If his mode of treating some subjects discovers the superficiality of a young man, it also indicates that ardent zeal for the acquisition and communication of knowledge, which becomes youth, and which promises much greater things in future.

Dr. V. thinks more respectfully of the efficacy of *Perkins's metallic trajectors* than we believe he ought. At an early period he took an active part in the defence of this far-famed discovery; and he still adheres to his first opinion. We suspect a little more attention to the subject will induce him to do as many others have done, to renounce his first impressions, and acknowledge himself to have been in an error.

From the style of this performance, we should infer that the writer is not much versed in the art of composition. He displays good sense and considerable information; but his offences against a just taste are numerous. The introductory sentences of the lecture especially deserve this character. We conclude by presenting the reader with the following paragraphs, in which Dr. V. took leave of his audience, and which will furnish a specimen of his manner;

"I have now, my fellow-citizens, arrived at the termination of my office as a lecturer, and my last audit before your impartial tribunal. When I made my debut before you, I earnestly solicited your indulgence, and promised that no exertion should be wanting, on my part, to render our lectures as instructive and entertaining as the nature of the circumstances would admit. How far I have fulfilled this engagement you must now determine. I, however, hope—nay, am authorised to believe—that your decision will be characterised by that liberality which has governed you on previous occasions. You have uniformly done justice to the social character, in your conduct towards us. You have justly estimated the casual failure of some of our electrical experiments, from unfavourable states of the atmosphere; and your attention has been no less flattering to us than commendable on your part.

"I believe we may claim the priority, in America at least, of succeeding, in our associate capacity, to combine experimental philosophy with ordinary avocations, and render it subservient to the common purposes of life. Hitherto, the study of those sciences which interest every individual in the family of mankind, have been principally confined to professional men; and, in fact, to a part of them. It has even been said, that chemistry was not a necessary branch of knowledge to a country physician—a strange delusion indeed! But this veil, which proceeded from the manufactory of ignorance and prejudice, is nearly worn out; the illusion is giving place to the dictates of reason, and this beautiful and useful branch of science becoming a common-place subject of inquiry and amusement.

"It is truly a source of melancholy reflection, that the greater part of mankind have, for near six thousand years, been negligent spectators of the many sublime, but simple processes, which are daily performing before their eyes, in the public laboratory of nature.

"Amaz'd, they saw the hail and rain descend,

"In casual splendour, on the parched earth;

"*Miasma*, soaring on the compound wind;

"Alike the offspring of mysterious birth!

But we, their sons, an analytic race,

"To Nature's labyrinth have found a clue;

"By *chemic light* the mystic maze we trace,  
"And from effects the distant cause pursue.

"The path of analytical investigation being once discovered, is it not the duty of every man who has the use of his senses, to explore the road to convenience and rational amusement? Would it not be more rational for our matrons to inform themselves, so as to be able to instruct their children in the more easy walks of science, than be leading them to play-houses and puppet-shows? Yes; you, my female auditors, are prepared to reply in the affirmative. And your praise-worthy example demands imitation from the rest of your sex, of all nations, kindreds and tongues. You have conquered the arbiter, Custom. The zeal you have evinced in the pursuit of useful knowledge—your industry to surmount the technical barriers which the pride and selfishness of man have raised in the road to science—your resolve to wage defensive war with the elements, if they proved turbulent, are evidences of your love of scientific pursuits.

"Permit me to dissent, as on a former occasion, from those metaphysical hermits who think the female sex inferior in mental qualifications. This controverted question may be determined by the simple relation—that the best nomenclaturist in this assembly is a female. But we need not spend much time in proving a self-evident position. Though the mental faculties of females are seldom cultivated, in comparison with those of the male sex, we are not authorized to infer that they are deficient in capacity. They frequently evince a fertility of imagination, which few, if any, men excel; and their nicer feelings, more refined sentiments, and frequent exercise of the benevolent virtues, justly entitle them to a pre-eminence in social life.

"It is civilization alone," says the philosophic Jefferson, 'which replaces women in the enjoyment of their natural equality.' And history informs us, that, among barbarous nations, the women perform the more slavish acts of life; and, even in civilized countries, they are but a superior order of servants. If a woman be tolerably well versed in domestic economy, she obtains the reputation of a good house-wife, which is the summit of female honour. But how different would she appear, and how much more agreeable a companion would

she be to a sensible man, if she were but skilled in those branches of science which concern the convenience and happiness of life? She would also be enabled to instruct her children to advantage, and lay the foundation of useful acquirements in knowledge.

"The human mind has been compared to a blank sheet of paper, on which the guardian, or instructor, might imprint his own characters; and the first moulding of the infant mind falls so naturally to the [female] sex, that the voice of nature invokes them to be prepared for the pleasing task. But audacious Prejudice has interposed himself, and the affectionate mother is led astray by amusements; and, with an air of self-consequence, she commits the instruction of her children to a brutal, and, perhaps, illiterate master, who is better qualified to wield a grubbing-hoe than mould the tender minds of youths, and the evils which result are torturing to the feelings of an affectionate parent, and, possibly, irremediable. How different would our youths appear, if their mothers were their teachers? They would learn to obey from motives of filial affection. They would arise, step by step, to the attainment of useful knowledge, without becoming the slaves of scholastic vices, or being metamorphosed into automatons.

"The female part of youth, who now sacrifice fifteen or twenty years in tea-table chat, or the perusal of novels, would become the real ornaments of the age, and the splendid subjects of emulation. The manners of the male sex would be necessarily softened and improved, and civilization deserve a name in society. Though we, at present, boast of having disclaimed the rude manners and vices of our fore-fathers, we have improved on their follies, and invented hundreds of new ones. It is a fact, which no candid person can deny, that *sincerity* is nearly banished from *high life*. The gentleman or the lady is a mere weather-vane, which changes with the current of the company; and the common-place topics of conversation are frivolities, in themselves contemptible. O tempora! O mores! may future historians exclaim, what polished rudeness and ignorance existed in the eighteenth century! And it is to female education we must look for a reformation. But reformations in manners and education are tedious, and as difficult as innovations in mechanism. We, however, may lay

a foundation for our children to build upon; and if we have any pretensions to posthumous fame, we must be diligent in combating the prejudices against female education. The only motive which could induce me to wish to live through the next age, is the pleasure of beholding female genius in its real colours, expanded by a liberal education.

"There are some species of mechanic arts not incompatible with female habits. Madame Lavoisier is said to have engraved the figures for her husband's last work, and to have assisted him in his philosophic labours—an example worthy of imitation.

"The great science of political economy is improperly monopolized by the male sex; but, if females are excluded from the senate and the bar, they may superintend home manufactures; which would comfort the indigent, and restrain the profligate from lavishing their wealth in foreign gewgaws. It is of the first importance to the females of America, to preclude the introduction of despotic manners and fashions if possible. Every avenue to imitation should be closed with iron gates, and the rising generation taught to pride themselves in American manufacture. If this were accomplished, our women would become ostensible characters, and be freed from the domination of prejudice.

"With the most ardent wishes for the mental emancipation of the sex, I must bid you a passing farewell, requesting you to accept my most grateful acknowledgments for your respectful attentions.

"To you, my fellow members of the Philosophical Society, I make my last appeal; into your hands I resign my commission as Lecturer. You must recollect the feelings with which I accepted this office—you now know the manner in which I have executed it; and it would afford me much satisfaction if I should ultimately receive your approbation.

"When you flattered me with the appointment of Lecturer, you generously became responsible for my conduct. It was you, not me, that officially lectured; and I feel, most sensibly, the favours you bestowed—I return, with gratitude, the honours you conferred.

"And to you, my fellow-members—to you, my fellow-citizens in general—and to you, my female auditors in particular, I bid a grateful and affectionate adieu."

## ART. XLVII.

*An Essay upon the eleventh Chapter of the Revelation of St. John, in which is shown that the words "And in the same hour was there a great Earthquake, and the tenth part of the City fell, and in the Earthquake were slain of Men seven thousand," relate to Jerusalem, and not to Rome or France. By Charles Crawford, Esq. 8vo. pp. 74. Philadelphia: Dickens. 1800.*

MR. Crawford imagines that a very ill use has been made of the book of "The Revelations," by the adherents of democracy, and that he will deserve well of the world who shall point out the errors of their interpretation. This chapter, particularly, has been tortured into an indirect vindication of the revolutionary system. "It cannot be doubted," says the author, "that the interpretation which some have put upon the verse mentioned in the title-page, has contributed to encourage that pernicious spirit of democracy which has threatened to loose the bonds of society, and involve the world in wickedness and misery." Dr. Towers, in a work called "Illustrations of Prophecy," and the editor of a pamphlet entitled "Prophetic Conjectures on the French Revolution," are the persons whom Mr. C. particularly undertakes to refute.

This chapter is generally supposed to contain an obscure and figurative allusion to subsequent events. The curiosity of mankind has naturally been eager to draw forth the true meaning of the prophet; to discover, in the past history of the world, the events referred to by the prophecy; and, with still more eagerness, to guess at the events that are yet to come.

The leading images in this chapter are as follows: *two witnesses*, having preternatural power over

the physical condition of the world, and destroying their enemies by fire, issuing from their mouths, shall *prophecy* or bear *testimony* 1260 days. They shall then be slain by the beast, rising from the bottomless pit, and their bodies shall lie unburied in the streets of the *great city* (where our Lord was crucified) three days and a half. Mankind, having been tormented by these witnesses, shall rejoice at their death.

At the expiration of three days and a half, these bodies shall be re-animated by God; the spectators of their return to life shall be terrified; and a divine voice shall call them up to heaven. They shall accordingly ascend, in the sight of *their enemies*; then shall ensue an earthquake, destroying a tenth part of the city, and seven thousand inhabitants; after which the reign of *our Lord* and *his Christ* shall be eternally established.

Mr. Crawford construes these images into a prophetic history of the fate of Jerusalem, in opposition to those who maintain, that by the *great city* is meant either Rome, Paris, or London. Twelve hundred and sixty *years* constitute the period of the Mahometan power, and not that of the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Pope, as some believe, or of the monarchical form of government in Europe, as some republican interpreters have asserted.

It might be amusing, at least, if not instructive, to analyze the arguments of Mr. C. in defence of his anti-republican commentary, if his ideas were not remarkably wanting in perspicuity and method. His statements and quotations are so vague and confused that it is difficult to ascertain, precisely, his meaning or his wish.

The thirteenth verse he construes literally into a denunciation of earthquake and death against Jerusalem, at a period which he thinks may fall out at the end of the next century;

but, as to numerical exactness in dates, he forbears to be positive.

Having finished his discussion of the prophecy, the author next proceeds to show that the Old and New Testament are far from countenancing the reigning contempt for nobles and kings. Though kings were granted to the Jews, at their own importunity, yet these kings were anointed by the high priest, being first selected by God: and the passages in which kings are spoken of with reverence, are very numerous, both in the Old and the New Testament.

The author quotes Mr. Hobbes, who tells us that the study of the Greek and Roman writers was a principal cause, among the higher and educated class of persons, of the rebellion in England against the Stewarts. For this and other reasons, he thinks it improper that the classical authors should be indiscriminately read in schools. He thinks selections should be made from them for the use of students, and recommends the addition to our classical stock of Claudian and Prudentius.

The sequel of this pamphlet contains a great number of ideas, none of which are remarkable either for their profoundness or their novelty, on the English constitution and the French republic. The writer's intentions are laudable; and those who wish for a panegyric on nobility, and are not particularly anxious about the elegance or perspicuity of the praise, may read these pages without any violent emotions of dissatisfaction.

#### ART. XLVIII.

*A Sermon, preached June 12, 1799, before his Honour Moses Gill, Esq. Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief, the Honourable Council, Senate, and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth*

*of Massachusetts, at the Interment of his Excellency Increase Sumner, Esq. who died June 7, 1799, ætat. 53. By Peter Thatcher, D. D. 8vo. pp. 18. Boston. Young and Minns. 1799.*

**H**IS Excellency INCREASE SUMNER, Esq. whose death gave occasion to the present discourse, had been, for some time previous to that event, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. We presume few of our readers are ignorant of the high character which this gentleman sustained; or of the sincere regret which his demise produced, among all who knew him, as a public and private loss.

The Rev. Dr. Thatcher was requested, by the two houses of the Legislature, to preach on the occasion. In compliance with this request, Dr. T. delivered the discourse now under consideration, which he was afterwards induced, by an application coming from the same respectable body, to commit to the press.

The text is selected from 1 Sam. xxv. 1. *And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him at his house in Ramah.* After some well-expressed introductory remarks, on the frailty of human life, the vanity of human greatness, and the uncertainty of human events; and after alluding, in a becoming manner, to the occasion which had convened his audience; Dr. T. proceeds to give a brief delineation of the character and conduct of SAMUEL, the chief magistrate of Israel. This delineation is well executed. The features selected for exhibition, and the colours in which they are represented, are judiciously chosen. Dr. T. then goes on to sketch the character of Governor Sumner. That the reader may judge of this sketch, we give it entire;

"The character, briefly drawn, of Samuel, in the past discourse, so strongly resembles that of our deceased friend and Governor, as that little need be said in addition to it. Your own minds must have made the application.

"Endued with strong and vigorous faculties of mind; favoured with the advantages of a public and liberal education; impressed with a sense of that religion which forms men to virtue, kindness and charity, he was early called by his fellow-citizens to fill places of public trust and honour. As a magistrate, a legislator, and a judge, he discovered the wisdom, the firmness and impartiality which are so justly celebrated in the character of the text. His honour and integrity were never impeached, and had he made the same appeal to the people as Samuel did, he would have received the same answer.

"His wife and faithful conduct in offices of less dignity; their confidence in his patriotism, integrity and abilities, led the people of this commonwealth to call him to the office of their chief magistrate. This confidence was fully gratified. The warm and decided friend of our Federal and State Constitutions; the warm and decided enemy of all foreign interference in the affairs of our government; the watchful guardian of the civil, the judicial, and the military interests of the commonwealth, he was daily more and more esteemed and respected. His appointments were judicious, and he meant to confine them to men of virtue and abilities. He supported the honour of the State with dignity. His own deportment, while it was easy and agreeable, while it discovered the mildness of manners, the unassuming kindness which formed so striking a part of his character, was never such as to diminish our respect and esteem for him.

"Kind, charitable and good; wishing well to every one, and desirous of promoting their interests, Governor Sumner was universally beloved and honoured. He was among the few men who, though he had many friends, warm and affectionate friends, yet, so far as my knowledge has extended, never had a personal enemy. Even those who, on political subjects, differed from him, and the interests of whose party led them to oppose his election, expressed personal respect for him in life, and now profess deeply to lament his death.

"This good man was a warm and

decided friend to the religion of Christ. He early professed this religion, and his life appeared to be formed by its divine and sacred precepts. Thus influenced by its temper, and governed by its commands in life, he was animated by its hopes, and supported by its consolations, when he came to die.

"Shall I call upon you, my brethren, on this occasion, to admire and imitate the tender husband, the wife and affectionate father, the dutiful son, and the faithful friend! The grief which rends the bosoms, and the tears which fill the eyes, of those to whom he was thus related, prove the justice of this part of his character, and display its amiableness in the most striking manner.

"And now, seeing 'a prince and a great man has fallen in our Israel this day,' let us humble ourselves under the divine correction! Let us admire and adore those dispensations of Providence which we cannot comprehend! And let us learn the lessons of wisdom which an event so solemn and affecting is calculated to teach us."

After these brief notices of the character of the departed magistrate, Dr. T. addresses himself to the Lieutenant Governor, the members of the Legislative body, the family of the deceased, and the audience in general. These addresses conclude the discourse.

Though this sermon will not be considered, by the reader of taste, as a very striking or eloquent composition, yet it will be generally perused with pleasure, as a sensible, unaffected specimen of pulpit address.

#### ART. XLIX.

*A Funeral Oration on the Death of Gen. George Washington. Prepared at the request of the Society of Cincinnati of the State of Delaware, and pronounced at Wilmington on the 22d of February, 1800. By Edward Roche, Secretary of the Society. 8vo. pp. 15. Wilmington, Wilson, 1800.*

*A Funeral Oration, in Memory of George Washington, delivered at Lancaster, before Lodge 43, on the 22d February, 1800. By William Clark Frazer. 8vo. pp. 15. Wilmington. Wilson. 1800.*

SO many performances, on this melancholy occasion, have passed in review before us, that we hope to be excused from bestowing any particular attention on those which remain, unless they possess either novelty of matter or manner, or some distinguished attributes of eloquence that may claim the attention of our readers. The two here offered to our notice contain the same succession of incidents in the life of the American patriot which have so often been repeated; and possess no qualities of style that distinguish them above others of the same class, or to entitle them to a more critical examination.

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#### ART. L.

*An Answer to Alexander Hamilton's Letter concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams, Esq. President of the United States. By a Citizen of New-York. 8vo. pp. 32. New-York. Johnson and Stryker. 1800.*

IT was to be expected that the publication of Mr. Hamilton would call forth the replies and animadversions of his friends and foes, political and personal, as well as of those of Mr. Adams. The present "Answer" appears to be dictated by a spirit not entitled to respect, for its regard either to candour, impartiality, or truth. Mr. H. is charged as being governed by the most depraved and boundless ambition, and the meanest and most pernicious passions. The mind of a candid reader, on either side of the great political question which

now agitates the public, can feel little pleasure in the extravagant effusions of *pure party spirit*.

This writer, in his views of the French revolution, goes beyond some of its earliest and most enlightened advocates. What must the reader think of the correctness and soundness of the judgment of the author of such sentiments as the following?

"The plains of Europe are whitened with the bones of innocent and guilty millions. The fatherless and the motherless are bewailing their loss in this sanguinary war; but yet the purchase is cheap. Providence has authorised it, and ages of happiness and misery [liberty] are destined to succeed to centuries of misery, depression and servitude."

"Furnish an instance in which the revolutionary government of France has departed from any solemn stipulation with her neighbours. Has she violated the laws of nations in that gross and dishonourable way that distinguishes the cabinet of St. James? Has she made power the measure of her justice, and the umpire of her differences? Has she respected [violated] the rights of humanity, or offered an insult without the strongest provocations? No! *over magnanimous, the fair and immutable principles of justice* have been the faithful guardians of her conduct."

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#### ART. LI.

*A Reply to Alexander Hamilton's Letter concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams, Esq. President of the United States. By a Federal Republican. 8vo. pp. 16. New-York. Nichols and Co. 1800.*

THIS pamphlet has little to recommend it as a *political* or *literary* performance. The author confesses his *inability* to contend, as a writer, with General Hamilton, whom he is pleased to style the "Atlas of composition." We concur with him in the judgment he

has formed of his own powers; and, though we do not think the gentleman with whom he feels disposed to measure lances, an *Atlas*, yet, in such a contest, the present writer appears a pigny.

## ART. LII.

*A Vindication of the Character of John Adams, Esq. in reply to the Letter of General Hamilton; addressed to the Federal Citizens of the Union. 8vo. pp. 24. New-York. Totten and Co. 1800.*

THIS performance is a proof of the author's political zeal, but has no claim to merit, either for argument or language. Opinion is opposed to opinion, and conjecture to conjecture. Reports, suggestions, and suspicions, as to the possible or probable motives of political writers, can have little weight with the earnest inquirer after truth.

## ART. LIII.

*A Letter to General Hamilton, occasioned by his Letter to President Adams. By a Federalist. 8vo. pp. 8.*

THE letter of General Hamilton does not appear to us unanswerable; and we are surprised that no one, of competent abilities and information, has yet replied in a manner worthy the subject. The controversy, however, is in many respects of a disagreeable kind, involving many considerations of a personal and delicate nature.

Men of liberal and patriotic minds are willing that a contest which (whatever be its merits) will, in some degree, tarnish the lustre of characters in general excellent and respectable, should sink into oblivion.

Those who are best able to do

justice to the parties and to the subject, are, perhaps, restrained by political or personal motives from publishing their opinions.

None appear to have entered the field in defence of Mr. Adams but those who are enemies to his cause, and who wish to inflame the quarrels of its leaders, or men who imagine that ardour and zeal will atone for every defect, and that blustering is courage, and contradiction, argument.

The writer of the present letter charges Mr. H. as being the author of the late military system, so odious and unpopular, and as deficient in judgment, and void of discretion. While he vindicates him, however, from the imputation of being a *partizan* of Great-Britain, he casts that odium on some of the *ministers* and *advisers* of the President, whose *wisdom* and *discretion* have been less doubted.

The "*Federalist*" thinks Mr. H. has told but *half the story*, and is willing to supply his deficiencies. The following *facts*, related by him, appear the most interesting to those who wish to search into the secret causes of political measures:

"Two important measures, one of which was adopted, and the other contemplated, as early as the year 1798, excited no small surprise and disgust among federal men, and induced some of the most zealous defenders of the government to withdraw their support. One of these was to propose a treaty, offensive and defensive, or, at least, defensive, with Great-Britain. *To this measure you objected.* I remark this to do you justice, and to vindicate you from the calumny of your personal enemies, who hold you up as a *partizan* of Great-Britain.

"But many influential characters, some of them in the government, were zealously engaged in this interest; and, among them, the late Secretary of State, who expressed his surprise that no attempt had been made by our government to bring about such a treaty. And it is a fact that the British minister intimated a wish to receive a proposition for this purpose from our government.



"On the other hand, most of the influential characters in the northern States were opposed to the measure; among these was the present Chief Justice of the United States, who took occasion to express his disapprobation to some gentlemen in the government.

"These facts are stated on the authority of the gentlemen concerned:

"This measure was defeated in embryo; but it may be proper to state some facts of less consequence, that seem to relate to the subject.

"So early as the year 1797, William Cobbett, alias Peter Porcupine, proposed and urged an offensive treaty between the United States and Great-Britain. From the character of that man, it was not generally suspected that he could be an agent of the British ministry; or, if suspected by the opposers of government, the suspicion was repelled by the friends of government, who rejoiced to find in him, though a foreigner, a decided opposer of the disorganizing principles

which were overrunning Europe and America.

"The moment, however, that that writer proposed a treaty, *some* federal men suspected his views, and decidedly opposed him, though at the hazard of a torrent of abuse from that blackguard and some Americans. It is now ascertained that Porcupine was an agent of the British ministry, and corresponded with the under Secretaries of State.—This information was communicated to the President last spring, soon after which that hireling left the country. But it is a known fact that he had won over to his interest the government paper of the United States; that through that paper the President was abused and villified, even while it was the medium of official communications—and the then editor is still Cobbett's agent in America."

With this extract, we dismiss this brief and incorrect production.

## THEATRICAL REGISTER.

**M**ONDAY evening, the 20th October, our theatre was opened with an *occasional address*, delivered by Mr. Hodgkinson.—The dramas of the evening, were Kotzebue's *Lovers' Vows*, as adapted to our stage by Mr. Dunlap, and *Fortune's Frolic*. The play, from the changes in the company, was necessarily new cast, but certainly received no injury thereby. Mrs. Hodgkinson's Amelia was enchanting. Fortune's Frolic, a truly pleasant after-piece, depends upon the character of Robin Roughhead; and Robin had a faithful representation in Mr. Jefferson.

22d. *Laugh when you Can*, a flimsy production of Reynolds; and O'Keefe's *Agreeable Surprise*.

24th. *Fraternal Discord*; or, *The Village Doctor*; and *The Poor Soldier*. *Fraternal Discord* is a translation from Kotzebue's *Versöhnung oder Bruders Twist*, by Mr. Dunlap, and is, in our opinion, one of the most

pleasing pieces of that popular author. Its plot is simple, yet sufficiently abounding in incident; its moral is excellent, and its dialogue appropriate and elegant. There is nothing original in the characters, but the plot is fully so. The manager, in his translation, *appears* to have done justice to the original, and to have retained a due regard for the English language and the taste of his audience. We have read an English translation under the title of *Reconciliation*, and an *alteration*, played in London, called *The Birth-Day*. It is in vain to look for Kotzebue's play either in the translation or alteration: the first is void of spirit and English, the second is maim'd almost *to the death*; yet the portion of Kotzebue which Mr. Dibdin left in the play, gave it a considerable run, to the profit of the London manager and the inhuman mutilator. To show the gross ignorance and stupidity of

many of those translators from the German who have seized the pen and dictionary at the instigation of hunger and the call of fashion, we will mention a passage in the translation above noticed, which we confess afforded us no small amusement. At the beginning of the fifth act, Captain Bertram and his old servant are supposed to be in a chamber above that which the stage represents, and their voices are heard by the audience, though their persons are unseen; this the German author had marked, by placing before each of their speeches the name, as usual, and the word *stimme* (voice) written short *st.* this the translator rendered *hush*, and makes the servant and master cry *hush* to each other through a whole dialogue. The representation of this play was perhaps as perfect as we have reason ever to expect. The quarrel and reconciliation scene, between Messrs. Hodgkinson and Jefferson, was felt as it deserved.

27th. *Fraternal Discord*; and *Rosina*.

29th. Same; and *Don Juan*.

31st. *The Castle Spectre*, by Mr. Lewis; and the *Padlock*. In the character of Angela, Mrs. Powell made her first appearance on this stage, and promises to be a brilliant ornament to it. She displayed figure, feeling, and judgment, and received from the audience lively tokens of their pleasure and approbation. Mr. Powell made his *debut* in the little part of Muley, and evinced a correctness, and degree of humour, which has given us a favourable opinion of his worth.

November 3d. This evening was given, by the manager, for the benefit of Mr. Fennell, who played Pierre, in the popular tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. As Mr. Fennell is not new to our boards, though never before regularly engaged, we need not say any thing on the sub-

ject of his well known and highly esteemed abilities. The after-piece was *The Waterman*.

5th. *Speed the Plough*, another new play! This comedy is the production of Mr. Morton, the author of *Columbus*, *Children in the Wood*, and other popular dramas. *Speed the Plough* has gross defects; but it is pleasant, very pleasant, and, as exhibited here, deserves universal attention. The fire scene, in the fifth act, does credit to the theatre: it is a *fine picture*, horribly fine and sublime. To the painter belongs much praise. All the performers deserve commendation, but justice demands that we should here select Mr. Hogg. His Sir Abel Handy has convinced us that he may attain, by application, the summit of that line of playing. The after-piece was the *Adopted Child*.

7th. *Speed the Plough*; and *Castle of Otranto*—the last an interesting after-piece, taken from the Sicilian Romance.

10th. *The Revenge*; and *Highland Reel*. Dr. Young's celebrated tragedy is too well known to need comment, as is Mr. Fennell's *Zanga*. *The Highland Reel* is ever new.

12th. *Speed the Plough*; and *Children in the Wood*.

14th. *Macbeth*; and *Prize*.

17th. *The East-Indian* (new to our stage); and *The Castle of Otranto*. This comedy is the best production of that extraordinary genius M. G. Lewis, Esq. author of the *Monk*, *Castle-Spectre*, &c. It is rich in wit, humour, situation, equivoque, character, and plot, and would have stood among the first of English comedies if it had appeared before the *School for Scandal*. We cannot compliment the manager upon the cast of the piece.

19th. *East-Indian*; and *Lock and Key*. This comedy increases in favour with the audience.

21st. *Virgin of the Sun*, as trans-

lated and altered from Kotzebue by Mr. Dunlap; and *All the World's a Stage*.

24th. *Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice*; and *The Quaker*. Mr. Hodgkinson deserves a compliment for

his Shylock; it was, in our opinion, a masterly performance. The play was well got up. We must do Mr. Fox the justice to say that he executed the songs of Lubin with taste and power.

## S E L E C T I O N.

*Geological Facts, corroborative of the Mosaic Account of the Deluge. By Richard Kirwan, Esq.*

[Continued from p. 301, and concluded.]

THE possibility and reality of the deluge being thus established, I shall next endeavour to trace its origin, progress, and still permanent consequences. That it originated in, and proceeded from, the great Southern Ocean below the equator, and thence rushed on the northern hemisphere, I take to be a natural inference, from the following facts:

1st. The Southern Ocean is the greatest collection of waters on the face of the globe.

2d. In the northern latitudes, beyond  $45^{\circ}$  and  $55^{\circ}$ , we find the animal spoils of the southern countries, and the marine exuviae of the southern seas; but, in the southern latitudes, we find no remains of animals, vegetables, or shells belonging to the northern seas, but those only that belong to the neighbouring seas. Thus in Siberia, to return to the already frequently mentioned phenomenon, we find the remains of elephants and rhinoceri accompanied by marine vegetables, and also with shells that do not belong to the Northern Ocean. 1 *Epoques*, 418. They must therefore have been conveyed thither by the more distant Indian Sea overflowing these parts; as the elephants very naturally crowded together on the approach of the inundation, they were

conveyed in flocks, and hence their bones are found in accumulated heaps, as should be expected. But in Greenland, which is still more distant, only the remains of whales are found on the mountains. Crantz *Histoire Generale de Voy.* vol. xix. 105. So in the southern latitudes, as at Talcaguana in Chili, latitude  $36^{\circ}$  S. the shells found on the tops of the hills are those of the neighbouring sea. 2 *Ulloa Voy.* p. 197. So those found on the hills between Suez and Cairo, are the same as those now found in the Red Sea. Shaw's *Voyages*, vol. ii.

3d. The traces of a violent shock or impression from the south, are, as yet, perceptible in many countries. This Mr. Parrin attests as to the mountains of Dauria, on the south-east limits of Siberia; he tells us that the more eastern extremities of the mountains appear to be broken off by the impetuosity of an ancient ocean rushing from east to west, that the fragments carried to the west in some measure protected the more western. 38 *Roz.* 230, 238. And that in general the mountains of this country were so disordered (by the shock), that the miners are obliged to work at hazard. *Ibid.* 226. Steller makes the same remarks on the mountains of Kamtschatka. 51 *Phil. Trans.* part ii. p. 479. Storr, Hæpfner, and Saussure, inform us that the inundation that invaded Switzerland, proceeded from the south, but its impression was modified by another

event which I shall presently mention. 1 *Helvet. Magaz.* 173, 175, 4 *Helvet. Magaz.* 307. Lasius tells us that the mountains of the Hartz suggest the same inference. Hartz, 95.

4th. The very shape of the continents, which are all sharpened towards the south, where washed by the Southern Ocean, indicate that so forcible an impression was made on them as nothing but the mountains could resist, as the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Cormorin, the southern extremity of New-Holland, and that of Patagonia. Foster's *Observations*, p. 11, 12.

To these geological proofs, perhaps I may be permitted to add the tradition of the orthodox Hindus, that the globe was divided into two hemispheres, and that the southern was the habitation of dæmons that warred upon the gods. 3 *Asiatic Researches*, 51 and 52. This war is commonly thought to be an allegorical description of the flood, and hence the olive branch, denoting a diminution of the flood, became a symbol of peace.

Did not Noah reside on the borders of the Southern Ocean? Otherwise he could not see that the great abyss was opened. And did not an inundation from the south-east drive the ark north-west to the mountains of Armenia? These conjectures are at least consistent with the most probable notions of the primitive habitation of man, which I take to be near the sources of the Ganges (as Josephus expressly mentions), the Bourampooter and the Indus, from which, as the temperature grew colder, mankind descended to the plains of India.

This unparalleled revolution, Moses informs us, was introduced by a continual rain for forty days. By this, the surface of the earth must have been loosened to a considerable depth; its effects may even have been, in many instances,

destructive: thus in August, 1740, several eminences were swept away; nay, the whole mountain of Lidshære, in the province of Wermland in Sweden, was rent asunder by a heavy fall of rain for only one night. 27 *Schwed. Abhand.* 93. This loosening and opening of the earth was, in many places where the marine inundation stagnated, an useful operation to the soil subsequently to be formed; as, by these means, shells and other marine exuviae were introduced into it, which rendered it more fertile. By this rain, also, the salt water was diluted, and its pernicious effects, both to soil and fresh water fish, in a great measure prevented. The destruction of animals served the same purposes, and might, in many instances, be necessary to fertilise a soil produced by the decomposition of primary mountains; from the animals thus destroyed the phosphoric acid found in many ores may have originated.

But the completion of this catastrophe was undoubtedly effected, as Moses also states, by the invasion of the waters of the great abyss, most probably, as I have said, that immense tract of ocean stretching from the Philippine islands, or rather from the Indian continent on the one side, to Terra-Firma on the other, and thence to the southern pole, and again from Buenos Ayres to New-Holland, and thence to the pole. Tracing its course on the eastern part of the globe, we shall see it impelled northwards with resistless impetuosity against the continent which, at that time, probably united Asia and America. This appears to have been torn up and swept away (except the islands that still remain) as far north as latitude 40°; its further progress appears to have been somewhat checked by the lofty mountains of China and Tartary, and those on the opposite American coast; here, then, it be-

gan to dilate itself over the collateral countries; the part checked by the Tartarian mountains forming, by sweeping away the soil, the desert of Coby, while the interior or middle torrent pressed forward to the pole; but the interior surge, being still more restricted by the contiguous, numerous, and elevated mountains of eastern Siberia and America, must at last have arisen to a height and pressure which overbore all resistance, dashing to pieces the heads of those mountains, as Patrin and Steller remark, and bearing over them the vegetable and animal spoils of the more southern, ravaged or torn up continents, to the far-extended and inclined plains of western Siberia, where its free expansion allowed it to deposit them. Hence the origin of the bones and tusks of elephants and rhinoceri found in the plains, or in considerably sandy or marly eminences in the north-western parts of Siberia, as Mr. Pallas rightly judges.

If now, returning to the south, we contemplate the effects of this overwhelming invasion on the more southern regions of India and Arabia, we shall, where the coasts were undefended by mountains, discover it excavating the gulphs of Nankin, Tonquin, and Siam, the vast bay of Bengal, and the Arabic and Red Seas. That the southern capes, promontories, and headlands, were extenuated to their present shape by the deluge, and not by tides or the currents still observed in those seas, may be inferred from the inefficacy of those feebler powers to produce any change in them for many past centuries.

The chief force of the inundation seems to have been directed northwards in the meridians of from 110 to 200 east of London. In the more western tracts it appears to have been weaker; the plains of India I suspect to have been less

ravaged; or perhaps their subsequent fertility may have been occasioned by the many rivers by which that happy country is watered. Not so those of Arabia; their solid basis, resisting the inundation, was obliged to yield its looser surface, and remains, even now, a sandy desert; while the interior more mountainous tracts, intercepting, and thus collecting, the washed-off soil, are, to this day, celebrated for their fertility. 2 Niebuhr, 45 and 320. Irish edition. To a similar transportation of the ancient vegetable soil, the vast sandy deserts of Africa, and the barrenness of most of the plains of Persia, may be attributed.

The progress of the Siberian inundation once more claims our attention: that it must have been here for some time stationary, may be inferred from its confinement between the Altaishan elevation on the south, and the Ouralian mountains on the west, and the circumpolar mountains on the side of Greenland. Hence the excavations observed on the northern parts of the former, and the abrupt declivities on the eastern flanks of the latter, while the western discover none. New reinforcements from the south-east must at length have surmounted all obstacles; but the subsequent surges could not have conveyed such a quantity of shells or marine productions as the first, and hence, though many are found on the more northern plains, scarce any are found on the great Altaishan elevation.

The mass of waters now collected and spread over the Arctic regions, must have descended partly southwards, over the deserts of Tartary, into countries with which we are too little acquainted to trace its ravages; but, from the opposition it must have met in these mountainous tracts, and the repercussion of their craggy sides, eddies must have

been formed to which the Caspian, Buxine, and other lakes, may have owed their origin. Part, also, must have extended itself over the vast tracts west of the Qurals, and there expanded more freely over the plains of Russia and Poland down to latitude  $52^{\circ}$ , where it must have met with, and been opposed by, the inundation originating in the western parts of the Pacific Ocean, this side the Cape of Good Hope, and thence impelled northwards and westwards in the same manner as the eastern inundation already described, but with much less force, and sweeping the continents of South-America (if then emerged) and of Africa, conveying to Spain, Italy, and France, and perhaps still farther north, elephants and other animals and vegetables hitherto supposed partly of Indian and partly of American origin.

That the course here assigned is not imaginary, appears from the shells, vegetables, and animal remains of those remote climates still found in Europe, and from the discovery both of the European and the American, promiscuously mixed with each other at Fez. 1 Bergman *Erde Kugel*, 252, 249.

So, also, in Germany, Flanders, and England, the spoils of the northern climates, and those of the southern also, are equally found; thus the teeth of arctic bears, and bones of whales, as well as those of animals of more southern origin, have been discovered in those parts.

The effect of the encounter of such enormous masses of water, rushing in opposite directions, must have been stupendous: it was such as appears to have shaken and shattered some of the solid vaults that supported the subjacent strata of the globe. To this concussion I ascribe the formation of the bed of the Atlantic from latitude  $20^{\circ}$  south up to the north pole. The bare inspection of a map is sufficient to

show that this vast space was hollowed by the impression of water; the protuberance from Cape Frío to the river of the Amazons, or La Plata, in South-America, corresponding with the incavation on the African side from the river of Congo to Cape Palmas; and the African protuberance from the Straits of Gibraltar to Cape Palmas, answering to the immense cavity between New-York and Cape St. Roque. The depression of such a vast tract of land cannot appear improbable when we consider the shock it must have received, and the enormous load with which it was charged. Nor is such depression and absorption unexampled, since we have had frequent instances of mountains swallowed up, and some very lately in Calabria.

The wreck of so considerable an integrant part of the globe, must, of necessity, have convulsed the adjacent still-subsisting continents previously connected with it, rent their stony strata, burst the still more solid masses of their mountains, and thus in some cases formed, and in others prepared, the insular state to which these fractured tracts were reduced: to this event, therefore, I think may be ascribed the bold, steep, and abrupt western coasts of Ireland, Scotland, and Norway, and the numerous isles that border them, as well as many of those of the West-Indies. The Britannic islands seem to have acquired their insular state at a later period, though it was probably prepared by this event; but the basaltic masses on the Scotch and Irish coasts, and those of Feroc, appear to me to have been rent into pillars by this concussion.

During this elemental conflict, and the crash and ruin of the submerged continent, many of its component parts must have been reduced to atoms, and dispersed through the swelling waves that

usurped its place. The more liquid bitumens must, by the agitation, have intimately mixed with them. They must also have absorbed the fixed air contained in the bowels of the sunk continent; and further, by this vast continental depression, whose derelinquished space was occupied by water, the level of the whole diluvial ocean must have been sunk, and the summits of the highest mountains must then have emerged. In this state of things, it is natural to suppose, that if iron abounded in the submerged continent, as it does at this day in the northern countries of Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, adjacent to it, its particles may have been kept in solution by the fixed air, and the argillaceous, siliceous, and carbonaceous particles may have been long suspended. These muddy waters mixing with those impregnated with bitumen, the following combinations must have taken place: 1°. If carbonic matter was also contained in the water, this, uniting to the bitumen, must have run into masses no longer suspensible in water, and formed strata of coal. 2°. The calces of iron, by the contact of bitumen, were in a great measure gradually reduced; and, together with the argillaceous and siliceous, precipitated on the summits of several of the mountains not yet emerged, and thus formed basaltic masses, that, during desiccation, split into columns; in other places they covered the carbonaceous masses already deposited, and, by absorbing much of their bitumen, rendered them less inflammable; and hence the connection which the sagacious Werner observed between basalts and coal. The fixed or oxygen air, erupting from many of them, formed those cavities, which being filled by the subsequent infiltration of such of their ingredients as were superfluous to their basaltic state, formed chalcidies, zeoliths, oli-

vins, basaltines, spars, &c. Hence most of the mountains of Sweden that afford iron, afford also bitumen. Hence also the asphalt found with trap, and under basalts, and in balls of chalcidies found in trap.

This I take to be the last scene of this dreadful catastrophe, and hence no shells are found in these basalts, they having been previously deposited, though some other lighter marine vegetable remains have sometimes been found in them; some argillaceous or sand-stone strata may also have been deposited at this period.

On this account, however, of the formation of the basalts which crown the summits of several lofty peaks, I lay no more stress than it can justly bear; I deliver it barely as an hypothesis more plausible than many others.

It has been objected to the Mosaic account, that the countries near Ararat are too cold to bear olive trees. Tournefort, who first made this objection, should recollect that, at this early period, the Caspian and Euxine seas were joined, as he himself has well proved. This circumstance surely fitted a country lying in the 38th degree of latitude to produce olives (which now grow in much higher latitudes), at present chilled only by its distance from the sea.

A more plausible objection arises from the difficulty of collecting and feeding all the various species of animals now known, some of which can exist only in the hottest, and others only in the coldest climates: it does not, however, appear to me necessary to suppose that any others were collected in the ark but those most necessary for the use of man, and those only of the graminivorous or granivorous classes, the others were most probably of subsequent creation. The universality of the expressions, Gen. chap. vi. verse 19. "Of every living thing

of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark," seem to me to imply no more than the same general expressions do in Gen. chap. i. verse 30. "And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, have I given every green herb for meat;" where it is certain that only graminivorous animals are meant. At this early period, ravenous animals were not only not necessary, but would have been even destructive to those who had just obtained existence, and probably not in great numbers. They only became necessary when the graminivorous had multiplied to so great a degree that their carcasses would have spread infection. Hence they appear to me to have been of posterior creation; and to this also I attribute the existence of those that are peculiar to America, and the torrid and frigid zones.

The atmosphere itself must have been exceedingly altered by the consequences of the flood. Soon after the creation of vegetables, and in proportion as they grew and multiplied, vast quantities of oxygen must have been thrown off by them into the then existing atmosphere, without any proportional counter-acting diminution from the respiration or putrefaction of animals, as

these were created only in pairs, and multiplied more slowly; hence it must have been much purer than at present; and to this circumstance, perhaps, the longevity of the antediluvians may in a great measure be attributed. After the flood, the state of things was perfectly reversed, the surface of the earth was covered with dead and putrefying land animals, and fish, which copiously absorbed the oxygenous part of the atmosphere, and supplied only mephitic and fixed air; thus the atmosphere was probably brought to its actual state, containing little more than one-fourth of pure air, and nearly three-fourths of mephitic. Hence the constitution of men must have been weakened, and the lives of their enfeebled posterity gradually reduced to their present standard. To avoid these exhalations it is probable that the human race continued for a long time to inhabit the more elevated mountainous tracts. Domestic disturbances in Noah's family, briefly mentioned in holy writ, probably induced him to move with such of his descendants as were most attached to him, to the regions he inhabited before the flood, in the vicinity of China, and hence the early origin of the Chinese monarchy.

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DOMESTIC.

#### STRONG'S SERMONS.

A SECOND volume of sermons, by the Rev. Mr. Strong, of Hartford, has just issued from the press of Mr. Babcock, of that city. —Some account of this volume will be given in a future number.

#### GOSPEL ITS OWN WITNESS.

Mr. Cornelius Davis, bookseller,

of this city, has just re-published a recent British publication under the following title: "The Gospel its own Witness: or the Holy Nature and Divine Harmony of the Christian Religion, contrasted with the Immorality and Absurdity of Deism." By Andrew Fuller, D. D. — This work is considered, by the friends of religion, as a very able performance, and abundantly worthy of general attention.



# INDIAN INK NOT AFFECTED BY THE OXYGENATED MURIATIC ACID.

The oxygenated muriatic acid, though so useful in the arts, has become a dangerous instrument in the hand of villany, by its singular property of obliterating ink without injuring the paper.—There is, however, a very simple method of preventing this evil. Dr. Alexander Anderson, of this city, has discovered that *Indian ink* is not at all affected by the *acid*, and a very obvious reason presents itself. The basis of Indian ink is lamp-black, or, in other words, carbon—a substance almost indestructible; while that of the common inks is a salt of iron. This fact, together with many other reasons, ought to recommend the former to more general use in writing.

# POT-ASH FORMED DURING THE INCINERATION OF WOOD, FROM ITS ELEMENTS.

If the fixed vegetable alkali is an elementary material, it might be expected to show itself after the decomposition of plants by *putrefaction* as well as by *incineration*. Yet the American forests, where immense quantities of timber are rotting down, afford no evidence of this. On the contrary, the trunks of the largest trees, as they undergo gradual decay upon the ground, give no sign of pot-ash. Frequently, in the progress of decomposition, the annual circles are so detached from each other as to be easily peeled off, and the cohesion of the wood so much lessened, that the blade of a knife or of a sword can be thrust in toward the medullary part their whole length. Now, there is no saline efflorescence on this rotten timber in dry weather; nor is there any alkaline taste; nor any pot-ash to be obtained by macerating it in water; nor are vegetable blues or purples in the least

rendered green by dipping in such water. Indeed, the manufacturers of the article, which is one of the great subjects of export from New-York, know, that in clearing the wilderness, *the trees, in order to afford pot-ash, must be burned*; if they are suffered to rot, *no alkali can be procured*. On the contrary, the rotten wood contains an acid.—Did pot-ash pre-exist in the wood, why should it not be evolved by putrefaction? These considerations, and the analogy of ammoniac, lead to a persuasion, that this alkali and soda are compounds. Whether, as some have asserted, carbon and azote are the ingredients, or whether there are other constituent parts, are points not as yet settled.—From their compound nature, a consideration results worthy the attention of experimental chemists, in respect to their union with acids, and the constitution of neutral salts. The acid of putrefaction furnishes an example. This pernicious offspring of corruption very readily associates with most natural bodies, except silicious earth, or is decomposed by them; becoming, oftentimes, a complicated and strange production. Most of these endless modifications of the septic acid combine, more or less forcibly, with pot-ash. And it is well known, the acid procured by distilling and decomposing salt-petre possesses a number of qualities which it is not known to possess *before* its connection with pot-ash in the form of nitre. There is reason to believe, therefore, that this alkali itself undergoes some decomposition, and proportionally modifies or affects the *septic* acid, so as, on its disengagement, to exhibit itself in that modified and disguised appearance called the *nitrous*. Both manufacturers and consumers of pot-ash know how exceedingly it varies in quality. And our inspectors themselves, in New-York, acknowledge

and lament the want of a just standard to determine its strength. They frequently find a difference in alkalescency, pungency, and external appearance, which they know not how to explain; but the best explanation of which is, that the different samples or parcels vary in the proportions and combinations of their constituent elements.

[*Med. Rep.*

ACCOUNT OF THE MOTIONS OF THE HEDYSARUM GYRANS, OR MOVING PLANT, *described in Botanic Garden, Part II. Canto iv. l. 335 & seq. By Dr. Mitchill.*

In the note to this passage, Dr. Darwin informs his readers "that its leaves are continually in spontaneous motion; some rising and others falling; and others whirling circularly by twisting their stems. This spontaneous movement of the leaves, when the air is quite still and very warm, seems to be necessary to the plant, as perpetual respiration is to animal life." From this description we were led to believe that *all* the leaves of this remarkable plant were to be seen in a rising, falling, or whirling motion; and probably other readers of the paragraph are led to think so too. Our curiosity was excited to see this vegetable in a growing state. Some seeds were procured and sown. From these sprang several thrifty plants. As they grew we looked for the movements of the leaves for some time in vain; but, at length, we discovered them. They fell so far short of what we had been led, from the description, to expect, that we were not a little disappointed. This *hedysarum* produces two kinds of leaves, the one *large* and the other *small*. The former are, when full-grown, about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches long, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide, and are supported by a foot-stalk of one inch in length. These constitute the principal foliage of the

plant, and we expected to see them fanning themselves, and panting for breath, during the heats of July, August, and September (1800). But in *these* no such changes of position could be seen, nor any other alteration of place different from other plants. They, indeed, closed themselves to the stems at night, and in cool and stormy weather, as happens to a multitude of other vegetable species. Mere elevation and depression, at such times, were all the motions we could discern in the large leaves. The *latter* kind of leaves grow out of the foot-stalk about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch below the insertion of the large one. These are not more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch long, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch broad. Generally, each foot-stalk supports *two* of these small leaves. Not unfrequently, however, there is but *one*, and sometimes there are *none*. Both kinds are well delineated in Dr. Darwin's plate, which is a very good representation of the plant. *The spontaneous motions are performed by these leaflets, which move backwards, forwards, and somewhat circularly, like the ears of horses or sheep.* And with this limitation ought the celebrated gyrations of this species of the numerous family of *hedysarum* to be understood. So much is the account exaggerated, that some patience and nicety of observation are necessary to discern them.

[*Med. Rep.*

ACCOUNT OF THE SUN-DEW, OR DROSERA, *described in the same Work, Part II. Canto i. l. 239 & seq. By the same.*

"The leaves of this marsh-plant," writes this philosophical poet, "are purple, and have a fringe very unlike other vegetable productions; and, which is curious, at the point of every thread of this erect fringe stands a pellucid drop of mucilage, resembling a ducal coronet. This mucus is a secretion from certain

glands; and, like the viscous material round the flower-stalks of the silene (catch-fly), prevents small insects from infesting the leaves." The *drosera rotundifolia* growing in my swamp is rooted in peat-moss (*sphagnum palustre*), and is very small. The leaves are green, and not only the margin, but the whole upper side is thickly beset with hairs or bristles of a red colour. Upon the summit of each of these, in the vigorous state of the plant, there is formed a globule as clear as crystal. Forty or fifty such pellucid balls, supported by red pili, growing out of a green leaf, make an uncommon and beautiful appearance. These globules consist of a tenacious liquid, which entangles the legs of ants, flies, or other small insects which attempt to travel across the leaves. Whenever this happens, a leaf which is naturally concave on the upper side, seems to form a more considerable hollow than before; the consequence of which is, that the bristles are made to converge in a degree proportioned to this concavity; and the unfortunate little creature is completely surrounded by an apparatus somewhat resembling the palm of the hand, with the thumb and fingers half closed, and there held and inviscated until it dies. My own observations correspond with those which Dr. Darwin quotes from Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Broussonet.

[*Med. Rep.*

#### HYBRID VARIETY OF THE ALMOND-NUT. *By the same.*

Among the trees in my peach-orchard grows a thrifty young almond (*amygdalus communis*), which has borne fruit for two or three seasons. On tasting them this year, we were all sensible of a resemblance between the flavour of the kernel of the almond and that of the peach (*amygdalus persicus*). And in some, soon after gathering, their peculiar

bitterness resembled so nearly that of the peach-kernel, that the former might, by an unadvised person, almost have been mistaken for the latter. It was remarkable, too, that the nuts (drupa) were very hard and solid, like the peach-stone, and required smart strokes of the hammer to crack them.—Hybrid plants have long been known to botanists and cultivators, and their numbers seem to be increasing. I was led to believe, according to the received doctrine of sexes in plants, that the fruit and kernel of the almond had, in this instance, undergone a change by growing in the midst of many trees of a different species. And if the pollen or fecundating powder of the peach has really wrought such an effect upon the almond, is not this a new mongrel, and an additional fact in favour of the sexual system?

[*Med. Rep.*

#### DOMESTICATION OF THE WILD-GOOSE (*Anas Canadensis*). *By the same.*

Attempts have frequently been made, on Long-Island, to render the wild-goose, which winters in the bays adjoining the Atlantic Ocean, a tame and domesticated bird. Individuals of this species have accordingly been caught alive by the gunners, after having been wing-broken by a shot, and carried home free from any other injury. When thus disabled from flying, they become gentle, and will mate with common geese. They even breed together; but the offspring is a mule, incapable of further propagation. Mr. Daniel Coles, of Oyster-Bay, has gone a step beyond others in this business. He has a wild-goose and gander in a domesticated state, whom he keeps from flying away by taking off the extreme bones of the wings at the joint. The goose has laid eggs, and hatched a brood of goslings.

For fear of losing the young ones, their wings have been treated in the same manner; and the whole family now composes (September, 1800) a beautiful flock of wild-geese, in a domesticated state. They are as gentle as common geese, and live upon the food obtained about a house and on a farm quite as well. Mr. Coles even found that the goslings, on the day of being hatched, ate Indian meal as readily as chickens. They are more active and handsome than the tame-goose; and their long necks are arched more like those of swans. If this experiment should be continued for several generations, it is highly probable the temper and habits of the breed may be changed, so that the descendants of these wild-geese may lose their inclination to fly from country to country, and attach themselves, like turkeys, ducks, and other birds whose progenitors were once wild, to the society and protection of man. Should Mr. Coles meet with no disasters, it is not improbable that the wild-goose will be eventually added to our stock of poultry. [Med. Rep.]

**SQUID, INK-FISH, OR CUTTLE-FISH (*Sepia*). By the same.**

A beautiful species of the cuttle-fish is sometimes found on the sea-coast of New-York. It is about eight inches long. The tentacula, or feelers of this animal, are furnished with many mouths without throats, which are armed with a circular row of teeth to seize their prey. These convey the food to the real or principal mouth, which is armed with a beak, resembling the rostrum of a parrot. The creature is furnished with a bag of black liquor for its defence against its enemies. When pursued by them, it ejects this fluid into the water, through a particular orifice in the anterior part of its body. The water is darkened and render-

ed of an inky colour thereby, so that its adversary is enveloped in a cloud; while the sepia, suddenly darting backward, with a spring, to the distance of several feet, makes its escape. It is very amusing to view them thus employing the means of self-defence. Some of the larger species of the sepia are said to be the chief food of the spermaceti-whale (*physeter macrocephalus*), and the likenesses or impressions of their beaks are frequently seen in ambergrease, which is said, by the more intelligent of our Nantucket whalers, to be but the indurated excrement of that animal in a constipated state of the *intestinum rectum*. [Med. Rep.]

**THE JERBOA, OR DIPUS. By the same.**

I have seen this little animal, which has been described by Col. Davis, of Quebec, in *Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine*, No. iii. p. 285, and by Professor Barton, in the fourth volume of the *American Philosophical Transactions*, p. 114, in the State of New-York. It is sometimes killed on Long-Island by the farmers, when engaged in carting hay and corn-stalks.

[Med. Rep.]

**ANOTHER INSTANCE OF A NEGRO TURNING WHITE. By the same.**

The change of colour which Harry Moss has, within a few years, undergone, from black to white, has been published so often that few curious persons are ignorant of it. In the town of North-Hempstead, something of the same kind is now to be seen. A young negro, named Maurice, aged 25 years, began, about seven years ago, to lose his native colour. A white spot appeared on the right side of his belly, which is now about as large as the palms of two hands. Another white spot has appeared

on his breast, and several more on his arms and other parts; and the sable cloud is plainly disappearing on his shoulder. The skin of these fair spots is not surpassed by the European complexion. His general health is and has been good; and he has suffered no scalding ulceration, scabbiness, or other local disease. The change is not the dead white of the *Albinos*, but is a good wholesome carnation hue. Such an alteration of colour as this, militates powerfully against the opinion adopted by some modern philosophers, that the negroes are a different *species* of the human race from the whites, and tends strongly to corroborate the probability of the derivation of all the *varieties* of mankind from a single pair. Facts of this kind are of great value to the zoologist. How additionally singular would it be, if instances of the spontaneous disappearance of this sable mark of distinction between slaves and their masters were to become frequent! They would then be no less important to the moralist and political economist.

[*Med. Rep.*]

#### CLAY FOR MANUFACTURING TOBACCO-PIPES. *By the same.*

A small attempt has been made at Musqueto-Cove, in Queen's county, to manufacture tobacco-pipes. An Englishman, who possesses the machinery and skill for moulding them, has been for some time engaged in making trials on the different clays he can procure thereabout. On the economy or probable success of such an establishment as this in America, we offer no opinion. We understand that a former attempt failed. Be that as it may, it is agreeable information that pipes, of a tolerable quality, have been *formed of American clay*. The samples of the manufacture which we have seen, do not indicate want of talent in

the artist; and, though rather deficient in whiteness and cohesion, will answer for common use. It is to be hoped, *clays of greater purity and toughness* will soon be found, and thereby afford another proof of the *resources of our country*.

[*Med. Rep.*]

#### CHRONOLOGY.

The Rev. J. C. Kunze, S. T. D. is preparing for the press a work on chronology. It is intended to treat of the chronological character of the year which closes the eighteenth century, in the following points of view:—What year actually closes it, according to the received chronology? What year ought to close it, by following just computation? Whether the eighteenth centurial year ought to be a leap year? What year the 1800th J. C. probably is since the creation? What year it may be in the anti-christian period? Of the astronomical incidents of the year which closes the eighteenth century.—A serious and formal discussion of a subject which engages such general attention, and on which there exists great difference of opinion, will doubtless be highly welcome. We hope the learned author will gratify public curiosity as soon as he conveniently can.

[*Med. Rep.*]

#### CASTOR-OIL MADE IN NEW-YORK.

The plant whose seeds afford castor-oil has long been cultivated in our gardens, under the name of *head-ache-bean*, or *bug-bean* (*ricinus palma christi*). Little or no use had generally been made of it, other than to bind the leaves on the head for relieving pains of that part. Some persons raised it under a persuasion it would keep moles out of gardens, and others merely for curiosity. Latterly, however, John G. Gebhard, of Claverack, has prepared the oil from the seeds by ex-

pression; and the product appears quite as good as the best imported from the West-Indies, with this circumstance in its favour, that it is *cold-drawn* and *always fresher*. This is another evidence of the resources of the United States, and the citizen who has undertaken the manufacture merits the encouragement of his countrymen, whether druggists, house-keepers, or physicians.

[*Med. Rep.*]

#### GRAND SPECIMEN OF MEXICAN GOLD.

A mass of native gold, from one of the Mexican mines, which, on account of its rare size and beauty, was intended, by the Viceroy of Mexico, as a present to the King of Spain, is now possessed by Capt. O'Brien, in the city of New-York. The metal, which is malleable, and not mineralized, is connected with quartz. The whole lump weighs 46 ounces Troy. No part of it is crystallized. The colour of the gold is a fine yellow, with a tincture, in one part, of whitish, and in another of greenish. The quartz is white, with a dusky complexion. The mass seems to be a loose nodule, never connected with a large rock. The value of the gold it contains is estimated at five hundred dollars. In the collection of a prince, who can afford such specimens, this piece is invaluable.

[*Med. Rep.*]

#### MEDICAL SOCIETY OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

On Monday, the 16th of April, 1800, a convention of the Faculty was held in the city of Raleigh, associated under a constitution and form of government by the name of the "*North-Carolina Medical Society*;" and the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Richard Fenner, President.

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Nathaniel Loomis, John Claiborne, Vice-Presidents.

Sterling Wheaton, James Webb, James John Pasteur, and Jason Hand, Censors.

Calvin Jones, Corresponding Secretary.

William B. Hill, Recording Secretary.

Cargill Massenburg, Treasurer.

The following gentlemen were appointed to deliver dissertations on some medical subject at the next meeting of the Society, viz. J. J. Pasteur, J. Webb, S. Wheaton, and N. Loomis.

An Essay on the Symptoms, Nature, and Cure of the Dysentery, was made a prize subject for any medical gentleman practising in this State, at the next annual meeting, which will be held on the first day of December next. The prize dissertation must have annexed to it some cypher or emblem to identify the author, enclosed and sealed, which will be burnt if it should not be accounted worthy of the prize. The sealed enclosure to be broken open in the presence of the Society.

From the early patronage of the Legislature towards this first scientific Society of the State (having, at their present session passed an act for incorporating it), and from the zeal and enterprise of the gentlemen who compose it, we trust it will prove a Society of the first respectability and usefulness.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FOSSIL BONES IN ORANGE AND ULSTER COUNTIES: *In a Letter from Dr. JAMES G. GRAHAM, one of the Senators of the Middle District, to Dr. MITCHILL; dated Shawangunk, September 10, 1800.*

DEAR SIR,

The result of my inquiries and observations respecting the bones of the unknown animal found in

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this part of the country is as follows: Some time in 1782, several of them were discovered in a meadow or swamp about three miles south of Ward's Bridge, in the town of Montgomery, now in the county of Orange, three or four feet below the surface, most of them much decayed. The next discovery of them was made about one mile east of said bridge. In this place three or four ribs were found, about eight feet below the surface, in a very sound state. The swamp here does not contain more than three or four acres, and the remaining bones of the skeleton probably yet remain at its bottom. About three miles east of said bridge some other bones have been found; and about seven miles east of said bridge, a tooth (one of the grinders), and some hair, about three inches long, of a dark dun colour, were found by Mr. Alexander Colden, four or five feet below the surface. About seven miles north-easterly from said bridge, a vertebra has been found; and five miles westerly from said bridge, a number of bones were taken up, six years ago, from about five feet below the surface. These I procured, and sent them to Dr. Bayley, of New-York, who has, I am informed, deposited them in Columbia College. And last week another skeleton has been discovered, about three miles east of my house, in the town of Shawangunk, about ten miles north-east of said bridge. These last discovered bones lie about ten feet from the surface, and are in a very sound state. Many of them have been raised, but some much broken, especially the bones of the head, which, I am persuaded, lie entire, and in their natural order.

I have procured two bones of this last discovered skeleton, and sent them to New-York by Edward W. Laight, Esq. for the purpose of having them examined by yourself, and other well-informed naturalists

in the city. One of these I take to be a metacarpal or metatarsal bone, which indicates the animal to have been claw-footed, and, from the forms of the astragalus and os calcis which were among the bones sent to Dr. Bayley, to have resembled the foot of the bear. With respect to the other bone, I am at a loss where to assign it a station among those of the skeleton.

Mr. Laight can inform you of many other particulars respecting these lately discovered bones, as he has seen and examined them himself.

These large bones are uniformly found in deep wet swamps only, by farmers, in digging up black mould and *marl* for the purpose of manuring their lands. Thus a little enterprize and industry has enabled them to convert those parts of their farms which were formerly esteemed nuisances, into valuable manures, and to make discoveries of great importance in the natural history of our country.

I have been particular in stating the relative situations and distances of those places in which bones have been discovered, from a certain point, to show, from the small district in which many discoveries have been made, the great probability that these animals must have been very numerous in this part of the country: for if we compare the small proportion that those swamps, in which only they are found, bear to the rest of the surface, and the very small proportion that those parts of such swamps as have yet been explored, bear to the whole of such swamps, the probable conclusion is, that they must once have existed here in great numbers. And why Providence should have destroyed an animal or species it once thought proper to create, is a matter of curious inquiry and difficult solution. If, however, they were voracious, it must appear happy for

the human race that they are extinct, by whatever means.

The hair above-mentioned seems to prove that it was not the elephant, or, if it was, that it must have been of a species or variety widely different from any known at present. With sincere wishes for your prosperity, I am your friend,

JAMES G. GRAHAM.

[*Med. Rep.*]

#### ANNAPOLIS COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday the 12th November, a commencement for conferring degrees in St. John's College, was held in the College-hall, Annapolis (Maryland), before a very large and respectable audience, consisting of the Honourable the Legislature of the State, and the ladies and gentlemen of the city.

The vice-principal opened the business of the day with a solemn prayer to the Supreme Being, after which the candidates proceeded with the public exercises in the following manner:

1. A Latin salutatory oration, by Mr. Richard Brown, of Virginia.
2. An oration on the character of a good citizen, by Mr. C. Stone, of Maryland.
3. An oration on the modern philosophy, by Mr. Walter Fernandes, of Maryland.
4. An oration on the advantages to be derived from the study of history, by Mr. James Boyle, of Maryland.
5. An oration on ridicule, as the test of truth, by Mr. John Sanders, of Maryland.

6. An oration on party-spirit, by Mr. Philip Thomas, of Maryland.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred, by the principal, on Messrs. Richard Brown, Robert C. Stone, Walter Fernandes, James Boyle, John Sanders, Philip Thomas, and Thomas Rogers—Messrs. James S. Grant and Thomas Dor-

sey, who were prevented from attending the commencement with their class, were also admitted to the same degree.

At the same time Messrs. Charles Alexander, Thomas Chase, John B. Duckett, John C. Herbert, John J. Tschudy, Richard Harwood, William Cooke, Robert H. Goldsborough, Francis Key, Daniel Murray, John Shaw, and C. Whiling, alumni of St. John's College, were admitted to the degree of Master of Arts.

7. Valedictory oration by Mr. Thomas Rogers, of Maryland.

The principal then closed the business of the commencement with a short address to the graduates respecting their future conduct in life, and concluded by commending them to the care of the Almighty Governor of the universe.

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#### FOREIGN.

##### DR. OGILVIE'S EPIC POEM.

DR. Ogilvie has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, an epic poem, entitled *Britannia*: the subject of which is the landing of Brutus on the island, his wars with the aborigines or natives, and the subsequent settlement and civilization of the country by him and his followers. This well-known legend or fable, has engaged the attention of various poets, but particularly of Pope, the plan of whose projected performance has long been before the public. If we except the *Æneid* of Virgil, perhaps no poem, ancient or modern, has so just a title to the appellation of a national epic as the present, whether we consider the general subject, which respects the origin of the nation, or particular parts, which embrace a succinct view of the most interesting periods of the English history. The price to be one guinea.



## SUGAR MADE FROM VEGETABLES.

Mr. Achard, the Prussian chemist, has at length brought his discoveries, in the article of sugar from vegetables, to such perfection that he is enabled to vend it at six sous the pound.

## MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

In England a mode has been discovered of manufacturing paper from straw. It is of strong consistence, and though it retains the colour of the material from which it is made, will serve for packing parcels, printing hand-bills, posting bills, and such other ordinary purposes. It is hoped, therefore, that this invention will be likely to reduce the present advanced prices of rags and paper, and destroy a most infamous monopoly.

## DECOMPOSITION OF SOLAR RAYS.

Dr. Herschell has decomposed the solar rays, by means of a prism, into visible rays of light, and invisible ones, or heat. He finds that the last emanate from all *candent* bodies, that they have the property of heating other substances, and are subject to peculiar laws of reflection and refraction.

## THE ORIENTAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

Several literary gentlemen of this country are about to institute a society for the cultivation of eastern literature. We understand they propose to publish annually a volume of papers and memoirs, and to hold periodical meetings in London. The society, at present, consists of above fifty members, among whom are the Bishop of Durham, the Bi-

shop of Meath, Sir G. Staunton, Sir R. Chambers, Sir F. Drake, Sir William Ouseley, Col. Symes, Dr. Baird, Dr. Moodie, Dr. Browne; Capt. Francklin, the Persian traveller; Mr. Browne, the Egyptian traveller; Mr. Moises, and Professor Lloyd. They are to be styled, "The Oriental Society."

## IMPROVEMENT IN BLEACHING LINEN.

Dr. Higgins, of Dublin, has made an improvement in bleaching linen, by the introduction of the *sulphurate of lime*. He finds that the alternate steepings of the oxymuriate of lime, and the sulphurate of lime, will, in ten days, bring green linen to a state of perfect whiteness, and he recommends it as the cheapest and best method of bleaching.

## NUMBER OF FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

In the course of the seventh year of the French Republic, there appeared in France 1407 new publications: 60 on legislation, 177 romances, 33 Almanacks, 16 philosophical, and three theological writings.

## DECOMPOSITION OF AZOTE.

Dr. Girtanner, in a memoir published in the French Annals of Chemistry, has, from a variety of experiments, given his opinion that *azote* is not an element, as has been generally supposed, but a *compound*, consisting of the same ingredients as water, and varying only in their proportions. Thus water consists of 85.66 oxygen, and 14.34 hydrogen; and azote 79 oxygen, and 21 hydrogen.—This discovery will have great effect on the long contested doctrine of phlogiston among the great chemists.

# POETRY.

## A SONG.

*From the Italian.*

BY R. ALSOP.

**C**OME fair Iola let us love!  
For swift the winged minutes move,  
With speed more rapid than the dart  
That strikes the bounding leopard's heart.

That tender flower will soon decay,  
Transient and fleeting is its day;  
That flower of youth, thy beauties bloom,  
Cold withering Age shall soon consume.

At eve, beneath the ocean's bed,  
The beauteous planet hides his head;  
But with the dawn's returning light  
In new-born splendour rises bright.

Stern Winter rends, with tempests rude,  
Its verdant foliage from the wood;  
But Spring restores, with brighter hue,  
And bids its beauties bloom anew.

But of our age the youthful flower,  
No genial spring can e'er restore;  
And once when set in shades of night  
No morn relumes our vital light.

In the drear regions of the tomb,  
Amid Oblivion's endless gloom,  
Amid eternal Horror's frown,  
No voice of love is ever known.

Ah! then, while yet the power we have,  
Ere Time resumes the boon he gave;  
While still with freshest tints it glows,  
Ah let us pluck the blooming rose!

Inspir'd by love, our hearts disdain  
The censures of that hoary train;  
To lovers stern, of love the foe,  
Whose frigid breasts no passion know.

Then fair Iola let us love!  
For swift the winged minutes move,  
With speed more rapid than the dart  
That strikes the bounding leopard's heart.

## ODE

*To a Medical Friend.*

BY J. DAVIS.

**T**HY glad return I joyful hail,  
On pinions of the swiftest gale,  
To Carolina's shore;  
Each sea-born nymph conspir'd to guide  
Thy vessel through the foamy tide,  
And give thee me once more.

With rosy wine, and chaplets gay,  
I'll celebrate the smiling day

That brought thee here again:  
To Friendship's joys I'll sweep the lyre,  
Thy blest return my verse shall fire,  
Escap'd the raging main.

Skill'd in the magic, healing art,  
Oft hast thou eas'd a parent's heart,  
That mourn'd her drooping child;  
Reliev'd her from the gulf of woe,  
When Death prepar'd his shaft to throw,  
With aspect grim and wild.

From thee Hygeia's gifts arise,  
On me be plac'd the ivy prize,  
Amid the echoing wood;  
Where nymphs and satyrs haunt the grove,  
Through woodland scenes I love to rove,  
Distinguish'd from the crowd.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*The subject of the following production was discovered during a journey through the forests of Carolina. If, in your critical opinion, it possesses any exertion of original powers, or any new combination of natural imagery, your judgment will much lessen the unfavourable opinion I entertain of my own.*

*In am, Sir, yours, &c.*

ENNIUS.

## ELEGY

*On the Grave of a Stranger.*

*Written at Obendaw, in South-Carolina.*

**N**OW while the sun in ocean rolls the day,  
Pensive I view, where yonder trees display  
The lonely heap of earth, where here unmourn'd,  
Beneath the pine, the stranger lies inurn'd.

Near these green reeds, that shade the passing wave,  
The grass proclaims the long-neglected grave,  
Where dark and drear the mossy forests rise,  
And Nature hides her form from mortal eyes;

Where never print of human step is found,  
Nor ever sun-beam cheers the gloomy  
ground,  
But towering pines the light of heaven  
preclude,  
And cedars wave in endless solitude;  
Where stretch'd amid the leaves, the  
branching hind  
Hears the tall cypress murmur to the  
wind.

All now unknown, if here this space  
of dust  
Inclose the ashes of the base or just,  
Nor wept by Friendship, nor enroll'd by  
Fame,  
Without a tomb, and e'en without a  
name.

So rests amid these over-arching woods  
Some hapless corse, regardless of the floods,  
Which oft around with angry deluge  
sweep,  
And roll the wrecks of ages to the deep.

These warring passions struggling to  
be free,  
These eyes, that once the blaze of heaven  
could see;  
This hand, perhaps from which the brave  
retired;  
This heart, that once the breath of life  
inspired,  
Now shut forever from the face of day,  
Claim but at last this narrow spot of clay.

Unhappy dust, no memory remains,  
Of what of thee once trod these gloomy  
plains,  
Whether some wish, that fires the hu-  
man breast,  
Of glory, or of wealth, was here suppress'd?  
Or great, or humble, was thy former lot!  
To all unknown, by all the world forgot.

But what is friendship, or exalted fame,  
Which Time may wound, or Envy's eye  
may blame?  
Alike the lofty and the low must lie,  
Alike the hero and the slave must die;  
A few short years their names from earth  
shall sweep,  
Unfelt as drops when mingling with the  
deep.

For thee no tomb arrests the passing eye,  
No muse implores the tributary sigh,  
Nor weeping fire shall hither press to  
mourn,  
Nor frantic spouse invoke thee from thine  
urn;

\* Potatoe-pone is a food sold nightly in the streets of Charleston.

† The Bay is a street in Charleston.

But here unwept, beneath this gloomy  
pine,  
Eternal nights of solitude are thine.

So when conflicting clouds, in thunder  
driven,  
Shake to its base the firmament of heaven,  
Prone on the earth the lofty cedar lies  
Unseen, and in an unknown valley dies:  
So falls the towering pride of mortal state,  
So perish all the glories of the great.  
In vain with hope to distant realms we  
run,  
Some bliss to share, or misery to shun.

In vain the man of narrow bosom flies;  
Where meanness triumphs, and where  
honour dies,  
And fills the sable bark with fordid ore,  
To swell the pomps that curse a guilty  
shore;  
Pursued by fate thro' every realm and sea,  
He falls at last unwept, unknown, like  
thee.

#### A NEGRO's LAMENTATION,

*Written at Charleston.*

WHAT though I come from Afric's  
burning coast,  
And here, a captive, groan beneath the  
yoke;  
Yet, like great *Buckra*, I can have my toast,  
And like him, too, the gentle Muse in-  
voke.

Soft are the accents when, with soothing  
tone,  
My Angel cries her sweet-potatoe-pone;\*  
Which oft I've eat beneath the evening  
sky,  
"And drunk delicious poison from her  
eye;"  
While her soft bosom, rising to the sight,  
With envy fill'd the black'ning clouds of  
night.

Oft have I view'd her, at the close of day,  
*Jump* to the fiddle, light some on the Bay;†  
Or heard her sing responsive on the lyre,  
While my heart beat with hope and fond  
desire.

But bliss is fled! *Buckra*, for want of  
gold,  
The lovely nymph inflexibly has fold  
To some rich planter, man of high re-  
nown,  
*Who baunts vendues to knock poor Negroes  
down!*

*To an OWL.**Written at Coosjohatchie.*

**A**S through these gloomy woods I  
wind,  
And hear, O Owl, thy mournful lay;  
I often ponder in my mind,  
Had I thy wings, I'd fly away.

## LINES

By a young Lady.

*Written at the Falls of Passaic, July, 1800.*

**P**RONE to admire the ever changeful  
scene,  
Which Nature opens to the observant  
eye,

To tread, delighted, the enamell'd green,  
And gaze, with rapture, on the starry  
sky;

To trace the murmur'ing stream's retiring  
shore,

And, stretch'd along its bank, to linger  
there,

Or, startling, catch the torrent's distant  
roar,

Or climb where rocks their towering  
summits rear;

Here, mid these wilds, we wind our de-  
vious way,

And trace each path remote from hu-  
man ken;

Beneath the shadowy rocks now pensive  
stray,

Now wander through the deep en-  
tangled glen.

Hark! the loud tumult of the water's  
roar!

Behold yon foaming stream's impetu-  
ous tide!

See headlong dash'd upon the rocky  
shore,

The oak, all shatter'd, once the forest's  
pride!

Exhaustless flood! no interval is thine;  
Each day, each night, still hurrying  
thro' the vales,

No winter's icy bands thy course confine,  
No summer's blaze thy glittering tide  
exhales.

Ceaseless the thunder of thy tumbling  
waves—

Here Silence ne'er a residence has  
found;

Unwearied Echo answers from her caves,  
And shakes the hills and hanging cliffs  
around.

For ages shall these roaring waters glide,  
These rocks succeeding ages shall re-  
main;

While a few years shall stop the purple  
tide,

That now with ardour swells the youth-  
ful vein.

Yet rocks the ruthless hand of time shall  
feel;

E'en Ocean's self, in years, shall roll  
away:

Eternity on man has stamp'd the seal  
That gives the promise of eternal day.  
M.

## LINES

*Written in the woody Vale of BERA.*

[From Professor Carlile's Specimens of  
Arabian Poetry.]

**T**HE intervening boughs for thee  
Have wove, sweet dale, a verdant  
vest,

And thou, in turn, shall give to me  
A verdant couch upon thy breast.

To shield me from day's fervid glare,  
Thine oaks their fostering arms extend,  
As anxious o'er her infant care,  
I've seen a watchful mother bend.

A brighter cup, a sweeter draught,  
I gather from that rill of thine,  
Than maddening toppers ever quaff'd,  
Than all the treasures of the mine.

So smooth the pebbles on its shore,  
That not a maid can hither stray,  
But counts her strings of jewels o'er,  
And thinks the pearls have slip'd away.

*To the LEHEIGH.*

**F**AIR Leheigh, to thy placid stream  
A pensive Muse attunes her lay,  
Who, guided by the lunar beam,  
Delights along thy banks to stray.

Unruffled by the boisterous crew  
Who harrow Ocean's anxious breast,  
Thy tender waves soft zephyrs woo,  
And on thy lucid bosom rest.

Not e'en the gentle voice of love  
Disturbs sad Echo's frail repose;  
Far hence his artful sighs remove—  
His joys unknown—unknown his woes.

Here Science to the infant mind  
Displays her fascinating charms,  
And on thy happy shores reclin'd,  
Cradles young Genius in her arms.

Oh! could I, from the world retir'd,  
To quiet give each future hour,  
And, by sublimer scenes inspir'd,  
With rapture court the Muse's power;

Then, Lehigh, to thy placid stream,  
Enamour'd, would I bend my way,  
And, by Diana's friendly beam,  
Inscribe to thee the grateful lay.  
*Bethlehem, May 21, 1794.*

CALISTA.

Friendship, in a thousand forms,  
Wakes the mutual wish to please,  
And the word affection warms  
Rivals with Arabia's breeze.

Thus tho' flown from Folly's height,  
Driven from Dissipation's train,  
Here will Happiness alight,  
Here securely ever reign.

CALISTA.

#### ON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

WANDERING from Ambition's  
height,  
Driv'n from Dissipation's train,  
Where does Happiness alight?  
Where begins her blest domain?

From the heart which vice distains,  
Still with eager haste she flies,  
And the place where folly reigns,  
Will eternally despise.

But where heavenly virtue glows,  
Where the mild affections play,  
Where benevolence o'erflows,  
There the Goddess deigns to stay.

To the fond domestic scene,  
Still delighted, she retires;  
There diffuses joy serene,  
There the purest bliss inspires.

When a parent's tender cares  
Are with filial fondness paid,  
And fraternal love appears,  
In perpetual smiles array'd,

#### THE WAR-HORSE:

*A Paraphrase from the Book of Job.*

PROUD in his strength, behold the  
warlike horse  
Paw the green valley, and demand the  
course:

With stately step he treads the dusty  
fields,

Blazing with groves of spears and moony  
shields.

First, with retorted eye, he hears th'  
alarms

Of rushing multitudes and flaming arms;  
Then, heaving his high chest with fierce  
delight,

Rears to the rein, and glories in his might.

In vain the jav'lin glitters in his eyes,  
He scorns the quiver and the lance defies;  
Clouds of thick smoke his fiery nostrils  
roll,

And all the battle rushes on his soul;  
Impatient to be free, he tears the plain,  
And tosses, in his rage, his thunder-  
waving mane.

ENNIUS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Disconsolate Eliza*," by "HENRICUS," does not possess all that tenderness and passion, and that *poetic diction*, which the subject demands, and which would entitle it to a place in our poetical department. It appears to be the production of *youthful genius*, and, as such, may afford the promise of better things. The judgment of the editor must controul his wishes to gratify this correspondent.

Our fair correspondent "SCRIBLERA" will excuse us for not inserting the "*Dissertation on Bachelors*."—Some novelty of sentiment, some touches of wit, or strokes of humour, or some beauties of language, are necessary to enliven and adorn a subject so dry, stale, and unprofitable. We recommend a theme less trite, and more adapted for the exercise of her pen: for we should be sorry that the rejection of this first essay should discourage her from further correspondence.

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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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VOL. III.]

DECEMBER, 1800.

[No. 6.]

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*The Men worth fifty Dollars.*

YESTERDAY I met an old acquaintance posting with great expedition up Broadway.

"What now? Whither are you bound?"

"To the Theatre."

"Why, you seem to be assiduous in your attendance: pray how often do you go?"

"Every play-night that my health permits; and that is generally every night throughout the season. At this season I have been less punctual. I have not been above *fifty times* in all."

"Fifty times! Very moderate, upon my word. The privilege of sitting, for four hours, in a crowd of all ages and degrees; in the midst of glaring lights, occasional clappings and hisses, with a motley and varying scene before you, cannot be enjoyed for nothing. Pray what does it cost you?"

"Fifty nights amount, of course, to fifty dollars: but I've no time to talk to you now—so good-bye."

How differently are different men disposed to employ those two precious commodities, time and money! A father once assembled a family of six sons around him. "My

children," says he, "I am going to consult your wishes in the best manner I can. I am obliged to demand your assistance in my calling, for the common benefit; and, in return for your aid, I give you food, cloathing, and shelter suitable to your education and views; but, henceforth, I will do more. For the next half year I will give each of you fifty dollars, and the liberty of spending three evenings in every week, from six to twelve, just as your inclination may lead."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and the father became anxiously observant of the manner in which the respective temper and views of his children would direct them in the disposition of this time and money.

Tom, the eldest, was a saving, thrifty, prudent lad. He knew, long since, not only that time begot money, but that money begot itself. He therefore bestowed the *time* thus granted him, in working at his father's trade, but for his own emolument. As four hours, in which diligence labours for its own profit, is generally equal to a day's work on another's account, Tom had earned, at the end of the half year, by indefatigable application

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to the plane and chissel, another fifty dollars. The original sum, however, did not lie idly in his coffers all this while. After weighing the respective claims upon his choice, Tom yielded to the counsel of an uncle, who traded to the West-Indies, and invested the sum in an adventure to St. Domingo. The adventure was successful; and, being re-shipped on the second voyage long before the expiration of six months, Tom's share of the proceeds came into possession, which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. Thus the saving knowledge of Tom, turned his fifty into two hundred; and wrought, likewise, very favourably on his skill in the craft, and in confirming him in habits of industry and sobriety. It must be owned, however, that the general powers of his mind, and his sensibility, were not much advanced.

The second brother, *Will*, had unfortunately contracted a fondness for jovial company, the temporary mistress, the loo party, and the bottle. These indulgences had been hitherto restrained by the want of leisure and money. Fifty dollars, and three evenings in the week, were by no means adequate to his wishes; but, being contrasted with preceding penury and toil, they opened a glorious prospect to his view. At the end of six months, not only the money was squandered, but a debt of twice the amount contracted, which the father was obliged to pay. All his habits of sensuality and dissipation were aggravated, and his constitution deeply injured by irregularity and excess. In every respect, therefore, this present was pernicious to Will.

*Sam*, the third brother, was an handsome youth; impetuous and generous, full of the social sympathies, and swayed chiefly by the spur of the moment and the impulse of the heart. A little before this

distribution had taken place, Sam had fallen in love with Kitty Franks, a charming creature, blooming with youth, overflowing with vivacity, enamoured in her turn with Sam, somewhat volatile and giddy, but containing the rudiments of many excellences.

On hearing his father's resolution, Sam's heart leaped for joy. He imagined no use of time or money but to gratify his passion for Kitty, and to multiply his social, but innocent pleasures. Immediately he ran off to Kitty to demand her congratulations on the liberty which was thus secured to them of frequently enjoying each other's society; and, all the way to the dwelling of his mistress, his imagination was full of the toys and trinkets which his fifty dollars would bestow upon the idol of his affections. A pocket-book, a muff, a toilet cabinet, curiously divided into holes and corners, for pomatum, powder, wash-ball, and combs; and twenty box-tickets, at least, crowded, pell-mell, into his fancy.

Unluckily, however, part of this golden scene was suddenly obscured by meeting an acquaintance next day who was in extreme want of twenty dollars to pay his taylor's bill. Sam was never proof against such solicitations, and accordingly complied. Half an hour after, the loan went into the coffers of Tunbelly, keeper of a noted porter-house, in discharge of an old score. The remaining thirty, however, received the destination originally designed for them; and muffs, and trinkets, and the play-going privilege were bought. The supply, indeed, fell greatly short of Sam's generosity, but he found a sufficient consolation in the company of Kitty, with whom he regularly laughed and toyed away three evenings in the seven.

These interviews added so much fuel to the fire of their mutual pas-

sion, and they looked forward to the return of absence and restraint with so much reluctance, that they finally resolved to make their union sacred and irrevocable by marriage. On the last day of this half year of love and liberty, the father had the mortification to receive intelligence that the giddy and thoughtless pair had been tied together by a parson in the neighbourhood. How far the good-humour, sanguineness, and hey-day of youth will secure the happiness of the newly married against parental indignation, accumulating wants, and vanishing means, time must decide.

Joe and Bob, the fourth and fifth sons, were widely different from their elder brothers. Joe had been early distinguished by attachment to the pencil, and to music. He was always a grumbling and reluctant workman in his father's shop; and, whenever the eye of authority was withdrawn from him, he was sure to rake a coal from the ashes and fall to scrawling the chins and noses of the journeymen upon the unfinished desk and half-made dining-table. At spare moments he was accustomed to steal from the kitchen-corner to a neighbouring Dutchman's, who lived by teaching music. Here, on the score of neighbourhood, he was allowed to sit, and drink in the sounds of the flute and harpsichord, which Schræder played for the edification of his pupils.

These tunes were greedily caught, easily retained, and incessantly repeated by Joe, and constituted his amusement while at work with the saw and adze. His inexpressible longings were now somewhat gratified by the gift of fifty dollars and three evenings in the week. The money was immediately bestowed on Schræder, as hire for his harpsichord and the use of note-books, and a garret to enjoy himself alone.

Joe's zeal was not to be quenched

by time. Every day strengthened his passion for three octaves and a stop; and, at the expiration of his respite, he returned with new reluctance to manual labour. He found comfort, nevertheless, in reflecting that he now could perform intricate concerts with tolerable ease at first sight; and that the stock of musical ideas, the contemplation and repetition of which cheered his daily task, was greatly increased.

Bob, with unsocial views and liberal propensities, somewhat similar to his brother Joe, had selected a very different path for his voluntary diligence. Bob was smitten with the charms of natural philosophy; and, while the pleasures of the sexes, of the play-house, of the ball-room, and the *tweedle-dum* of Schræder touched no answering chord in his heart, he applied his time and money, with unwearied diligence, to the construction of an electrical apparatus, with which, for his own amusement, and the wonder of his visitants, he drew fire from living bodies, illuminated an inscription, set bits of paper, cut into human shape, dancing, and performed all the other surprising feats that are usually performed on these occasions.

Harry, the youngest son, as he differed in shape and physiognomy from his brethren, had likewise a character and views wholly opposite to theirs. Books and meditation had early become favourite pursuits; but his application was regulated by circumstances peculiar to himself. His heart was by no means inaccessible to the tender passions. A connection was formed, at an early age, with a female pliant, full of tenderness, docility, modesty, and good sense; unambitious of distinction for wit or beauty, and only studious of performing those silent and domestic duties which are void of speciousness and ostentation. In these sentiments,



she bore a perfect resemblance to Harry, who added to her amiable qualities, steadfastness of mind, large capacity, eagerness for useful knowledge, and that manual diligence suggested by reflection on the benefits of competence and the subservience of money, not only to our own gratification, but to the good of others.

The father's gifts were not less acceptable to Harry than to Bob, or Joe, or Sam, or Will, or Tom. Indeed, an higher value was set upon the bounty, inasmuch as a juster conception was formed of the benefits which it put within his reach. The money was not bestowed upon the theatre, or toys, or pocket-books, or fiddle-strings, or glass-bottles, not because these objects were intrinsically worthless, or necessarily pernicious, but merely because his taste demanded higher enjoyments; and he held it his chief duty to promote, by all possible means, the rational improvement and lasting happiness of her whom he had selected as the partner of his future life. He laid out his money, partly in those necessary accommodations of which the indigence of her he loved stood in need, and partly in volumes of history, morals, and poetry, which conveyed practical knowledge; and, while they opened an avenue to laudable pleasure, furnished a criterion of preference. The day was sufficiently engrossed with toils, merely mechanical and lucrative; and the evenings of liberty were therefore devoted to her company, and to those pursuits which might be carried on with more success jointly than separately.

Money and time thus spent, did not produce transient or momentary effects. The ideas acquired from their reading were immortal; and their library, regarded as a mere commodity in traffic, was calculated to replace the money which had

purchased it, if carried to market at the end of a year, and after it had yielded to their studious attention all its treasures.

Their interviews, without awakening impatience and reluctance at that privation which ensued, qualified them to sustain it with cheerfulness and dignity, by adding new brightness to their prospects, and affording them the delightful perception of their progress in intellectual energy and moral excellence.

Such was the half-year's history of the six brothers. The fortune of each was fifty dollars, and each employed his wealth in the manner he deemed most prudent. The candid observer may claim to sit in judgment on the merits of their various schemes. In favour of which will he decide? Whatever be his servitude to sensual habits, there is no one, perhaps, will imagine *Will* to be the Solomon of this groupe. *Sam* will not be without his admirers, his advocates, and his imitators. There are many votaries of science and the muses who will declare in favour, some of *Joe* and others of *Bob*. The grave and reverend seniors, whose wisdom is the harvest of long life and old experience, will instantly bestow their voices upon *Tom*. But what is the number of those who will admit *Harry* into competition with his brethren for the laurel of discretion?

SELMA.

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*On Mottos and Quotations from the Ancients.*

SIX hundred years ago, when all who aspired to literature were obliged to seek it among the reliques of the Greeks and Romans, the learned languages ceased to be dead tongues. In correspondence, conversation, and publication, the

only medium was Latin. In the progress of improvement, though the ancient tongues were gradually supplanted, in popular performances, by the modern, yet writers being early imbued with the ancient literature, and intimately conversant with it, their topics, their opinions, and their images, continued to flow from that source.

By the common laws of intellectual association, a man learnedly educated, on whatever subject he talked or wrote, his memory was perpetually thronged, and his understanding beset, by the thoughts and terms of the Greeks and Romans. From an early and obvious prejudice, the ancient terms appeared more forcible and happy than any which his own language could supply; and he was apt to confound the sterility and meagerness of his own vocabulary, with that of his native dialect. Besides, the reputation of learning was of value; and such allusions and quotations afforded the requisite proof of his erudition.

It is curious to mark the force and duration of this prejudice. It has even continued to the present time; and there are very few disputants hardy enough to affirm that a man may possess an ingenious and enlightened mind, without a knowledge of Greek or Latin. In one respect, however, an important revolution is visible. Literary historians tell us, that at one time all the discourses from the pulpit were in Latin. Gradually a few passages and terms were admitted from the vulgar tongue. The strangers multiplied till at length the Latin and vulgar terms became mingled after a most singular and motley manner. French and Italian curates are said to have harangued their congregations alternately in both languages, addressing the educated part of the assembly in Latin, and then immediately translating it, sentence by

sentence, into the vulgar tongue, for the use of their unlettered hearers.

At length, after a long progress, men came to deliver themselves in their native tongue; but the reverence for antiquity continued; and, when the sentiment which the writer was desirous of stating occurred to him as having been already uttered by a Greek or Roman author, the ancient was immediately introduced in the form of a quotation. The Greeks are said to have paid the same homage to Homer, which we pay to the scriptures. A line or phrase from that author was always sufficient to decide any controversy, or any topic of politics or science, to which it could be made to bear any relation. A similar superstition prevailed on the revival of letters in Europe; and every didactic work was overloaded with quotations, which were introduced in the place of arguments or experiments.

I have been greatly amused in turning over the pages of Puffendorf and Grotius, which are stuffed with quotations from the ancient authors. They are made use of to illustrate and sanction the author's opinion on the duties of citizens and nations, and are collected indiscriminately from every quarter. Ovid, and Prudentius, and Juvenal, and Plautus, are introduced with equal solemnity; and the same stress is laid upon their random effusions as upon the dictates of divine inspiration.

This pedantry, in proportion as works of science and invention have multiplied in the modern languages, has grown less prevalent. Men whose native stores are large, who are masters of the energies and graces of their native tongue, and whose fancy is replenished with original combinations, disdain this puerile display of memory; this bedecking of themselves in foreign and gaudy plumage; and this er-

roncous ostentation of their learning.

They are aware that the number of those readers who do not understand the ancient tongues is continually increasing, and are therefore studious of speaking a language which every reader may understand without recurring to glossaries or dictionaries.

It is remarkable how rarely Latin phrases or quotations occur in the writings of Dr. Johnson. In the essays of the Rambler, indeed, agreeably to the fashion established eighty years before, a motto from some ancient author is regularly prefixed; but, in the body of the essay, quotations rarely occur: and, in his other performances, they occur with still less frequency. The example of this writer, the vigour of whose understanding was not inferior to the extent of his erudition, ought to banish this idle pedantry from all compositions.

The improvement of the world, in this respect, is evident from the custom of adding, in the new editions of periodical essays, the translation of the mottos and quotations. This has partly arisen from the increasing importance of the female sex, whom every author is now accustomed to number among his readers, and who are universally supposed not to be acquainted with Greek or Latin.

There is a singular exception to this rule, however, in a very recent and very popular writer, whose performance, in the number and *quality* of its quotations, reminds us of the contemporaries of Grotius and Erasmus. Different opinions may be entertained of the poetical and critical merit of the author of "The Pursuits of Literature;" but I imagine very few will be found to admire his propensity to borrowing from the Greeks and Romans. This absurdity has been set in a very strong and ridiculous light by the

new editions of that work, in which the quotations are all *carefully translated*, and the translations subjoined by way of an appendix.

The objections to this practice, on the score of dullness and inaptitude in the quotations themselves, are applicable to almost every writer distinguished by the itch of quoting; but, to all of them, there is one objection to be made, which must supercede all others, namely, that the languages made use of are not generally understood. Innumerable readers, to whose benefit and to whose judgment some regard is due, have never learned Latin or Greek; and those who have spent their youth in academic bowers, have generally permitted either the pleasures and cares of life, or the charms of some fashionable modern study, to efface or weaken the traces made by Xenophon and Cicero. Either they comprehend, with irksomeness and difficulty, the passage quoted, or they merely understand the terms, and are insensible of the energy or felicity of the phrase.

This defection from classical authorities, though not confined to the new world, is yet more conspicuous on this than on the other side of the ocean; and the practice of learned quotation is therefore more objectionable in American, than in European writers. A man need not be endued with any supernatural foresight to discover that, in no long time, Greek and Latin will cease to be regularly taught in the fashionable seminaries of America; and that the *erudite* essayists of the present age will be then regarded as we *now* regard the sermon-makers of the last century, who mixed up with their barbarous English at least an equal proportion of Attic salt and Roman mustard.

The time will come when the unsophisticated taste of our posterity will be satisfied with the wholesome and simple mess of hasty-pud-

ding, the produce of their own labour, and the bounty of their own fields, sprinkled into savouriness with the juice of their own maple, and turn with just loathing from a vile and unsubstantial hotch-potch, in which a withered stalk is exalted into sapidity by the help of that motley troop of provocatives, mustard, salt, oil, egg, and vinegar.

### A Ball-Room Dress.

"PRAY," said I to the woman of the shop where I stopped to purchase a pair of gloves, "what purpose is that splendid apparel designed for?"

She had in her hands a quantity of glistening muslin, and lace, and was busy when I entered in reducing it to form and order with the needle. It was intended, she told me, to be worn one night at a ball.

"One night!" said I, "and no more?"

"One night only. It would be highly indecent to appear in it a second time."

"Well; and when finished it is to be put on in the evening, displayed in a company of twenty or thirty, in a large room, and then laid aside forever. And how much must the lady pay for the opportunity of thus exhibiting herself?"

"The whole dress, perhaps, may come to about four hundred dollars.

"Four hundred dollars! surely you are jesting; or, at least, mistaken. You must mean forty dollars."

"No, no, I mean four hundred."

"What, for a garment that is to be worn only for a few hours!"

"Only for a few hours."

"Why, all my earnings, by the unremitted application of my pen, in a public office, for twelve months, amount only to that sum; and that sum enables me to purchase food,

cloathing, and shelter for an equal period: yet here is a sum equal to my whole income and expense laid out upon this flimsy web, to be worn for half a night, while the wearer walks, in measured pace, up and down a room. I am acquainted with at least eight indigent, but laborious families, all whose house-rent, for a year, does not exceed four hundred dollars. Pray who is the purchaser?"

"'Tis Mrs. Zary, the wife of a man whose rice-bogs and black-slaves bring him about eight thousand dollars a year. He can well afford to pay so trifling a sum as four hundred dollars for a ball-dress for his wife. She means not to go to the same expense twice in the same season."

"True," said I, as I left the shop, "as you say, he is rich and can afford it."

Luxury and profusion are not to be always measured by the actual amount of what is laid out on ostentation or on baubles, but by the proportion which the sums thus expended bear to the income and the necessary expense of the prodigal. Twenty dollars, given by a clerk in the same office with myself, for a fowling-piece, bears the same proportion to his salary as four hundred dollars do to the revenue of Mr. Zary, and is, perhaps, an instance of far more pernicious prodigality.

If Mr. Zary, during his late residence in England, had asked Lord Eardley how much his kennel of fox-hounds cost him, he would have been told—about two thousand pounds a year. "Lord!" would Zary have exclaimed, "what enormous waste! This man lays out, upon his pack of yelpers, a sum equal to my whole revenue!" yet Mr. Zary can, without compunction, disburse, for a gratification inexpressibly more transitory and ridiculous, a sum bearing as large a

proportion to *his* revenue as two thousand sterling is to the forty thousand per annum of Lord Eardley.

When I was in Europe, Earl Courtney, of Devon, gave an entertainment to a great company of Devonshire and Cornish gentry. It was to celebrate his son's birth-day, which chanced to coincide with the christian festival. To this feast, among a great number of similar articles, were furnished two thousand baskets of fresh strawberries, at half a guinea a piece, and more than nine hundred pints of *green peas*, at a guinea a pint. These two articles, devoured or wasted in about the same time that Mrs. Zary is allowed to wear her ball-room habit, amount therefore to about as much as the year's expense of Lord Eardley's kennel; and bore, it is likely, even a less proportion to the Courtney's revenue.

Excessive and outrageous as this prodigality may seem to some, it is a doubt with me whether the puerile and selfish ostentation of the American lady be not far more unjustifiable and despicable than the fox-hounds of Eardley, which afford a whole year's amusement, and amusement connected with effects not injurious to activity or health, or than the green peas and fresh strawberries at Christmas of the Courtneys, from which upwards of a thousand persons drew a direct, though momentary gratification.

In a ball-room habit there is no scope for any passion but the most absurd vanity in the wearer, and a childish rivalry and envy in the spectators. Hunting and feasting allow a man to admit his friends to a share of his amusement; and the builder, butcher, and gardener, are ultimately benefited by the profusion of their lordships; but if a kind of expense, the most frivolous, transient, selfish, and productive of the smallest benefit to others were

sought, a sagacious inquirer would be apt to decide in favour of a lady's ball-room dress. So, at least, decides a

CYNIC.

### *The Point of Honour in America.*

**S**EDUCTION, and murder by duel, are the remnants of the ancient manners of Europe. These have sometimes been more politely styled gallantry and the point of honour; and, such is the influence of names, that gallantry and honour are soft and inoffensive sounds, though their acceptation be precisely similar to seduction and murder.

It is sufficiently manifest that these vices have accompanied the Europeans across the ocean, and that the colony cannot boast of an exemption, in this respect, from the faults of the mother country. The degree in which these crimes prevail in America, and the difference, in this respect, between the integrity of the parent and the offspring, are questions of difficult solution.

Seduction is a secret guilt: there is no scale, therefore, by which its prevalence can be estimated either in Europe or America. Duels, on the contrary, though projected secretly, are generally, when accomplished with or without bloodshed, extremely notorious. The parties, or their friend, commonly think their *honour* concerned in telling the story to the world through the medium of some newspaper. In other cases popular curiosity is gratified by the voluntary diligence of newsmen.

The number of duels is perhaps not of such moment, in a picture of manners, as the rank and condition of the duelist; but, in neither case have Americans cause to boast. Their most illustrious characters,

those among the highest in reputation and in office, have either been actually engaged in duels, or shewn, on different occasions, a perfect promptitude to take up arms at honour's bidding. In Great-Britain we find, in the catalogue of duelists, such names as Grattan, Lansdown, Fox, Pitt, and the Duke of York.

As to the number of encounters of this sort, Great-Britain and Ireland may safely be said not to furnish thirty instances in a year; but ten instances in the United States constitute an extremely moderate computation. The British isles are at least three times more populous than these States. Hence it appears, that so far as the folly and depravity of national manners may be estimated by the frequency of duels, and the prevalence of that principle which leads to them, the United States, if it cannot bear away the palm of infamy from all other nations, is, at least, upon a level with the corruptest of them.

### Original Anecdotes of Cowper.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a former number of your Magazine, you gave us some account of the poet Cowper. There is a lady in this city who resided in the neighbourhood of his birth-place, who mentioned some particulars respecting this pathetic poet, that were, to me, and will probably prove to most of the admirers of that poet, extremely interesting.

The predominant genius of a man may, in most cases, be traced to some early incident in the history of his life. Cowper, it seems, was from his childhood devoted to meditation and seclusion, and endued with antipathy to every noisy course or merely lucrative pursuit.

This temper was strengthened by an attachment between him and

the daughter of a neighbouring family. The usual objections, on the score of birth and fortune, did not exist in this case, and neither family were averse to this connection. It was necessary, however, in the opinion of Cowper's father, that the union should be postponed till the young man had established himself in some gainful and honourable profession.

For this end the youth was sent to London and placed at the Temple. To this fane of subtilty and science, all his rural dispositions accompanied him. The cultivation of literature and poetry ravished his attention away from the *Crokes* and *Carthews* of his library, and his hours were spent in composing tender ditties for his mistress, instead of transcribing into his commonplace book, the *demurrers* and *narratives* of the law.

His father, whose heart was set upon seeing his son Will one day adorned with the flowing and well-powdered honours of a chancellor, was extremely displeased at this infatuation and supineness. He tried various expedients to awaken in his heart a more profitable ambition. At length he fancied that he discovered the source of all these ungenerous propensities in the affection which William had so assiduously fostered for the country maid. He resolved, therefore, to put an end to his hopes; and, by studied incivilities to the lady's family, excited their resentment so far, that the girl was prohibited from further intercourse.

Disobedience to this mandate produced the usual stretches of parental tyranny. The victim was restricted in her walks and visits; and, finally, imprisoned in her chamber. The gentle spirit was sorely bruised by this rod. Grief and sullenness were succeeded by loss of understanding, and an untimely close was put to her exist-

ence in the cells of a private mad-house!—Such was a father's policy! and the effects of it upon the son's happiness and destiny are generally known.

The narrator of these incidents was a lady who, besides a residence in the neighbourhood of both families, was in habits of domestic intercourse with both of them. This tale is repeated upon her authority; and, if it be true, its truth must be known to many. X. Z.

*On the prevailing Ignorance of Geography.*

AN American gentleman was once entertained by a *Welsh* knight. It was at the opening of the American war, on which the discourse naturally turned. The knight, after some discussion on the causes of the troubles, very shrewdly observed that the troops designed for the service would have a very long *march*.

This story was related by the American with much exultation over the ignorance of the Welshman. On inquiring where the knight lived, I was answered, "In Shropshire;" but, added my friend, "I found equal ignorance of American geography in every other county in *Wales*."

A lady, sagacious and well-informed in general, observed that "the Welshmen in America were, in that respect, as ignorant as their countrymen. Her father had formerly a Welshman for his servant, whom she once asked whether the *city* of Wales was as large as New-York. But the question, however plain, and though David had lived three months in the latter city, he was unable to answer."

"Pray," said a young girl who had been very attentive to the conversation, addressing herself to the

traveller, "where about in North-Wales did this knight you talk of live? I was bred and born there, but don't remember any man of that *name*. She recollected one *Peggy Knight*, who used to come and stay at her father's in *killing-time*."

This produced a laugh from a great part of the company, who knew the questioner to have been born in the township of North-Wales, not forty miles from Philadelphia.

"Child," said the traveller, "the Wales that I was talking of was Wales in Europe, not in America."

"Really," said an old gentleman who had hitherto been silent, and speaking with great deference, "I thought, till this moment, that Wales was a place, not in Europe, but in England."

The traveller's countenance betrayed some marks of confusion. "You are right," said he to the old gentleman, "I meant England. Wales is a part of England, it is true; for Europe is a continent; and England and Scotland, all the world knows, *are islands*."

This series of geographical blunders was, perhaps, the more remarkable, as there was hung up, in full view, on the wall of the apartment, a large map of Europe; and all the parties in this discussion had been, for a long time, accustomed to assemble conversationally in this room.

In truth, notwithstanding the facility with which geographical knowledge may be gained, there are few things with which men in general are less acquainted. This science is not immediately connected with any of the common pursuits of life. A man may outlive Methusalem, and bear his part in ordinary transactions without discredit, who yet knows not whether Indostan be an isthmus or peninsula.

Knowledge in general has been

sometimes represented as a dome resting upon columns, which columns are the sciences. That column which contributes least to the grandeur or stability of the edifice, is doubtless physical geography, or the science which acquaints us with the mode in which land and water, mountain and stream, are distributed over the surface of the globe. Whether the isles of New-Zealand be hills or plains; whether the south pole be surrounded by continent or ocean; whether the Niger flows east or west; and whether the Nile proceeds, like other rivers, from springs in the earth or from hills in the moon, are points than which it is hard to imagine any less important to our happiness, or less conducive to advancement in any of the useful arts or abstruse sciences. Every one knows the time, pains, and *pence* which the investigation of the three last questions has occasioned, and how much stress has been laid, by very grave people, on their accurate decision; yet, surely human curiosity could scarcely be more idly employed.

There is a difference, it is plain, in the importance of different geographical questions. Lord North, when he proposed the invasion of the Colonies, was under no absolute necessity of knowing that a long tract of water separated England from America. The admiralty commissioners and their agents, those at least who were to serve as pilots to the armaments, would stand in need of this knowledge; but Lord North's coachman found it extremely convenient to know that his Lordship's country residence lay on the North side of the Thames.

Baron de Tott found it very hard to convince the Turkish ministers that it was possible for a Russian fleet to make its appearance in the Archipelago, without passing the Dardanelles. This was a geogra-

phical fact, without doubt, of which it was dangerous to be ignorant.

Many a merchant of these States has sent cargoes to Petersburg and Buenos Ayres, who has been wholly ignorant whether oceans or mountains separated those places from each other; nor was this knowledge in him at all necessary to the success of his projects.

There were German Abbots and Bishops, before the reformation, who believed that the Cæsar spoken of in the gospels and apostolic acts was a descendant of Rodolphus of Hapsburg; and that Judea was a district somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rome.

The illiterate readers of the bible, indeed, in all nations, fall into whimsical and ludicrous errors, both as to the chronology and geography of the bible history. From some of these errors, the most enlightened and intelligent, in other respects, are not exempt. Two females, of great intellectual merit, once appealed to me, in a controversy which had risen between them, whether Egypt was separated from England by the Red Sea or the River Nile.

Geography, indeed, in its strictest sense, and unconnected with other sciences, is of such little intrinsic importance, that no compilation or system, merely geographical, has hitherto appeared. Books under this title contain a medley of information, historical, statistical, philosophical, and moral; and, I may also add, astronomical: but the geography of these productions is little more than is contained in the maps which sometimes accompany them.

The value of geographical knowledge lies in its subservience to other arts or pursuits. It cannot boast of being a necessary hand-maid to any; but, its benefits to the reader of history are most conspicuous. It serves to make images



flowing from narrations more vivid and durable, though it is not necessary to make them intelligible.

One, for instance, who should have engraven on his mind the map of England, consisting of all its outlines and divisions, and the mutual relations and distances of its shores, provinces, and cities, will read the history of the civil wars of Charles I. with conceptions different from him who never saw a map, or read a topographical description; but the latter is as likely to comprehend the causes and tendencies of all events, to derive from the perusal of the story political and moral knowledge, as the former. His ideas, however, will be differently modified, and will be less satisfactory, and, if I may use the term, less picturesque than those of the former.

#### A MISER'S PRAYER.

THE falsehood and selfishness of the human heart has been the theme of moralists and satyrists ever since the days of Job and Juvenal. The numberless ways in which our own interest intrudes upon our contemplations, and perverts our wishes, has often been observed. Some poet has taken occasion to exemplify these perversions in detailing the prayers put up, by a great number of votaries, at the shrine of some popular divinity. He represents the indigent as praying for wealth, the unmarried for an husband, the childless for offspring, and the impatient heir for the death of the present possessor.

It is not to be imagined that the present times furnish fewer examples of depravity and selfishness than former times; or that men, in their invocations to heaven, have a less internal and secret regard to their own interest. The audible

language of prayer is pretty uniform; but the modifications which the terms employed undergo, in passing through the mind, are endlessly diversified.

The following attempt to *translate* the prayers of a worldly mind, fell lately within my reach; and, being hitherto unpublished, I imagined it might hit the fancy of some of your readers, and might not prove unacceptable to you. The following, then, is an exact copy of a miser's prayer:

"Bend a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errors and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

"Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwellings be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

"Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allotment of thy providence; that so they may not pester thy faithful and thrifty servants with their outcries for charity; and deliver them from all temptation to break our doors, and thereby put us in jeopardy of our lives, and rob us of the little that thou hast given us.

"Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, hear the prayers of the widow, and the fatherless, and the halt, and the blind, and the old, and the bedridden, and relieve their many wants from thy own stores and thy

own bounty, that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

"Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Third-street, between Vine and Sassafras. Sundry of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

"Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and a stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithall to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

"Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these motes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

"Visit us not again, we pray

thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of June; that so thy servant may have excuse for not paying sundry notes of his hand thereafter to become due; and that so he may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

"If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children; but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master (*under thee*) for the present voyage, Caleb Strong, which said ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston. Amen." C.

On the Portraits of Death.

— "Black as night;  
Fierce as ten Furies; terrible as hell."

EVERY reader knows that this is part of Milton's description of an imaginary personage called *Death*. How few are there among the readers of this, or any other popular poet, who stop to inquire into the propriety or reasonableness of what they read! They are told

beforehand that this or that is a sublime production, and, with a modesty in some respects praiseworthy, take the work as a criterion of taste and excellence, and seldom venture to judge for themselves, or to derive the reasons of their approbation from the unbiassed and original suggestions of their own minds.

I, for my part, must acknowledge myself not prone to this obliging and obsequious sort of acquiescence. Perhaps I am a little captious, and take more pleasure in detecting faults, than in recognizing beauties. Vanity whispers that to find faults in a celebrated and generally admired spectacle, is to see farther than others, and to evince a superior penetration. To dissent where others acquiesce, to be dissatisfied where others are well pleased, is the readiest way to consideration and repute with some people. Among that number I am half inclined to place myself; but am still encouraged to indulge this humour in carping at the bard of Paradise, because your readers, if they do not approve my strictures, will be, at least, prompted to exercise their judgment in accounting to themselves for their disapprobation.

Erroneous criticisms, as they are, in the same respects, injurious; so are they likewise, in the same respects, beneficial, as bad reasoning in politics or religion. They injure those whom they convince, but they are profitable to him whom they do not make a convert, inasmuch as they induce him to examine and inquire for himself, and all his objections to the false system are, at the same time, arguments in favour of the true. With these preliminaries, I now will take the liberty of stating the ideas which the above quotation has suggested to me.

Poets have frequently attempted to exhibit *Death* as a person or agent. They who have, for this purpose,

described every part of nature as under the particular superintendence of an invisible agent or angelic minister, and have therefore represented the causes inimical to human life as the agency or influence of one, who, as in the Hebrew and Arabian allegories, may be termed the *Angel of Death*, seem to have been most consistent with propriety and a just taste. In this case, the usual symbols of the Angel have been, very properly, those of a soldier or executioner. He is painted like a man in armour, the destroying sword naked in his hand, and riding on a sable steed at one time, and hovering over the devoted place or person, with menacing attitudes, at another.

Another set of allegorists, among whom all the vulgar may be ranked, have made a person and personifier of *Death* himself. They have given substance and design to a mere privation. One not familiar with the subject, would feel much curiosity as to the attributes and shape which so incongruous a freak of fancy would assume. If I do not mistake, we shall generally find that *Death*, personified under this view, is neither more nor less than a living skeleton of a man; the bones kept together by their ligaments, and moving by a sort of automatic power. With this class of inventors, *Death* is nothing more than the osseous system of some dead individual.

Painters, and particularly Fuseli, have imagined the spectres of the dead in a mode, in some respects, remarkably proper. The apparition of Hamlet's father, for example, is no other than the identical individual risen from the grave. It is the corporeal frame which we behold, deprived of every thing but its bones and muscles. In short, it is the picture of a man *fleed alive*; and who continues alive notwithstanding the loss of his cutaneous

vesture. The propriety, in some respects, of this conception of a spectre, is evident; since, if the skin be not necessary to life, the *muscles*, at least, are indispensable to *motion*.

This notion of a spectre must be gained from the experience either of anatomists or executioners, unless, indeed, the right of re-appearance after death were extended to the lower animals: in which case, in order to gain an accurate idea of the apparition of an ox or a sheep, for example, the poet or painter may resort to the slaughter-house of any beef or mutton butcher. He need only look on while the dead animal is *skinned*; nay, may chance to meet, in the market-house, depending from an iron hook, a very pretty ghost of a lamb.

It is in pursuance of this system, that the portrait of Death is, in like manner, that of a dead man; but, in order to be a suitable representation of the grand destroyer, the image must be stripped of every thing but its *bones*. Even muscles, which may account for a ghost's moving, are denied to this *horrible mockery*, who, notwithstanding, stalks about, and even *shakes a dreadful dart*.

A young painter, of my acquaintance, was once highly pleased with a simile, which, though trite and vulgar, he had just heard for the first time. Some one, in order to illustrate the obstinacy with which a bailiff adhered to an ill-fated debtor, observed, that he stuck to him like grim Death to a dead cat.

This grotesque, yet powerful image, took such strong hold of my friend's fancy, that he resolved to *paint the groupe*. Inquiring as to what sort of forms he designed to bestow upon the two personages, he answered, "That the model of a *dead cat* was to be easily found in any kennel, but that as to the grim Death, he had been under some

difficulty. The usual portraits of Death had been taken from the human figure; but this was evidently a consideration of Death in relation to the human subject. It was therefore inapplicable to a scene in which *cats*, and not *men*, were to be actors and patients."

I endeavoured to remove his difficulties by suggesting that analogy required that the Death which he was desirous of making visible, should be copied from the skeleton of a *cat*. The power that kills cats may assume the form of the cat, with just as much propriety as the man-killing power is made to assume the form of a man. As to the kingly crown, and the shaken dart (Death, it seems, is a *royal* and a military personage), I confessed myself at a loss to propose a substitute. Death, though an arrant murderer, is not always a homicide; much less is he himself constantly of the human species. The composer of the famous epitaph on "P. P. clerk of this parish," was not quite as wise as he was poetical, when he asserted that

"Do all we can,  
Death is a man  
That never spareth none."

This disquisition has led me away from my purpose, which was, not to censure the shocking and hideous incongruity which Milton, in common with the vulgar, has been guilty of in his portrait of Death, but merely to comment on the images contained in the above quotation. There are three attributes of this offspring of his brain, which these comparisons are designed to illustrate. In the first place, the creature is black as night; next, he is fierce as *ten furies*; and, lastly, he is terrible as hell.

How it may appear to others, I cannot tell, but these images appear to me either vague or grotesque. *Black as night* is an image the most

trite, obvious, and unprecise imaginable. Absolute darkness, which implies the utter exclusion of all light; produces to the eye the effect of the most perfect blackness; but not so night. The night is, in different degrees; dark or gloomy; but its darkness, and, consequently, its blackness, is never absolute. Of the three kinds of night known in this upper world, the moon-light and star-light ones are resplendent. Infernal or Tartarian night is constantly irradiated by an upper, nether, and surrounding fires. We should have smiled, perhaps, had the poet chosen to say, black as ebony; and yet, would he not have gained in precision what he lost in sublimity?

The ferocity of ten furies is more formidable or destructive than that of one, as *ten hells* are more terrible than *one hell*; but *degrees* of ferocity are entirely distinct from the *multitude* of the fierce. As swift as ten race-horses, is a comparison without a meaning. As poetical as ten Homers, infallible as ten Popes, brave as ten Diomedes, wise as ten Newtons, tall as ten giants, are all similies, the grotesqueness and absurdity of which are evident at first sight; but Milton's *ten furies* are exactly parallel to these.

A tattered woman once applied to me for alms; I offered her a trifle; but she demanded six times as much: "For see," says she, "I am as poor as *half a dozen beggars*." Now, this rhetoric was quite as correct as Milton's.

I once overheard two children contending about the superior excellence of the lump of sugar which each had just received. One said that "his lump was as sweet—as any thing; as big—as big could be; and as white—as a *snow-ball*." The other instantly retorted, that "*his* was sweeter than any thing; bigger than big could be; and *white*—as

a *hundred snow-balls*." Now, the whiteness of an hundred snow-balls is no wise greater than the whiteness of any individual snow-ball. To be mad as an army of maniacs, does not even imply a madness equal to that of the maddest trooper in the army; it simply *means nothing*.

That Death should be as terrible as hell, is not an unnatural thought; especially with those to whom one is only a conductor to the other: but this is just as if one should say, that an hangman is as hateful as the gallows, a dun as the bailiff, or a bailiff as the prison.

Every thing is desirable or otherwise according to the good or bad effects it produces or is expected to produce. Strictly speaking, Death is as terrible to sinners as hell, because of the connection which one has with the other; but this affinity is rather moral than poetical.

The most powerful and magnificent conception that was ever formed of Death, is probably conveyed in the common phrase, of "The King of terrors." This image, however, has no relation to crowns, swords, or skeletons. By these it is enfeebled and debased; nor is it possible, without incongruity and oddity, to attempt to *paint* the image. Such images it is the peculiar prerogative of poetry to call up; but the fault of the painter is essentially committed by the poet, when he attempts to exhibit such a portrait of his terrific majesty as a painter might copy.

#### Remarks on Female Politicians.

AS an admirer of the fair sex, and tremblingly alive to every thing that affects their character, I have presumed, of late, to censure several females of my acquaintance for their love of politics. They listened, with admirable attention,

to all I thought proper to say on the subject. A few evenings since, I renewed my arguments with two-fold earnestness. When I paused to see if there were any to applaud my opinions, a sprightly and sensible girl, as if resolving on a piece of revenge, turned towards a female visitant who had observed a profound silence the preceding part of the evening, and asked her, gaily, if women had not an equal right with men to be politicians. I drew near to hear the dialogue. Timorously blushing, she replied, "No, my dear."

"No! come state your objections. In charity to me do not add strength to the opinions of that gentleman, who, you should know, is a censor of the whole republic of females. Whatever they may say or do, he is sure to summon them separately before his inquisitorial tribunal. Not words and actions, only, are dissected and analyzed, but their very manners, voice, and dress, are obliged to pass in review before him. Yet, with all his severity, we esteem him, because he is the firm friend of our sex, and would fain make us better and wiser."

"Cease, thou prattler," said I, "I had rather, at this time, be an auditor to this lady, than a listener to your eulogies on my character. Will Miss M. favour us with her opinions on politics?"—She began in the sweetest manner.

"When I see a female deeply interested in politics, I tremble for her tranquillity. As the sensibility of women is livelier, and their enthusiasm more ardent than that of men, they are less qualified to decide on the affairs of government."

"Political discussion agitates their passions, roughens their manners, and discomposes the garb of female modesty, which should be considered the fairest ornament and brightest charm of a woman."

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"Men and politics form a very easy and natural association; but, with women, it is forced and unconcomely. A female who assumes the character of a politician, lays aside her feminine attractions. Her soft and musical tones are exchanged for vehement declamation. Her gentle and winning manners for masculine dignity. Her bosom, which was wont to heave with the gentle emotions of benevolence, now swells with the turbulent spirit of party."

"Who is President to-day or to-morrow, whether he be a federalist or a democrat, is of no moment to us, if he be wise and virtuous. What do you or I know of an Adams, a Jefferson, or a Pinckney, but through the medium of common fame? We judge of the future by the past; and, whether Adams, Jefferson, or Pinckney will govern well, or which of them the best, time, the grand arbiter of human actions and events, can only decide. It would be foolish to suffer the chain of our felicities to be agitated by every movement of political affairs, which we are unable to understand or controul."

"Hold, my dear M. let me ask one question. Do you love your country?"

"Yes; I do love my country most fervently."

"Whence, then, this apathy? Your patriotism is too lukewarm."

"Patriotism, as I feel it, is a sentiment of benevolence, that is ever active in promoting private good: and, whatever tends to private good, must, in the order of events, give stability to government and new strength to the public welfare. He who perpetually exercises his moral and intellectual powers for the benefit of his fellow-men, in a private station, is the truest friend to his country and to mankind. If I instruct the ignorant, relieve the ne-

C

cessitous, and am just to myself, I conceive I have rendered an important service to my country.

"The apathy you speak of is not felt: but, let the political state of our country be ever so distracted, I cannot rush forward to head a party, and move with the multitude. No, I hope never to be a *Cordé*, nor have any other celebrity than that which flows from domestic virtues.

"If a female be united to a man of worth, and eminent in politics, it is her duty to tranquilize his passions, and to turn the impetuous current of his feelings into a more orderly channel. When the harmony of his soul is disturbed by political discord, she should be its regulator, and, by her gentleness, attune it again to love and domestic delight.

"If, on the contrary, she shares in his political feelings, applauds when he praises, and when he blames condemns; feels all his resentments, glows with all his enthusiasm, she aggravates his vexations, and withholds that solace to which every man flies—domestic repose.

"I have heard, and seen families divided and torn asunder by female interference in politics. Husbands have forsaken their homes; parents and children have clashed, and wounded one another.

"Men, moderate in their politics, no sooner hear a favourite opinion attacked, than their very soul seems to leap into a subject which gives fire to their eyes, glow to their cheeks, animation to their countenance, energy to their actions, and, to their sentiments, violent enthusiasm.

"In men, this is well; but in women, is it not unbecoming?"

"Well, Mary, since you are for excluding females from the political department, pray let us know to what province we poor beings belong, and what must be the nature of our occupations."

"Within the domestic circle, my dear girl, every female should reside. There she may, if she will, find enough to fill the most capacious soul. Domestic duties are numerous and important, and every one is a copious source of delight. Cheap pleasures are her own, and abundant, because she seeks them within herself. Her benevolence finds objects enough to keep it in perpetual action. Here the energies of her mind, and the sensibilities of her heart, are hourly called forth and awakened to new deeds.

"The path of literature is open before her. She can pursue it slowly and thoughtful, or dance sportive through its mazes, stoop and gather flowers as she trips along."

Here she stopped, much to the regret of myself and her friends, who listened with attention and pleasure to her conversation, which met with its due applause. E.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*If the following Remarks appear worthy your notice, you will oblige, by publishing them in your valuable Magazine, yours, very sincerely,*

F. BLANCHET.

New-York, Nov. 30, 1800.

*On the probable Reason of the Opinion entertained by some, that the Diaphragm is the Seat of the Soul in Man.*

THAT every prevailing opinion amongst mankind had its archetype in nature, is allowed by most philosophers; but man is so apt to forget what he has seen and learned in the course of his life, that it is very difficult for him, if not impossible, to remember all the leading objects which have given rise to his ideas. In this manner an

immense amount of useful knowledge is lost to posterity. To go back, then, to the origin of things, or rather to the original objects of our ideas, will be always but conclude and uncertainty.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I shall nevertheless give my opinion on the cause which has led philosophers to believe that the diaphragm is the seat of the soul in man.

Every body knows that fear, for instance, produces a contraction of all the muscles; in consequence of which, hairs on the head become erected. Now, no one who is ever so little acquainted with anatomy, is ignorant that the diaphragm is possessed with a great share of muscular power. If such be the case, what must be the consequence when our frail machine is under much apprehension, or violently acted upon by the power of fear? No doubt the diaphragm is contracted more or less, and a painful sensation must be felt in that centre of action. Hence arose the idea that the soul must be seated there, in order to communicate to it that contractile power; but, in fact, there is no ground for this opinion; for, in fear and anger, the diaphragm is set in motion sympathetically, or, in other words, the muscles of the whole frame being evidently wrought upon by these passions, the diaphragmatic muscles must, of course, act in correspondence with the others: that action is not only communicated to the diaphragm, but also to the other muscular organs of the system. Hence the *vesica urinaria* becomes generally empty on such occasions.

The idea that philosophers entertain of the diaphragm being the seat of the soul, stands, then, on this consideration, that there must have been, in that organ, something of a spiritual nature, in order that it should move, act, or contract so

readily; whereas, its contraction or quick motion is owing to a sympathetic action of the muscles in general.

#### On the Temperature of the Planetary System.

AFTER the construction of our planetary system, most astronomers have been of opinion, that the planets nearer to the sun are warmer than the most remote ones. Upon this principle, a very ingenious anonymous writer has told us, about half a century ago, that a man transported suddenly from Mercury into Saturn, would either die instantaneously, or be altered in his physical constitution.

We readily agree with the author's idea, that on the supposition that the temperature of the planets are widely different, man, or any organic being, could not live under so great a change of circumstances; but we are not of opinion that the temperature of the planets varies in so great a degree as has been imagined; and, consequently, a man from one planet would live indifferently in all the others.

My reason for supposing that the temperature of the planets does not differ much, is simply this,—it is well known that boiling water, for instance, turned into vapour, will take on a temperature similar to that of surrounding objects; or, in other words, free caloric is rendered imperceptible, or fixed, on the passing of liquids into the state of elastic fluidity. Supposing, now, that Mercury should be more heated by the sun than the planet Saturn, what would be the consequence? The most elastic fluids of Mercury must be rendered into elastic fluidity to such amount as would give a proper temperature to that planet. In like manner, Saturn being a planet less heated than the for-



mer, a smaller mass of elastic fluids must be carried into the state of elastic fluidity; and, consequently, a smaller quantity of caloric would be put into a latent state. On this principle we may account for the torrid zone taking on itself a pretty uniform temperature; whereas, in Greenland, for instance, where the solar heat is only transient, it is almost intolerably hot in the summer season.

But it will be said here that, on our hypothesis, the atmospherical pressure must be greater in Mercury than in Saturn, and that this pressure must make too material difference for the animal economy to subsist. That objection is no doubt in some measure true; but it does not extend so far as one would first

imagine; for, according to our principle, the atmospherical pressure of the planet must exist in a ratio to the degree of heat it is subjected to: therefore, if in the one case the animal fluids are much heated, their tendency to fly off or become elastic, is diminished by the great pressure they are under; and, if in Saturn the atmospherical pressure is less, the animal fluids being less heated, require a less pressure to prevent them from flying off; so that, in the one case or the other, a perfect equilibrium is kept. Such is the wonderful economy which exists in nature! The whole frame of the universe is calculated in such a manner as will prevent any long-continued or extensive disorder in its constitution.

## American Review.

### ART. LIV.

*Sermons on various Subjects, Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical. By Nathan Strong, Pastor of the North Presbyterian Church in Hartford, Connecticut. Vol. ii. 8vo. pp. 400. Hartford. Cooke. 1800.*

OUR readers will remember that some account of a former volume of sermons, by this gentleman, was given in the first number of our work; and that we then intimated an expectation that another volume, at least, would soon follow. We are glad to have our anticipation realized; and shall proceed, agreeably to promise, to lay before the public a view of what may be expected in the perusal of these discourses.

The volume contains eighteen sermons, on the following subjects: 1. Men the cause of their own destruction. 2. Replying against God.

3. The folly of replying against God. 4. The wicked desire not the presence and ways of God. 5. The kingdom of God brought nigh unto those who are lost. 6. Christians a light in the world. 7. Considering our ways. 8. Giving the heart to God. 9. The duty of loving our neighbour as ourselves. 10. The same subject continued. 11. Christian self-denial. 12. Experimental religion the same in all ages. 13. The same subject continued. 14. The Gospel of Christ not after man. 15. Shutting the kingdom of heaven against men. 16. The different conditions of men in the present and future world. 17. The duty and benefits of prayer. 18. The grace of God glorified in the general judgment.

Those who recollect the remarks which were made on the discourses of the former volume, will not need to have a new character drawn of

these. The same remarks will, in general, apply to both. The same good sense and piety; the same perspicuous and forcible method of delivering his opinions; and the same concise and luminous characters of composition, are displayed by the author here as formerly.

In the tenth sermon, "On the duty of loving our neighbour as ourselves," Mr. S. thus speaks:

"It is known that much hath been said to detract from this extent of the commandment. It hath been said, that this love ought to be of the same kind as what we have for ourselves, but not the same in degree: and that, if we have the same kind of love, the law with respect to our neighbour is fulfilled. But a person who is filled with the love of selfishness, hath no holy love, even of himself; and, therefore, the same kind of love to his neighbour would be no instance of obedience, for it is a holy affection of the heart which is required.

"It hath been said that we ought to love our neighbour as sincerely as we do ourselves; but it is conceived the sincerity of love doth, in a great measure, depend on the degree of exercise; and that, without the same degree, there cannot be the same sincerity.

"All those considerations which have been mentioned as reasons or arguments, why we should love our neighbour, do equally apply as reasons for loving him in the same degree. It is the command of God, who hath a sovereign right to direct. If we were not very depraved creatures, and hard to understand, and blind to see, the very letter of the commandment would be esteemed a conclusive argument on the point.

"We cannot deny the value of a neighbour's happiness, nor his capacity to receive; for, in these respects, he is like ourselves. If our own happiness be a valuable object in the divine sight, so must be the happiness of others. There is no argument against loving others as we do ourselves, which would not apply, with equal strength, to show that God ought not to be as kind and good to them as he is to us.

"To obviate a difficulty which may arise in some minds from the rule which is given, I observe,

"That from the required degree of love to our neighbour, being the same

as to ourselves, it doth not follow that we either can or ought to exercise the same care over him, in all respects, as we do over ourselves. For, first, every man is, by God, committed to his own care. Under God he is appointed to be his own preserver; to watch over his own interests; and to seek his own salvation. Secondly, it is, in the nature of things, impossible that we should exercise the same care over others as we do over ourselves. We cannot, in their stead, love God, exercise faith in Christ, or repent of sin. They must love and repent for themselves; and, neither our agency, nor moral desert, can become theirs. We cannot know what they do or want, or what their state is in many respects; neither can we apply the means of instruction to them, in the manner we may to our own minds: so that we cannot exercise the same care, or do the same duties for them, as we do for ourselves.

"Further, our attention cannot be so fixed on their interests as it may and ought to be on our own. We are very finite in our abilities; and our attention must be chiefly fixed where our duty is principally to be done. Still, it is true that, as there are certain duties which we can and ought to perform for the benefit of our neighbour, we should be as careful, at all times, to perform them, as if they were for ourselves. They ought to be done as punctually, and with as much pleasure and constancy, as if they were done for ourselves. A christian temper would soon make our doctrinal opinions on this subject right, and give a totally new appearance to the practice of mankind.

"The meaning of the divine law is not that we exercise the same care, or do the same duties for others, in all respects, as we do for ourselves, but it is this: a certain degree of care and duty, by the appointment of God, is due to our neighbour; and, by the same appointment, a certain degree is due to ourselves. By God's direction, which is founded on the best of reasons, we are to have as real, and as strong a desire for his best interests, and for the salvation of his soul, as we have for our own souls. Further, we are to be as willing, cheerful, and exact in doing the duties assigned to us, on which his happiness is dependant, as we be in doing those things with which our own felicity is connected. A duty which is equally plain and clear, should be as exactly performed as if it had a

sole relation to ourselves; and this is to be done because the well-being of others is as valuable as our own; and, in the performance of duty, we ought never to be governed by a selfish motive. Such a motive would destroy the rectitude and holiness of the action.

"But it is further objected, that by this rule all distinction is taken away between that love which we owe to the virtuous and vicious. We are commanded to love the brethren as a peculiar duty, and this is made a rule of trial, whether we be the children of God. Among our neighbours both characters are included, and are we to love them equally?

"In answer to this objection and question, it is replied, that in the sense of the commandment, 'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' we are to love them equally. It is the love of benevolence which we owe to all men, whether they be good or evil; and their capacity for happiness and ability to serve God and his kingdom, are the measure of the love that is due to them. It is the love of complacency or delight in their character, temper, and practice, which is peculiarly due to the people of God. They are to be loved for their holiness, conformity to God, and devotion to his glory and kingdom; and it is by the presence or want of this complacency that we derive a rule for determining our own state. If we are made holy by the sanctifying grace of God, we shall delight in all holy objects, in the character and law of God, and in the communicated holiness of temper and practice which we see in his people. Also, we shall delight in them considered as members of the glorious and holy body of which Christ is the head. It is therefore a love of holiness that is seen, either in the glorious fountain of rectitude, or as it exists by the communications of his grace in his people, which is the object of christian complacency and communion. This love furnishes the rule of examination for the people of God, whether they are in the faith savingly, and sanctified by the spirit of Christ, unto the enjoyment of his kingdom. If we are christians, indeed, we shall delight in that image of God and Christ which his people possess; and, with a peculiar delight, we shall love them as sanctified members of the body of Jesus. Also, our hours of communion with them will be sweet, in beholding and praising the glory of a common Lord, in calling upon him, in worshipping him,

and in anticipating an eternity to be passed together in love and praise. These complacential and communion exercises furnish the rule by which we are to try the gracious sincerity of our own hearts; and, if we do not find something of this nature, we do not love the brethren peculiarly, which the objection supposes to be the rule of trial.

"But the law we are now considering particularly means the love of benevolence, or wishing well to the being and happiness of men. Although a good man cannot delight in the sinful character and practice of those who habitually transgress the law of God, yet he may most sincerely wish them to become holy and happy. If God be pleased to remove their sin, and make them holy, they will become amiable, and the stamp of conformity to his character on their hearts, will render them lovely in the sight of God and men. If he be pleased to take away their sin, they will be new creatures; the odiousness of temper and practice which good people dislike, will be gone; the abilities which they possess will be converted to new purposes; and, although they are now wretched and deformed, they will be as happy and glorious as we now behold the most sanctified to be. Further, if God be pleased to take away their sin, they will be as active in obeying, as they now are in disobeying; as active in honouring God, as they now be in dishonouring him; as zealous for the cause of Christ, as they are now opposed to it; and as much filled with love to the children of God, as they now are with antipathy and the spirit of persecution.

"If this be the case, there is no reason can be assigned why those who are pious ought not to wish them as well, be as anxious for their well-being, as faithful in all means to promote so desirable an end, as they would be in the case of those who have become obedient in Christ Jesus. It is not uncommon, on beholding the crimes of the vicious, to feel a detestation extending to their persons as well as to their sins; but this is an unchristian spirit, and disobedience to the laws of Christ. No man's person, which consists in his intelligent powers, and in his capacity for happiness, can be, in any case, a fit object of detestation. Detestation is due to their sinful improvement of talents, and to the crimes which are committed, but not to the man considered as a being intelligent, active, capable of happiness,

and able, with a right temper, to do much for the glory of God.

"If this subject were considered by christians, it would reprove their want of concern for the souls of others, and make them more anxious, more prayerful, and more indefatigable in the use of means for the conversion of sinners."

In the 11th discourse, Mr. S. gives the following concise and striking view of the nature of christian self-denial:

"Christian self-denial consists essentially in loving God, and the interests of his kingdom, more than we love ourselves and our own private interests. The corrupted nature of man is to love himself more than he loves God. He attempts to place himself on the throne, to be a deity to himself, and have his own will superior to all moral obligation. The denial and rejection of this depraved, sinful nature, is christian self-denial. The divine law, which is reasonable, requires us to love God, who is infinitely glorious above all others, and more than ourselves. Also, to prefer the divine will, in every respect, to our own. This love of God and his will, is the christian self-denial; and it is no other than giving God that place in our affections, and by our submission, which is his right; and taking that place which belongs to us at the foot of divine sovereignty and excellency.

"Further, accompanying this love of God, and subordination of ourselves to him in our own affections, there will be a preference of all the interests of his kingdom to these private and separate interests of our own, which are of a contradictory nature. The man who can relinquish himself that he may be all for God; who can cheerfully give back his whole being to Him who is the rightful proprietor, will also be able to relinquish all interests of a private kind, which, in their principles and tendency, are divided from the best good, the greatest perfection, and the highest glory of God's kingdom.

"Also, where self is subordinated to God, men will serve him in preference to themselves. All their powers, faculties, and desires will be devoted in obedience to do the things which he requireth, whether it be his worship, or acts of justice, equity, and beneficence to men.

"From the description that hath been given of the essential nature of that self-

denial which it is made the duty of christians to seek, it is nothing more than denying the corrupt part of themselves; denying that temper which they gained by the apostacy, and which they have been indulging through their whole unholy lives. It is denying that temper which they ought never to have possessed; which is a rebellion against reason, duty, and the most sacred obligations. But christians are not called upon to deny a good disposition, or to reform from any thing in temper and practice that is excellent. They must deny themselves the wished-for right of opposing and resisting God, and setting themselves above him; since this is not only wrong as against God, but contrary to their own happiness.

"They must lay aside all ambitious views respecting the things of this world. Although this will doubtless be a cross to their remaining earthly affections, it will be no cross to the christian temper, in which, a sense of the highest dignity is attached to the near relation which subsists between God and his people. They must lay aside the prospects and hope of earthly affluence; for God hath a better good to give them than this, and he often denies them worldly things, lest their minds should be enticed and cooled in their desires for heavenly things. They must put away a love of sensual pleasure, for no man can be devoted to this, and, at the same time, desire and diligently seek spiritual enjoyments. These are so contrary in their nature, that one or the other must be relinquished. They must part with the pleasures of a sinful and immoral life, for all these are incompatible with the christian character, and temper, and practice. But still, in all this self-denial, there is nothing more than the denial of sin, of selfishness, of an evil ambition, of a wicked avarice, of a criminal sensuality, and of such a life as reason, instructed by the word of God, would choose.

"Further, christians are often called to deep afflictions, and to part with their most beloved enjoyments, according to the common course of providence; but this is not peculiar to them in distinction from those who live the most ungodly and unchristian lives.

"It is also known that the enemies of Christ's kingdom have been instrumental of bringing many evils on his people. How these are consistent with as happy a state of the mind as men ever enjoy.

here, will be hereafter noticed. It appears, therefore, that the self-denial which is required in the gospel, essentially consists in loving God and the interests of his kingdom more than we love ourselves and our own private interests. It is enthroning God in our own hearts, and cheerfully submitting to him in all respects. It is denying the idol self, which all men naturally set up, and which is the essential nature of sin, and giving God his place in the affections, allowing to his will the sway which it ought to have in the universe—submitting to be, in all respects, as he chooses us to be—and quietly placing ourselves, our persons, our families, our properties, our pains and our pleasures at his disposal. In this consecration of ourselves to God there is nothing held back and denied to him or his kingdom; but all is consecrated as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable in his sight. Such is the general nature of the self-denial required of christians in the gospel, and those who do not comply have no right to expect benefit from the promises of the gospel."

"On shutting the kingdom of heaven against men," in the 15th sermon, the author has the following very serious and interesting observations:

"Parents, and the governors of families, are in great danger of shutting others out from the kingdom of heaven.

"Parents are the ministers of God, and they ought also to be the ministers of religion in their houses. Infinite wisdom instituted the natural relation, that it might be subservient to moral and religious purposes. From the natural relation, reason, even without revelation, is able to infer the religious obligation of parents and heads of families. The heathen will join their testimony, that an awful woe ought to come on those parents who do not govern and restrain their children from vices, and teach them such duties of religion as may be known by those who have not the word of God. Hence we find that all national communities, in the most unchristianized lands, who are organized with any public government, do make parents responsible for the good conduct of their children.—We have a happier light in the word of God. His word expressly enjoins the parental duties of restraining, instructing, and initiating our

offspring in piety, and an easy fear and love of God.

"Further, it hath been found, by experience, that there is a near connection between the religious fidelity of parents and the probable salvation of their offspring. This will not be denied by any who have serious and experimental notions of religion. Those may doubt, this who think that bare civility, and decency of manners, are all the needed preparation for eternal life; but the pious cannot doubt. The word of God is stored with encouragements to this duty in parents—with threatenings to those who neglect—awful threatenings to themselves and their posterity—and with examples, both awful and encouraging, to enforce truth and duty on the minds of men.

"The duties of parents are, to restrain the passions, and subvert the stubborn wills of their depraved offspring: to instruct them in all the principles, doctrines, obligations and duties of religion to God and man: to teach them their accountableness and dependance on an infinite God, both for time and eternity: to unfold to their understanding the infinite perfections, and the natural and moral glories of his character: to show them their own immoral disposition, and in what it essentially consists, and how it leads them to evil practices: to impress their minds with a sense of a coming eternity, a judgment before the bar of God, and a sentence of endless duration in its effects of blessedness or woe: to indoctrinate them in the glorious scheme of redemption by an all-sufficient Saviour, teaching them how his glorious character is formed—how he made an atonement for sin—and how sinners are effectually called home to himself, by the convincing, renewing and sanctifying influences of the Spirit. Also, to acquaint them with the exercises, trials and comforts of a christian life; and show them the intimate connection between a true saving faith and love, and a life of good works in the sight of men. The parent who doth not all this neglects his duty.

"And in several of the particulars which have been mentioned, the instruction must be given by example. Indeed, in all respects, the example of the parent must confirm his precepts, or they will be of little avail. Recommendations of prayer to the child, unless he sees the parent practising the duty himself, or

exhortations to truth, integrity and decent language, while there is a constant example of falsehood, dishonesty and profaneness, will fail of doing any good.

"Having considered the several ways in which parents are under obligation to be ministers of religious instruction and piety in their houses, it enables us to see how exceedingly they are exposed to the woe and condemnation of our text, for shutting out their children, and the young who are under their care, from the kingdom of heaven. O cruel parents to do it! but many are guilty! many become ministers of sin to those whom they love so well. While labouring for their earthly good, by neglecting to give religious instruction, and by an evil example, they prevent them entering the kingdom of glory. How many parents do this, by neglecting all serious instruction, either moral or evangelical! how many by their own examples of immorality and profaneness! how many by the neglect of prayer and pious order in their houses! how many by suffering their children to hear them ridicule serious people, and their delight in the worship of God! O parent who art of this character, how great is thy blindness! Art thou afraid thy children will serve God too much—even that God who made thee and thy offspring, and is giving the good things every day, to make the trial, whether or not, by his goodness, thou wilt be led to repentance? Canst thou think that an habitual remembrance, fear and love of God, will do an injury to thy beloved offspring? No, thy conscience hath not yet permitted thee to believe this; but the truth is, thou hast thyself no delight in serving God; and to see thy young ones going before thee in serving and seeking their Maker, wounds thy pride, harrows thine own conscience for past neglects, and brings thee to a painful reflection on thy duty and thy danger. Thine own aversion to the truth and duties of religion overpowers even the yearnings of natural affection. Thy younger and less hardened consciences reprove thine own want of godliness, and it is more pleasant to thy lusts to have the whole sleep together, than it is to be disturbed by young practical preachers of religion.—O unhappy parent! now thou canst neglect thy duty; now thou canst say all may end well; now thou canst say, in the strength of parental affection, those children have long to live, and I ardently

hope it will be well with them. But remember they may die speedily, and if thou shouldst survive, how wilt thou look on their cold corpses with composure, while in remembrance of thine own neglect? How wilt thou meet them before the bar of a most holy Judge, and hear him say, these shall perish under their iniquities, but their blood will I require at thy hand? How many unhappy parents may we fear will fall under this woe and condemnation!"

With respect to the literary character of these discourses, we find excellences and defects similar to those noticed in the first volume. We could wish the excellent truths which Mr. S. delivers, had been presented in a more polished, correct, and elegant style. He discovers a degree of carelessness, in some instances, concerning his mode of expression, which cannot fail to offend the reader of taste; while, in others, he conveys his ideas with a degree of felicity and beauty, which fully convinces us that attention to style is all that is necessary to make him a very engaging writer.

We trust none will accuse us of placing polish of language, and beauty of phrase, at the head of the list, in recounting the attributes of good composition. We are sensible every thing of this kind ought to be viewed, and is viewed, by discerning readers, as a subordinate consideration. It ought not to be forgotten, however, by writers at the present day, that the taste of the age, with respect to style, is fastidious; and that it is the duty of those who wish to be read, to make their manner as attractive as possible. A very grave, profound, and, what is more, inspired writer, speaks of *choosing out acceptable words*; and this is, perhaps, one of the methods of captivating men, to which the Apostle Paul meant to give his sanction, when he talked of *taking them with guile*. If Mr. S.'s ser-

mons be not read extensively, and for a long time to come, which they well deserve to be, it may probably be ascribed to his having paid too little attention to this point.

#### ART. LV.

*Poems, chiefly occasional, by the late Mr. Clifton. To which are prefixed, Introductory Notices of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Author. 18mo. pp. 119. New-York. J. W. Fenno. 1800.*

**B**EFORE we proceed to the consideration of the poems contained in this volume, we shall make a few remarks on the "Notices of the Life, Character, and Writings of the Author," prefixed by the Editor. They contain some assertions of too extraordinary a kind to be permitted to pass unnoticed by those who feel any concern for the reputation of their country, or any solicitude for the cause of truth.

After the first paragraph the attention of the reader is arrested by the following passages:

"In America genius is a lowly, wild and neglected shrub, shooting up apparently by *fantastic accident*, amidst the confines of a dreary, desolate waste; happy if it escape the ruthless hand of persecution and oppression—always hopeless of attracting the enlivening dews of *patriotic favour*, or the rays of the benignant sun of congenial science.

"Herein, as well as a thousand other respects, are the conduct and the character of America essentially *anti-republican*; and the painful fact exists a distinguishing characteristic of difference from every other enlightened people.

"It is a melancholy truth, that in America, the only roads to *eminence*, in letters, are by the vilest quackery and the grossest pedantry. Tales concerning old women on their death-beds, affidavits of the efficacy of iron skewers in curing disorders of every species, and crude dissertations, *dictionaries of the American language*, and uncouth and ignorant systems

of grammar and orthography, and *miscellaneous* and patches of geography, are your only *politic books*. These flourish in unbounded eclat, edition upon edition of them is called for, and they throng the libraries and book-stores, whilst *works of genius and merit go continually to the grocer or the pastry cook in cart-loads, after having ruined those who have enterprised in them.*

"For this dulness, for this profound apathy to the voice of genius and learning, there is no excuse. We have the broad luminary before us, and our sphere is shone upon by lights adequate to its illumination. We grope about with dark lanterns during the full blaze of the meridian orb. It hath been sworn that the light of science shall not shine here, and all avenues are accordingly barred against it. Its temple is occupied wholly by *ignorance and pedagogy.*

"The baths of Alexandria, and the wrath of the Caliph, were not more fatal vortices to learning than this state of *hebetude* in the public mind. The hand of desolation may again destroy, as it hath destroyed, all that is destructible of the *works of genius and of learning*; and genius itself shall survive and light anew the lamp of science. But when an *universal irruption of Gothicism* upon any country hath overpowered and decomposed all the *energies and noble faculties* of the mind, as it *seemeth here to have done*, the case is hopeless: no morning dawn need be again looked for but in the eventual purgation of the earth and the renovation of nature.

—"This once extinguish'd ray  
Will ne'er resuscitate another day.  
Here, Science, thy last stage of being lies;  
No other Phoenix from thy dust shall rise."

GROUP.

"When an utter apathy has seized on a whole community, and a perfect indifference to science and the works of genius pervades all ranks; when political rancour hath subdued every fine feeling of the soul to that relish which will endure nothing but malice and fury, the conflagrating hand of an Omar can add nothing to the devastation. A veto is imposed on the efforts of genius, as effectual as a statute punishing them with death.

"This hath not always been the reproach of popular governments. Even in modern days, under the auspices of republican forms, rich offerings have been made at the altar of learning in her own consecrated temple. Refreshing

fragrance hath often been heaped on the genius of genius by priests worthy to have officiated in the highest honours of Apollo in happier times. Venice and Tuscany have emitted rays, the splendour of which hath illumined every region.—Switzerland also claims an honourable estimation, as the prolific source of ingenious speculation, of interesting and instructive narration, and of profound and elaborate research. Even Holland has had her Grotius—even

In those cold fens, beneath those shifting  
skies,  
Where fancy sickens, and where genius  
dies;

there have yet been found some *listeners to the voice of learning and elaborate research*. And though the few in whose breasts the vital spark hath there glowed may not have reaped the fortune nor the honours of Addison, or Pope, or Rumford, yet their merits never produced to them starvation nor persecution."

The great extravagance and absurdity of these reflections would excite a smile rather than provoke animadversion, did we not think it a duty to enter a protest against such representations, lest, if suffered to pass uncontradicted, they may, by frequent repetition, gain the belief of such as have not opportunity, or sufficient means of information, to determine their truth or falsehood. It has been frequent, of late years, with some writers, to decry all the literary productions of their contemporaries, and to deny the votaries of literature in America, every claim to genius, wit, or erudition. If Americans possessed an inordinate vanity in this respect, it might be useful, perhaps, to repress or correct it, by asserting the folly of such vain pretensions; but the national vanity seems to be rather *political* than literary.

It would not be difficult to point out the causes why *authorship* is not a *profession*, and book-making a *trade* here, as well as in Great-Britain, France or Germany; and to prove that Americans are not

endowed with less genius, or less intellectual capacity and vigour, than their fellow-beings on the other side of the Atlantic. But such an inquiry would lead us out of our province; and we must be content, for the present, with some brief strictures on the passages which have been quoted.

The complaints of *neglected merit*, and *genius starving* with want, are, at this time, almost stale; and, in general, few complaints are made with so little foundation in truth or reason. They are too often the offspring of a disordered fancy, indolence, fastidiousness, or caprice. In no country are the paths of literature and science the direct avenues to wealth and power. The modest and retired votaries of learning and science must be content with the humble, but dignified state they have chosen. To repine at the want of opulence and power, while they disdain the only sure means by which they can be attained, discovers a childish folly, which expects the laws of nature to be changed, to gratify its impatient longings.

If riches are the object of desire, they are within the reach of all who will grovel, with toilsome perseverance, in their pursuit. If ambitious to lodge in a palace, or be drawn in a chariot, the closet must be exchanged for the counting-house; Homer and Longinus, for the *Lex Mercatoria*, and *Daily Gazette*. He who aspires to a seat in the Senate, must not support his claim to the suffrages of the people, by proving his knowledge of the art of poetry, his skill in music, or his acquaintance with chemistry. The man of action, not of contemplation, he who is ready to devote his days and nights, with laborious diligence, to the concerns of others, is the person who will be selected for the management of their affairs, and on



whom they will bestow honour and profit, the rewards of his activity and zeal. He who will not thus devote his talents to the service of others, in things which regard their immediate interest, must be content to enjoy the admiration of the few, and the pleasures which flow from the cultivation of his taste and understanding.

Switzerland appears to have little claim to be exalted above the United States, for the spontaneous patronage and encouragement it has given its learned and ingenious citizens. The degree of fostering aid afforded to the great and immortal HALLER, in his youth, is well known. That prodigy of genius and learning surmounted the early embarrassments of his situation by his native energies; and, after pursuing the bent of his own superior mind, and visiting the principal cities and universities of Europe, where he studied under the greatest masters, returned to his own country richly fraught with knowledge and science; but could not, for years, obtain from the cold indifference of his countrymen the least public employment, and was refused even a professorship which he repeatedly solicited. When a great monarch, and foreign societies, offered him their patronage and honours, as a small tribute due his unrivalled genius and learning, then, indeed, the citizens of the canton of Berne perceived the value of a man whom foreign States were ambitious to enroll among their subjects. It was not until the rays of his genius were reflected from a distance that his countrymen could see its magnitude and splendour.

The persecution of GROTIUS is remarkable. That illustrious scholar and civilian was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in his own country, from which he escaped by the aid and contrivance of a

faithful wife. It was in that dismission assigned him by the patronage of the enlightened citizens of Holland, that he composed that great work on the law of nature and nations, which has added so much glory to his name, and honour to the place which gave him birth.

It would be easy, by resorting to Great-Britain, France, and other nations, to show their inattention or ingratitude to genius and talents, and to prove that America is less deserving of reproach, in this respect, than any other country.

But the envy and neglect which men of genius experience from their countrymen is so common, that the remark has grown into a proverb, of which many a pretender to genius avails himself, to console his disappointed vanity. It is needless to dwell on the enormity of that prejudice which can describe the people of America as worse than Goths, Vandals or Saracens.

If genius is not sufficiently patronized in America, we may, at least, fairly challenge the author of these notices to produce an instance of its suffering by the "ruthless hand of persecution, or starving through indigence and neglect."

Some hints have been thrown out by newspaper writers, of a plan for a dictionary of the American language; but no such performance has yet appeared, nor do we believe that it will ever see light, while we continue to speak the English tongue.

Those talents which are exercised in proving "the efficacy of iron skewers," have met with little support in this country. *Perkinism* has found its patrons in England, and it is from thence that volumes of old women's tales and affidavits are imported. In no country do pretenders to science find less encouragement than in the United States.

Mr. Webster's Grammar is neither an uncouth nor ignorant pro-

duction.—His attempt to alter or reform the orthography of our language is no more ridiculous or contemptible than similar schemes proposed by many learned and ingenious men in Great-Britain.

Do the publications of Dr. Morse, for he is the only man who has written on the subject, deserve to be called the "shreds and patches of geography?" If so, what must we think of the geographical grammars published in England, none of which are superior in arrangement, copiousness or accuracy.

This writer is, indeed, unlucky in the instances of *quackery* and *pedantry* which he has selected for the purpose of degrading the character of the American nation.

Without supposing gross ignorance and prejudice, it is difficult to account for the strange contradiction and exaggeration which these "notices" discover. We are told, in one sentence, that *works of genius* and *merit go continually, in cart-loads, to the grocer and pastry-cook*; and, in another, that *all the energies and faculties of the mind* are decomposed and destroyed; and that the temple of *genius* and *learning* is wholly occupied by ignorance and *pedagogy*.

If this piece of *biography* and *criticism* were selected as a specimen of Anglo-American composition, we should not wonder at being censured or ridiculed for affectation, conceit, bombast, and every impurity of diction: for the annals of "ignorance and pedagogy," or of *American literature*, might be searched, in vain, for a performance in which so many faults of every sort are crowded into so narrow a compass. The taste of the writer is, if possible, more depraved than his judgment.

The biographical portion of these notices is very scanty. Those who are curious to know in what clime the poet first drew his breath—what was his early education, habits and

pursuits—and by what accident or turn of mind he was led to the paths of poetry, will not find their curiosity gratified. The following is all we are told of his life and character:

"The rupture of a blood-vessel, at the age of nineteen, disqualified him for the active scenes of life. From that period until his death, at the age of twenty-seven, he devoted himself, with unwearied assiduity, to the cultivation of liberal letters: endowed by nature with a lively and penetrating genius, a mind of uncommon strength, and a judgment remarkably acute, this application of his powers could not fail to produce the mellow fruit of study.

"But the weakness of his frame owned no kindred to the energy of his mind. He had accumulated upon it a burthen over-proportioned to its powers, and, like ill-sorted travellers, they very early parted—parted forever. The active vigour of his genius

"Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay."

"He struggled long against the insidious approaches of a fatal hectic; and, while he sought by various means to divert its influence, bore, with the resolution of a stoic, many of the severest ills that flesh is heir to. From his friends he studiously concealed those apprehensions of his dangerous condition, which the unconquerable obstinacy of his disorder had long taught him to entertain. Such was the exquisite refinement of his mind, so delicately sympathetic was his sensibility, that he frequently resisted his feelings, and contended against serious indisposition, rather than disturb the enjoyments of that frequent circle of friends of which he was an essential ornament and delight.

"In the sports of the field he enjoyed peculiar pleasure; and the frequent exercise which he derived from the pursuit of his favourite pleasure, shooting, contributed, perhaps, in no mean degree to the prolongation of his life. In that sport which, in spite of the idle investigations of unthinking persons, is peculiarly worthy of a liberal mind, he was, as in almost every thing he pursued, thoroughly accomplished.

"Nor did he shine less in most of those other *small, sweet courtships of life*, which,

as Sterne pathetically exclaims, *make so smooth the road of it.* An expert swordsman, a scientific and admirable musician, an accomplished painter, and a graceful dancer: he was no less an ornament to the private walks of life, than to that higher and more splendid sphere, the superior attractions of which seldom left him free to display those accomplishments which were more generally sought after and admired.

"His company was courted with affluity by men of sense, and by the few men of rank who figure in that number. But he sought the shade, delighting more to linger with his little social circle, on the banks of Ilyssus, than in all the attractions of *patrician* pomp and splendour.

"In the month of December, America lost this bright ornament to her name. Cut off in the early morn of life, at the interesting period when the results of long study were daily maturing to 'further ends more excellent,' we are left doubly mourners, for what he was, and what he would have been.

"Mr. Clifton was in stature of the middle size; his person well proportioned, and not inelegant. The portrait prefixed to this volume is a tolerable accurate delineation of his features: he had an eye so animated, and a countenance, generally, of such interest and prepossession, that the most skilful painter could not have hoped to copy them."

After forcing our way through a field of briars and brambles, and noisome weeds, we arrive, with pleasure, to a garden where we expect to be refreshed, and regaled with delicious fruits and fragrant flowers.

Mr. Clifton is introduced to his readers as a satirist, and his first poem, "the Group," affords a favourable display of his vigour and adroitness in that character. This piece, however, labours under all those disadvantages incident to a performance connected with local circumstances, and abounding with allusions to obscure individuals. It appears to have been the design of the poet to pourtray a set of illiterate pragmatistical demagogues in the city of Philadelphia, who, neglecting the occupations of their work-

shops, are supposed to come together for the purpose of discussing politics, and reviling the measures of government. The individuals of this herd are exhibited by the artist in the most odious shapes and ludicrous attitudes; and as they glide through the magic-lantern of his muse, we are alternately agitated by laughter and sickened by disgust. Whether the common practice of ridiculing personal deformities be within the legitimate province of satire, is a question that seldom occurs with much cogency to those who are only the merry spectators of the show. Most men are fond of being on the laughing side, and do not always reflect that a mis-shapen form, and an ungainly visage, are not incompatible with good principles and amiable propensities. As we may presume, however, that the author was well acquainted with the moral turpitude of the men he exposes to odium, it is natural and very allowable to associate in his description their corporeal with their intellectual deformities, and involve both in the effusions of his hatred and derision.

On the intrinsic merits of this composition we are inclined to be lavish of our encomiums. It abounds with wit, and much humorous allusion; and the versification, with a few exceptions, unites, in a masterly manner, the energy of thought with the gracefulness of diction. The following passage is a good specimen of the ardour of his fancy, and of the nerves and sinews that enter into the texture of his verse. He is describing the future reign of equality and Gothicism in this country; and although, in this instance, he displays the eye of a poet "in a fine frenzy rolling," yet, like the poet's neighbour, the lunatic, he seems to see "more devils than vast hell can hold."

"The hour is hastening, when on  
equal feet

Exalted Virtue and low Vice shall meet;  
When Envy, Faction, Indolence shall  
rage,

In one wild tempest, thro' the troubled  
age:

Then human dignity shall meet its doom:  
Devotion perish, Reason, Worth, a tomb,  
In the rude wastes of Ignorance shall  
find,

And true Equality shall bless mankind.  
So when the Kamsin of the desert flies  
Twixt ardent sands, and summer kin-  
dled skies,

The gasping traveller meets the arid death,  
And, prostrate in the dust, resigns his  
breath.

Then shall no pedant priest, with learned  
pride,

Point out the sacred volume for our  
guide;

No more the civil law, or moral page,  
The arm shall fetter, or the soul engage;  
But pile on pile the File of Arts shall  
raise,

And all the knowledge of all ages blaze,  
As when the Gothic conflagration hurl'd  
Its smoky volumes round the sleeping  
world:

The Fiend of Ruin, with demoniac yell,  
Flits round the flame, directs the work  
of hell;

With sheets of sulphur wings the driving  
gale,

And shakes destruction from his dragon  
tail.

Yet, not as then: the once extinguish'd  
ray

Shall ne'er resuscitate another day;  
Here, Science, thy last stage of being lies!  
No other Phoenix from thy dust shall rise;  
And no sad vestige shall remain to tell,  
The temple's basis, where thou lov'dst  
to dwell."

The "Rhapsody on the Times"  
relates principally to the adventures  
of an Irish emigrant, who is repre-  
sented as coming to America with  
a view of acquiring popular renown  
by intermeddling with the affairs of  
our government, and preaching the  
blessings of political reform. This  
little offspring of a sportive genius  
is replete with original conceptions,  
gay images, and witty allusions.  
The following effusion, upon the  
disgrace of the emigrant, conveys

the patriotic spirit of the poet, in  
numbers lively and harmonious.

"Dear Spirit of our happy time,  
With star-deck'd Tiar', and port sublime,  
Who hear'st the savage yell of war,  
And giv'st to pity many a tear;  
Canst thou believe, oh! Goddess blest!  
Such Styg'an fiends thy realm infest?  
Yes, such against thy ray serene  
Do darkling howl with wolfish spleen;  
And wish to see thee crucified,  
Thy seamless garments to divide.

"Can he who 'gainst his parent rais'd  
His impious arm, by us be prais'd?  
No; rather, each Columbian breast  
The vagrant caitiff will detest.  
Can he who made the law his foe  
At home, with us be faithful? No:  
The dog that bit his Master there  
Walks in a longer tether here."

We cannot forbear reciting; from  
the same piece, the following beau-  
tiful apostrophe to Washington.

"In Vernon's groves whose shade  
unites

The active joys and calm delights,  
The victor's wreath, and civic crown,  
Content, love, friendship, and renown;  
Where endless smiles Potomac wears,  
The halcyon PEACE her nest prepares.  
The patriot Chief who there resides,  
As down the stream of life he glides,  
She hovers o'er, and soothes his ears  
With music of the heav'nly spheres.  
When late she heard the distant cry  
Of war, and spread her wings to fly,  
'Twas he who charm'd her fears to rest,  
And sooth'd her on his parent breast.  
Yes, Peace, 'twas he who kindly strove  
To wed thee to our Eagle's love.  
Then still with all thy bathful train  
Of golden blessings, haunt the plain:  
Bid Beauty loose her musky hair,  
Bid Pleasure, wreath'd in smiles, be there;  
The Muses sport thy beams among,  
And jocund Plenty laugh along,  
While safely in thy olive shade,  
At ease her careless limbs are laid.

"Bless'd Saint, at thy enlivening word  
The voice of gladness shall be heard;  
And all our joyous vales along,  
How charming sweet, thy Turtles' song:  
Till War, amidst his wild career,  
Suspend his whirlwind rage to hear,  
And every weary realm rejoice  
To echo back thy angel voice."

And thou, "immortal freedom's fire,"  
Whom all revere, esteem, admire;  
With all that gratitude can give,  
For ever in our breasts shalt live."

The American edition of the "Barbed and Mired" has already presented to the public the Epistle of our author to W. Gifford, Esq. It is in this address that the youthful bard concentrates all the rays of his genius, and gives play to the elegant accomplishments of his muse. The lucid current of his verse reflects the beauties of a mind where taste and fancy are in a very flourishing state. His lines, abounding with ideas and images, are free from all redundancy of expression, and march, with majestic port, to measures made up of gracefulness and harmony. The Epistle begins thus:

"In these cold shades, beneath these  
    shifting skies,  
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius  
    dies;  
Where few and feeble are the Muse's  
    grains,  
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins."

The author here utters a complaint, which we do not believe is derived from a real cause; and this complaint seems to imply a regret that our climate is not so propitious to genius and fancy as the climate of England. That a poet is obliged to dwell in deeper shades in this country than in Great-Britain is not true, for it is well known that we have more resplendent sunshine in one day than England enjoys in six; and as for our ever "shifting skies," let a poet of Albion describe the superior uniformity of her atmosphere.

—————"The baleful east  
Withers the tender spring, and sourly  
    checks

The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk  
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene;  
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes  
This dismal change! The brooding elements,

Do they, your powerful Ministers of  
    wrath,

Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?  
Or is it fixt in the decrees above  
That lofty Albion melt into the main?  
Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!  
Bind in eternal adamant the winds  
That drown or wither: give the genial  
    west  
To breathe; and, in its turn, the sprightly  
    north;  
And may once more the circling seasons  
    rule  
The year; nor mix in every monstrous  
    day."

ARMSTRONG.

If fancy and genius, then, do not flourish in America, and expand with as much luxuriance as in some other regions, let us not impute the failure to physical disadvantages.

"We ought to blame the culture, not the soil."

The masculine talents of Mr. C. are again exhibited in the "Chimeriad," where there appears much boldness of fancy and strength of language. This poem remains in an unfinished state.

"Talleyrand's descent into Hell" is a curious and interesting piece of composition. The writer's description of the infernal regions is awfully picturesque and sublime, and Talleyrand's situation and feelings fill our minds with horror. The torpor and listlessness of the Americans, at a crisis when France is supposed to be plotting their ruin, is announced in terms the most emphatic and alarming.

"Infatuate men! ah, what avails your  
    boast,

Your rising Navy, and your guarded  
    coast,

Your hosts of patriot youth, in arms array'd;

'Tis, all, the wretched shadow of a shade.  
For soon the spoiler comes 'with wanton  
    wiles,

With quips, and cranks, and nods, and  
    wreathed smiles,

Disarms your vengeance, stays the lifted  
    blow,

And lays your freedom and your honour  
    low.

So the poor girl whose bold seducer flies  
With steps too rude to seize the virgin  
prize,

Frowns on the wretch who dar'd invade  
her charms,

And all her injur'd feelings rush to arms :  
But soon return'd, he drops an artful tear,  
And pours his plaintive sorrows in her  
ear,

Till treacherous love admits the wily  
cheat,

And stamps her ruin and her shame com-  
plete.

So Satan once, with "diplomatic skill,"  
Rush'd through the tangles of the sacred  
hill,

Beguil'd the truth of *Adams'* honest mind,  
And nail'd the yoke of mischief on man-  
kind.

Infatuate men! while clouds invest the  
air,

You fondly dream to-morrow will be fair;  
Still careless, on the same dull road you  
stray,

Nor heed the stormy dangers of the way;  
With you the frolic and the feast is found,  
The chariot rattles and the glass goes  
round:

You still can truck your wares, and go  
to bed

With some new speculation in your head;  
Still strut the 'Change with Haberdasher  
pride;

Still count the profits, and the gain  
divide;

Still take the breakfast-paper, and explore  
The advertising columns o'er and o'er;  
And if the tale should meet your listless  
glance,

Of some new land a prey to bloody  
France,

You still can look at home, with vast  
content,

And underwrite the state for one per  
cent."

The volume concludes with a few miscellaneous pieces, several of which tend to raise our opinion of Mr. Clifton's poetical abilities. His "Flights of Fancy," and his address "to Fancy," contain some lines that are exquisitely fine; and we are gratified in discovering that Mr. C. was not only a keen satirist, and elegant versifier, but that his mind was enriched with tender

and delicate sentiments, and possess those nice sensibilities that are ever alive to the beautiful displays of rural nature. Where shall we find sweeter imagery than in these verses?

"From crag to crag, with devious sweep,  
Some frantic flood shall headlong go;  
And, hursting o'er the dizzy steep,  
Shall slumber in the lake below.

"But on the rose's dewy brink,  
Each prismy tear shall catch the gleam;  
And give the infant buds to drink  
The colours of the morning beam."

It is impossible to dismiss this little volume without a sigh of regret for the untimely fate of the juvenile bard. We venture to assert that a poet of superior genius has not yet arisen among us. For originality of ideas, combined with precision, strength and elegance of expression, he is inferior to none of his countrymen; but for a union of these with genuine wit and sublime fancy, he is, perhaps, unrivalled in our land.—Alas! his fame can be no farther extended by the exertions of his genius, for mortality has extinguished the ray that had just begun to heighten the lustre of our literary sphere.

#### ART. LVI.

*Desultory Reflections on the Political Aspects of Public Affairs in the United States of America. Partii.*  
8vo. pp. 38. New-York. J. W. Fenno. 1800.

THE first part of these desultory reflections was noticed in a former Review,\* in which we had occasion to dissent from the opinions of the author, and to disapprove his manner and language. The perusal of this *second* part has not tended to exalt our opinion of the soundness of his judgment, the

\* August, p. 131.

acuteness of his reasoning, or the propriety of his diction.

It appears to be the principal design of the writer to correct some errors which he supposes to have crept into our *political nomenclature*, to point out the evils which may proceed from those errors, and to guard against the violent schemes of that party which seeks to profit by them.

In the pages preliminary to the discussion of the propriety of the terms adopted by the two political parties in the United States, the people are stigmatised as incorrigibly supine and slothful in every thing which relates to their political welfare. We shall select a few passages the most striking for *justness of sentiment* and *felicity of expression*.

"It is the curse of the age in which our lot hath been cast, that not only men, in general, think less of those concerns which belong to their permanent tranquillity, than of the *larking* cares of gain: but, that a very large portion of society think not of them at all.

"Hence it arises, that the public concerns are swayed by characters, and by circumstances, grovelling and insignificant; that the most abject classes of society give law to their masters; and that a progressive decline marks, in painful traces, the funereal progress of our political career. We seem to have abandoned ourselves to the lethargy of the sloth, and to have crept up the *Tree of Apathy*, where every murmur of every breeze excites a narrow and chilling dread, lest our repose be for a moment annoyed. Our fears, our alarms, are all the emotions of an abject cowardice, impelled by strong circumstances to blink at danger, and then sinking into the former state of sluggishness, till again roused by new excitements, fruitless of all useful effect as the former. One call to action succeeds another in ineffectual round, for the last leaves us where we were found by the first.

"From visionary dreams, from fantastic prognostications and golden hopes, we were roused by the phrenzy of the French Revolutionists, through the instrumentality of their agent Genet. A miracle, the forbearance of Robespierre,

extricated us most unfortunately from a dilemma, which it was hoped would terminate in a declaration of war on the part of that extraordinary monster. But the *robim* of Robespierre, and our ill stars conjoined, cut us off from a contingency so devoutly to be wished: a contingency which must inevitably have precluded all those unhappy calamities which have since been brought upon the country. But, this danger evaded, we slept again, assumed the *swearth* of Meconium, and abandoned ourselves, in such confidence, to repose, as if security and thoughtlessness were the only attributes with which we were endowed, the only characteristics of our natures.

"After two years' hostilities, waged with remorseless persecution and cruelty; after innumerable flagellations of our defenceless people, and numerous murders; after the loss of a thousand valuable merchantmen, and the extinction of that *Character*, under the auspices of which alone we could have acted with effect, and after the Government had kneeled again and again, in the dirt, to lick the dust at the feet of low-bred upstarts, the people rose, and demanded war. A new system was put in force, and how wonderful, and how glorious were its effects, until our *Evil Genius* administered a new portion of *Mandragora*, lulled the very soul of the country to sleep, and sunk every energy into a state of *inexorable somnolency*.

"As we have slept, and idly dreamed of peace, and repose, and security, and Republican millenarianism, new perils have sprung up from the fertile hot-bed of faction; and, watered by the genial dews of demagoguery, and cherished by the benignant sun of Philosophism, have taken deep root, to bring forth fruit abundantly.

"As we have slept, we have been impassively borne along to the verge of a crisis, on the turn of which hangs no less a point than the fate of the whole community: and we are arrived nearly to the decision, without even a random effort to stay the plague which impends.

"As we have slept amidst the delusions of commissioners, assurances, negotiations, and words, and sounds, and schemes, without meaning, and without other effect than to prolong our torpidity, the machinations of the servants of the enemy have advanced to a violent probability of success, in their long contemplated project of obtaining possession of the Government of the country. A

catastrophe at even the possibility of which who is so infatuated as not to tremble.

"But the success of Faction, in forcing down its Candidate upon the public, is, as I promise myself hereafter to make apparent, but an insignificant means to a vast end."

This is the first time that we have heard the people of the United States censured for *political insensibility* and stupidity. They have hitherto been accused as too anxiously vigilant, too feelingly alive to whatever may nearly or remotely affect their political condition and happiness; as thinking more of the affairs of the public, and the political events of the day, than their corn-fields and work-shops.

The following passages exhibit the view given by this writer of the form and name of our political constitution, and of the distinctive appellations of the two parties into which the people are divided.

"The jacobinism, or anti-federalism, or true Americanism, or (according to the last distinction which it has assumed) the *republicanism* of America, took its origin at the establishment of the present constitution of the United States, improperly denominated Federal.

"The anti-federalists (the undoubted jacobins of that day and of this) declared the government contemplated by their political opponents to be monstrous" and impracticable, and advocated a form of simple confederation in its stead.

"This faction misrepresented, in toto, the nature and form of the contemplated institution, since the constitution of the United States possesses no one feature of a federal government. On the contrary, it was the misery which the people had encountered under their federal government, which induced the abolition of that form and establishment of the present.

"The constitution of the United States, in its *original form* (I mean as it was eventually adopted), contains, in no instance, any acknowledgment of the *supremacy*, of the local governments. They

are therein repeatedly and expressly recognized as *first* of the general supremacy, and as such are by that instrument holden to numerous *feudal* duties; but they are never recognized as paramount sovereignties, nor even as co-legates. So preposterous an idea never could arise in any other than the present *ridiculous era*.

"Such were the views," speaking of the convention, "which prevailed over the establishment of the constitution of the United States. It was essentially and entirely an act of consolidation, taking place of the act of federation, which had died of inanition.

"While these, the only proper and legitimate conceptions of the nature of that instrument, obtained, an uninterrupted tide of prosperity distinguished the public fortunes. Nor was it till that fatal breach was made in this barrier round the public weal, by which the States were made paramount Sovereignties, that faction ever attained that daring height which it almost instantly assumed. No longer was there wanting to the jacobins a point of rallying, no longer had any one to exclaim with Archimedes, *Δεσπερὺν*: their indispensable passion for revolutionary movements was confirmed on the most important basis, by this establishment of its practicability, and of the long-desired means to their end.

"While there was but one government in the country; while the States were regarded but as so many lieutenantcies, or subordinate divisions, suffered to exist in their ancient form, instead of being constituted counties, only from deference to prejudice; while, in fact, there was but one rallying point, and of course an unity of action, and an entirety of organization, the people revolted at the projects of revolutionizers when they dared, which, indeed, was then seldom, to carry their views, openly, to that extent. But no sooner was the foundation of the constitution subverted, and the governments of the country multiplied to seventeen or eighteen, than Faction immediately laid its axe at the root of the constitution of the United States, and employed all its efforts to bring about the substitution of the State governments in its stead; in other words, to revive the old confederation. This proposition is to

"\* See the Independent Gazetteer, and the other anti-federal newspapers of that day, *passim*.



be found in very distinct terms in the writings of several of the party, and particularly in a work published at the southward, called 'The Prospect Before Us.'

"If the preceding views be correct, it is obvious that the distinctive appellations of the parties in this country are improper and absurd. It is true, that mankind, in all ages, have been little influenced by reflection in this regard; having, in many instances, adopted cabalistic distinctions from accident, and often from the most ludicrous whim. Yet I think it as well, at least, to wear a characteristic name as an unmeaning one; and better even an unmeaning one, than that which conveys a false meaning.

"The federalists, it is to be assumed, desire that the constitution of the United States may exist in its original, integral state of supremacy; that it may be, in all cases, the supreme law of the land, unaffected by the clashing of local interests, and uncontrolled by the operations of subordinate powers. They are *constitutionalists*, Americans, loyal to their country and to one another.

"The democrats desire that the constitution of the United States should be "disannulled;" they desire that condition of things in which the total absence of order may give 'passage free' to the personal violences of their malignant passions, and to their thirst for power and for gold. They would revive the confederation, and are indisputably federalists, without having federalism, or any other object, really at heart, any further than as a means of aggrandisement, a step by which to ascend the height of power.

"What is *federalism*? This is an inquiry peculiarly necessary, notwithstanding the term has been in so common use for so many years. It may be denominated the *state of nature applied to governments*; and this, perhaps, is the ground of preference with those who call themselves republicans, as they are ever ready to exclaim, with the illegitimate villain of Shakspeare:

'Thou, Nature, art our Goddess! to thy laws  
Our services are bound.'

"But their Goddess of Nature is a new deity, and of the modern pantheon; and she resembles the image of a celebrated tyrant, in the remorseless cruelties and persecutions which she has in-

flicted on mankind, under the fair semblance of mildness and philanthropy.

"*Federalism*, or the quality of attachment to a federal form of government, is surely the most trivial distinctive title of a party that was ever yet assumed: a man may be a federalist and royalist, a federalist and republican, or a federalist and an enemy to either royalty or republicanism. There is no inconsistency in these characters, as has been exemplified in fact and experience. The consequence has been that the political adversaries of the men styling themselves federalists, have robbed them of their distinctive appellation; and they now act without any name, as they have long done without any fixed or defined principles, either of morals or politics: as the cuckoo creeps into the nest of a certain foolish bird, and ejects it and its offspring.

"In the distinctive appellations of parties, in every age, we discern some meaning, some connection, more or less remote, between the name and qualities of some certain kind. This is obviously necessary, to prevent the dilemma alluded to above. It will be said, that federalism denotes attachment to the federal government, meaning the government of this country; and that, reaching this end, it is sufficiently definite. The object to be defined, viz. attachment to the government, is surely simple enough; but, if in attempting to define a definite object, a term so indefinite is made use of as to be liable not only to perversions, but misconstructions, the simplicity of the object itself is rendered of no avail, it might as well have been complex and abstruse.

"The constitutionalist denominates himself a federalist, and pronounces the attributes of federalism to be these or those. The republican as loudly proclaims himself a federalist also; but his picture of the attributes of federalism is diametrically the reverse of the other. So opposite are the representations and the views of these two federalists, that the latter would (in the words of Mr. John Adams) incontinently 'fine, imprison, and hang his own brother,' if a person of the former persuasion. The truth is, that the former, if he be a man of either sense or honesty, is not a federalist. No man can be a real friend to the government of the United States, and a federalist, in the sense in which the term is applied.

\*To decide, with more precision, this question, it is worth while to attempt to attain a right understanding of the force and meaning of the term *federal*, in its fullest extent. The unequivocal derivation of the term goes far to decide every question of its signification; and federation (a new root of the word, of American growth) may be asserted to extend no farther than to denote a league or covenant. Now, a league or covenant may take place, either between individuals or bodies politic. The account of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, begins '*Federe isto, trigemini arma capiunt*;' and Otway makes his hero declare himself the '*covenanted* foe of Venice.' By construction, however, and by long usage, the application of the term federation has been restricted, and it may be said, at present, to apply only to leagues or covenants between states. And as we have never known the term to be applied to denote leagues or covenants between separate or independent states, it must be further restricted to leagues, or covenants, or associations of different States forming one nation.

"Now, a league, whether between separate nations, or different States of the same nation, is a temporary arrangement, for the purpose of meeting some great emergency. Such was the league of the Grecian States against Philip; such also was the league of the American States against Great-Britain. As long as the league, commonly called the old confederation, lasted, the United States were a federation. But their federalism merged in the constitution of the United States.

"*Federalism*, therefore, is a league between different states of the same nation (as England, Scotland, and Ireland), for temporary purposes: it is the interregnum of governments not monarchical: and it always implies the absence of settled government."

The names which political parties take, are often casual and insignificant in themselves, assumed sometimes from the names of particular leaders, and sometimes from a peculiarity of person, manners, or dress. They are rarely, if ever, descriptive of the *principles* for which the opposite parties contend. When known, they serve, like a ribband or cockade, to designate to which

of the two the wearer chooses to be considered as belonging. The individuals who are thus comprehended under a single class or description, though agreeing in their general objects, must have a diversity of views, and adopt a general principle, with various modifications.—Their general agreement is sufficient to induce them to act in concert, because each is willing to sacrifice a little, for the benefit of the whole.

The names of *roundhead* and *cavalier*, *whig* and *tory*, so famous in English history, and the latter in our own, have nothing in their intrinsic meaning which would lead one, ignorant of the history of the political events of the times, to a knowledge of their signification. The term *federalist* appears far more significant and descriptive than that of *whig*; yet no one mistakes the meaning of the latter, or thinks it necessary, when he uses it, to give a formal definition.

The appellation *federalist*, was intended to designate a person attached to the union of the American States under one general compact, and was adopted at a time when, from the weakness and impotency of the *old confederated* form of this union, there was danger of a dissolution of the compact, and the establishment of separate and absolutely independent sovereignties.

Those who were more attached to the independency of the State governments than to the union, and to that new constitution, deemed essential to its preservation, and the establishment of separate and absolutely independent sovereignties.

No terms could be found better adapted to express the leading trait in the political characters of the two parties; and the history of governments will not furnish any so significant.

Changes take place in the political circumstances of the nation, and the general opinion of the people,

by which the meaning attached to a name becomes enlarged, or restrained, or modified to suit the new ideas which have been introduced, while the original name continues the same, or experiences some slight modification.

Thus the political discussions of the latter years, produced by the French revolution, have introduced among us the terms *aristocrat* and *democrat*, *monarchist* and *republican*. These have been bestowed or assumed by the respective parties according as they supposed their political principles favoured the one or the other of those characters.

The anti-federalists, or *soi-disant republicans* of the present day, though composed of mixed characters, are yet well known by their original appellation.

Though it is presumed the *republican* would not have the folly or audacity to assert that the federalist had discarded *republican* principles; yet the new-adopted name was too strikingly distinctive, in its popular sense, not to be abused to catch the ignorant and unwary. The federalists have, therefore, assumed the addition of republican, and *federal republican* appears to us as significant an appellation for that party which this writer chooses to call *constitutionalists*, as any that can be found. It has the advantage also of retaining its original characteristic, *federalism*, or an attachment to the *union*, rather than to the State governments.

It would be unjust to say that there are not many in the anti-federal, or republican party, attached to the constitution, in its present form, and might therefore be truly denominated *constitutionalists*, which renders this new appellation quite as objectionable as the old. That party, as well as the other, is composed of men of various characters: many of these are new accessions,

derived from the turbulent fluctuations of the European governments.

Thus the friends of government, of order, and peace, whether monarchical, aristocratical, or republican, arrange themselves on the side of the supporters of the present government and its administration; though they may essentially differ in the most fundamental principles of government. On the other hand, the true democrat, the jacobin, the discontented opposer of all law and government, as well as the sound republican, are found united with those who are in the opposition to the ruling power. Yet there is no man at all acquainted with the history of our constitution and government, as well as with the character of our citizens, that can be deceived by the present names that distinguish the two parties.

The definition of *federalism* is too *puerile* and *pedantic*; such an etymological explanation of the term, is inadequate to the subject. No one is ignorant of the changes which take place in the meaning of words, by the influence of time, and the mutation of customs, usages, and manners. By the gradual progress of society, words obtain a sense very different from their primitive and radical signification.

The government of Great-Britain is called a *monarchy*, and that of Poland was denominated a *republic*. Yet the person who should turn to his *lexicon* for the meaning of those two words, would gain no knowledge of either government by the explication there given of their names. Should the *simple forms* of government, as they are usually distinguished by political writers into *monarchy*, *aristocracy*, and *democracy*, be *etymologically defined*, and the question should be asked of the people of this country which form of government they would be wil-

ling to adopt, there would not be found ten Americans who would willingly submit to either.

The term *federal* is applied with far more propriety to the government of the United States, than *monarchy* is to any of the governments of Europe which pass under that name.

The government of the United States did not lose its *federal* character by the adoption of the new constitution. The new constitution only furnished a remedy for the defects of the former compact, and rendered the *federation* more perfect. The old confederacy had no adequate *sanction* or *coercive* power by which its decrees could be carried into effect, as the States were called upon, in their sovereign or collective capacity, for obedience, and Congress had no means of enforcing that obedience when refused. This was the radical defect in all the confederacies of ancient Greece and modern Europe, in imitation of which the American union was formed. Hence all the contention, turbulence, and anarchy springing from the disobedience of the members of the confederacy, that often terminated in its destruction, and which have justified the censure bestowed on this form of political compact. Aware of the evils of all the known forms of confederacy, the Convention went far towards *consolidation* to give *efficiency* and *durability* to the new constitution; but the States retained so much of their federal character as to justify the use of the name, given to the new compact, of *federal republic*. The varieties of the *federal* forms of government are not less numerous than those of monarchies and republics. The difference between the old confederacy and new constitution, is not much greater than between the different confederacies of Europe.

Until, therefore, the State govern-

ments are absolutely destroyed, and the whole territory of the United States divided into districts or counties, according to the scheme so warmly recommended by this writer, we must contend for the strict propriety of the terms *federal republic* and *federal republicans*.

After this attempt at verbal criticism and political reformation, our author proceeds to depict the evils which will proceed from the success of *federalism*, or the *Jeffersonian system*.

"Having sufficiently shown, by induction, that the purpose of abolishing the Constitution of the United States, and of federalizing the country, is contemplated by the Jeffersonian party, it is worth while to inquire into the consequences of a successful issue to the federalizing project.

"The inseparable concomitant of the abolition of the present form of government, is the annihilation of its debt, should it even survive, which is doubtful, the election of Mr. J. The distress, the horrors attendant on the overthrow of the public credit, what mind is so callous to view with unconcern! Thus will your hearts, if they be made of penetrable stuff, be rent with the sharp pangs of ancient gentlemen, a long train, worn down with sorrows and distresses, and decayed to a dependance on the pittance of their stake in the common fortune of the land—thus will your hearts, if not estranged from every touch of pity, bleed at the unutterable woes of widows and orphans, stripped of the hardly-faved relics of happier days, or the acquisitions of long and painful toil;—thus, if the emotions of humanity be not expunged from your system, if your attributes be not denaturalized, and all the milk of human kindness turned to corroding gall, thus will your most poignant emotions rise, at the sight of maimed veterans stripped of the scanty means that kept their honourable scars from mendicancy, perishing in starvation, or bearing their mouthed wounds to challenge pity of the piteous. *Geförn*, like Pappenheim,—they will say

"Ille et nefasto nos posuit die,  
opprobrium pagi.

"Such will be the dawn of the Sun of Federalism: the malignant splendours of its advance towards a meridian ~~man~~

frustrate every inoculation and graft of evil that can disgust the wise or distress the good."

We are next presented with a terrifying picture of the disorders and evils of "*federal institutions*." The principal features of this picture may be found in the histories of Greece, Germany, Switzerland, and the United Provinces, warned by whose examples and their own experience, the people of the United States have given new energy to the federal form of government; and it is hoped, that by their adherence to their present constitution, they will escape all those evils which have flowed from the imperfect institutions of Europe.

In the concluding passages the writer seems to have exerted all his powers to reach the most lofty heights of sublimity and dazzling eloquence!

That the reader will be enabled to judge of his success, we shall quote them.

"So abhorrent is equality to every impulse of human nature, that men are not only found restive under the application of this principle to them as individuals, but still more so in their political relations. Providence hath wisely ordained a chain of grades and *subordinacies*, from the peasant to the peer, from the monarch to the collected majesty of all monarchs. It is the frequent office of philosophical arrogance to attempt the disarrangement of this beautiful system, by interposing the stumbling-blocks and the foolishness of infidelity, and the vile conceptions of mortal vanity. To the voice of philosophers men have delighted more to listen than to the voice of that wisdom which is from on high: but, as they have delighted to drink at the polluted streams of sophistry rather than at the pure fountains of life, they have drank deep damnation to themselves and their posterity: as they have swerved from those maxims by which society had been wont to be held together—sanctified in their origin, and embalmed in every heart by their beneficent effects, men have unvaryingly fallen off to that state

in which the remembrance of refinement and the influence of system exist but in projects for *denaturalizing* mankind, and burying every wonted regulation of society under a mass of *chaotic jargon*.

"Government is an entire thing: it is a system of influence, penetrating the obscurity of modest virtue, and the den of the lurking conspirator—encouraging, and cheering, and praising, and rewarding, and promoting, and blessing whatsoever things of goodness and of fair report come in contact with it; and stamping its seal of reprobation or of excommunication upon every nascent principle of evil. A well-ordered state is a *flourishing oak*—the constitution is its trunk—its various ministers are the ramifications—each forming after its capacity a proper conduit, through which circulates the bounteous stream of the parent trunk, to the *leaves and foliages*; which, like the diversified actors on the great theatre of life, are perpetually coming on and going off, while the mutual dependance is admirably subverted by the superior permanency of the intermediate branches. The leaves periodically wither, but the trunk and its branches survive in unimpaired vigour and glory: the hand of violence may prune it of its branches—the dependant leaves then perish by the stroke; yet the tree is still a tree: but the blow which levels the trunk, annihilates the whole together.

"The venerable parent trunk, every half-lunatic quack and subaltern juggler thinks he may now subject to his delirious incantations. No unhappy metal hath been ever more tortured with fire, or the violence of iron, by crack-brained chemists, hunting the philosopher's stone, than has the constitution of almost every State, by the Talgols, Sidrophels, and Wackums of the present age. They keep in the centre of the country, a vast cauldron, which momentarily receives supplies from a thousand contributory spells, in which are brewed together every possible ingredient of annoyance and mischief. When the charm is firm and good, it is their way to soufe the unhappy victim into the fatal vortex. It expires in their hands, and in the act of bubbling over the dragon's scales, and wolves' teeth, and fenny snakes, and tyger's chaudirons, and adders' forks, and blind worms' stings, which now with

"Double, double toil and trouble,  
Out of cauldron boil and bubble.

\* With infuriate and idiotic air, another description of beings exhibit an instrument with which they are desirous to divide the trunk into a multitude of equal parts, in order that it may the better accommodate their passion for variety by growing in new, various, and eccentric forms; and, to gratify this propensity to change and novelty, are very content to risk its life.

"It is time, in the idea of Burke, to consecrate the state. It is time to bestow on it whatever degree of venerability and sanctity it is capable of receiving, that the hand of innovation may be cast into the fire, as the hand of sacrilege and parricide. We have failed round the world of novelty without making any discovery worth retaining, except that our discoveries are worthless. We have touched on island after island, we have discovered new rocks, new quicksands, and new shoals, but we have discovered no new continent—we are yet afloat on a wide and procellose ocean. In a tone of much earnestness, and very serious anxiety, I would repeat the interrogation and exhortation of Horace:

'O Navis, referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus? o quid agis? fortiter occupa  
Portum.'

It is, indeed, time to haul up the vessel, and to repair the ravages of tempests and whirlwinds; to secure a competent rudder, to repair the sails, and even the keel, instead of painting and patching over her defects, by arts which cannot content the wary, who confide nothing in gilded baubles."

These flights of rhetoric have all the *obscurity* and *turgidity* of the *sublimest allegory*. The writer soars, indeed, beyond the reach of all mortal understanding, and is an instance of the near approach of the inspirations of *untutored genius* to the effusions of insanity.

#### ART. LVII.

*A New Physical System of Astronomy; or, an Attempt to Explain the Operations of the Powers which impel the Planets and Comets to perform Elliptical Revolutions round the Sun,*  
Vol. III. No. 6.

*and revolve on their own Axis: in which the Physical System of Sir Isaac Newton is examined, and presumed to be refuted. To which is annexed, a Physiological Treatise, &c. By Joseph Young, M. D. of New-York. 8vo. pp. 188. New-York: Hopkins. 1800.*

WE announce, with pleasure, an American publication on astronomy. In proportion as the study of this sublime science is obstructed on this side of the Atlantic, we ought, in justice, to set a higher value on the labours of those who undertake to encounter and surmount such difficulties. Like the fine arts, in one respect, astronomy generally finds the best chances of cultivation and advancement in populous and opulent countries, where the objects of employment and instruction are minutely subdivided; and where the munificence of public establishments supplies the instruments of observation, the commodiousness of leisure, and the incentives of emolument. It is well known that such advantages are seldom possessed by the philosophical inquirer in the United States. Action here chiefly usurps the place of speculation. Employed in the pursuit of objects of the first necessity, and in laying the foundation rather than rearing the fabric of national glory, our citizens can seldom, at present, devote their attention to ornamental parts of learning, or such as bear only a remote and indirect relation to the gaining of practical knowledge. With the progress of improvement in America, it may be expected that the literary and scientific horizon will be gradually enlarged; and that the light of the higher mathematical and astronomical studies will, in time, combine with that of poetry and the other fine arts to illuminate a hemisphere not long since overspread with darkness.

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In the work under consideration, Dr. Young does not exhibit his opinions with much minuteness of detail; but, so far as we can understand them, they seem to be comprehended in the following sketch of his system, which he delivers at page 26, & seq.

"As the sun is without doubt the *primum mobile*, or first mover of this stupendous system, it behoves us to investigate the means or powers by which *he* is actuated, and caused to perform a revolution on his axis once in 25 days and six hours. I shall, in the first place, give my opinion of this matter; and then corroborate my conjectures, with a recital of such experiments and observations as the nature of the subject will admit of.—In the first place I shall venture to assert, that the whole universe is full of elastic, repulsive matter, denominated electricity, which is most probably composed of oxygen and caloric. When cold, it is more condensed and less active, and unites freely in the composition of many solid bodies, and remains for some time inactive; but when acted upon by friction, collision, or heat, it immediately assumes its pristine qualities, and is the secondary cause of all the motion in the universe.—In the next place, I suppose the body of the sun to consist of solid incombustible matter, formed in such a manner as freely to admit the more condensed electric matter (by which he is surrounded; and strongly compressed), to enter at his poles, into a large cavity in his centre, where, being heated and expanded to the greatest possible degree, it is expelled, with amazing velocity, to the circumference, through numberless curving pores, all uniformly bending westward from the centre. And as it is a known property of bodies in motion, and of the rays of light in particular, to move in straight lines, it is evident that the power of every particle of the igneous matter, exploded from the centre, through these curving pores, must be directed against, and exert their force upon the eastern sides of the canals through which they move; which causes the sun to revolve on his axis eastward. That this is an invariable law of nature, may be demonstrated by constructing a wheel on these principles, which may be actuated either by steam, electricity, common air, water, or fire.—It was only neces-

sary for the omniscient architect to construct the sun, in some such manner, of such materials as would withstand the action of the fire; and first, to give the internal cavity such a degree of heat, as to cause the explosive igneous matter to move with great celerity, from the centre to the circumference of the globe, which impulse being at all times equal, as both the quantity and quality of the combustible matter with which he is supplied is invariably the same; the periods of his revolutions must also invariably be the same. And as he is continually pouring forth oceans of fire, from his equatorial and tropical regions, he must receive an adequate supply at his poles, of electric matter in a state of extreme cold and condensation, otherwise a perfect vacuum would succeed, and the sun be extinguished; and, consequently, light, life, heat and motion would cease, and be no more. The cold air flowing into an air furnace, may serve to convey some idea of this grand operation. But the chief objection to this hypothesis, arises from the difficulty of conceiving how the sun can be supplied with a sufficient pabulum to support such an immense waste of fire for ages, especially when this pabulum is said to consist only of the matters contained in the common air, while we daily experience the necessity of supplying our fires with fresh quantities of more substantial fuel, without which they are soon extinguished. But this objection will vanish, when we consider that matter is indestructible, that no being, except the one who created it, can annihilate one single particle of it: it may be decomposed and recomposed millions of times, but the same quantity of matter still exists; consequently there is the same quantity of fire existing now as at the creation, and no more.—Let those who find difficulty in conceiving by what means the cold condensed air, rushing impetuously into the poles of the sun, should be instantly converted into real active fire, and diffused through the regions of space, only consider, that the electric matter dispersed through the regions of our atmosphere, requires only rapid motion to convert it into the most tremendously active fire with which we are acquainted. And even the trifling quantity that we can collect from the air, by means of our diminutive machines, is sufficient to teach us how this grand operation is performed in the immense body of the sun,

which is a mass of solid matter of eight hundred and ninety thousand miles in diameter, heated throughout to the most intense degree, surrounded and strongly compressed, especially at his poles, with igneous matter in a condensed, latent state, that only requires to be excited into rapid motion, to exhibit every appearance, and assume every quality of fire. This operation may be termed the respiration of the sun; and, if he should ever cease to respire, he will also cease to revolve, and be extinct; but when this matter is decomposed, by the violent heat and agitation in the body of the sun, and expelled with extreme velocity from his equatorial and tropical regions, the calorific forms rays, which afford light as long as they continue to move with great velocity in straight lines, but cannot exhibit all the phenomena essential to fire, until it is again united to the oxygen, or some other acid gas. Among the many reasons which induce me to believe that the body of the sun is composed of solid, incombustible matter, are, first, that no permanent collection of atmospheric matter can subsist without some solid body to attach itself to, because active repulsive matter, without such nucleus, would expand and diffuse itself abroad until it was equally distributed; and our system would be reduced to a condition similar to that of an animal deprived of both heart and lungs. Secondly, all pneumatic, aquatic, and pyrotechnic machines, are composed of solid matter, which is, in all cases, passive, and are so constructed as to be actuated by fluids, which are, in all cases, the instruments in producing motion, as there is no case in which solids generate or continue motion independent of the impulse or energy of fluids. And were it not for this admirable mode of collecting such immense quantities of condensed latent igneous matter, rendered almost infinitely subtle, active, and penetrating by heat, and diffusing it through space to be recomposed, condensed, and returned to the sun, in constant succession, all motion would soon be lost, and the planetary orbs would cease to revolve.

"I have then supposed the earth laying entirely at rest, at the tropic of Capricorn, on the 21st day of June, with its atmosphere perfectly still and inactive, until the rays of the sun, by their energy and influence, began to heat, rarify, agitate, and render it actively repulsive, when, by a law already mentioned, to

wit, that the strongest atmosphere will always repel the weakest to the opposite side of the body to which it belongs, where that of the earth would form a long dark cone or tail, which would react with a force proportioned to its quantity of matter, and degree of its excitement; and, when a sufficient quantity of the earth's atmosphere had been excited and propelled to the opposite side, to overcome its vis inertia [inertia], the earth would begin to move on slowly to the eastward, in the line of the ecliptic, most probably in a direct course to the centre of the sun; but, as it gradually approached the solar equator, it became more exposed to the action of his direct rays, sent off in great abundance, and with more velocity from his equatorial than his tropical regions, where the earth was supposed to begin its first revolution: in consequence of this increasing degree of heat, a greater quantity of the earth's atmosphere would be excited and rendered more repulsively active, to react and antagonize the vertical rays of the sun, which prevents it from proceeding to the sun, and gradually propels it to a greater distance, accelerating its motion at the same time, until it arrives at that limit where repulsion and appulsion are exactly equal; and where, by the opposite actions of these two powers, the earth is not only impelled in its annual circuit, but also assisted in its diurnal revolution; for, as it must now move in a curve line, the resistance of the medium through which it passes will bend its atmospheric cone back westward, condensing its eastern side to the greatest degree, which will cause it to act with most power on that side of the earth, which is successively presenting a cold, dense atmosphere to the sun, to be heated, rarified, and rendered actively repulsive; which becomes a powerful agent in promoting the earth's diurnal rotation. As these impulsive powers, which were capable to begin these revolutions, are constantly acting with undiminished influence, they will be continued, notwithstanding the opposition the moving bodies may be supposed to meet with, in passing through a resisting medium; which it is impossible that any projectile should do, let its original force be supposed to be the greatest possible."

The most obvious remark on this hypothesis, and which cannot fail to occur to every reader, is the



number of fundamental principles gratuitously assumed. Among these may be reckoned, the extent assigned to the electric fluid, which he supposes to pervade the universe; the effects of the changes which it undergoes from variations of temperature, friction, collision, &c. and the operations which it performs, as the secondary cause of all motion. The constitution and structure of the sun, affording entrance, at his poles, to the condensed electric matter, and afterwards emitting it with great force through curving pores, must likewise be considered merely as matter of conjecture. In short, the whole scheme of the repulsive action of the sun's igneous or electrical atmosphere exerted outwardly upon the planetary bodies, and of the appulsive force of their atmospheres, exerted in the opposite direction, so as to produce their annual and diurnal revolutions, appears to be altogether a *positio principii*.

In comparison with this system, let us survey the outline of the Newtonian theory, which our author rejects as untenable and absurd. By reasoning from certain general phenomena which come within the notice of every observer, Sir Isaac Newton discovered a coincidence of motion in the heavenly bodies, extending to all known matter in the universe. This law may be variously denominated—When referred to the earth, it is called *gravitation*; when exerted in the planets, *centripetal force*; and, when in the sun, the centre of our system, it is named *attraction*. We may, therefore, understand and interpret this law in various ways—either as an attractive power, exerted by the sun—as an appetence or tendency existing in each planet—or as a force external, both to the sun and planets, impelling them to the sun. The impulse of a stream of fluid, and even of the electric

fluid, if preferred to any other, moving continually towards the sun, may be assigned for this purpose. It is not, indeed, necessary to the truth of the Newtonian theory, that the material or efficient cause of gravitation should be made known. It is sufficient to prove the existence of such a force directed towards the sun. Gravitation has been censured as an occult quality, and as merely contrived to hide our ignorance. But no reproach can be more unfounded. Gravitation is far from expressing any quality whatever; it only expresses a matter of fact, the result of the observation and comparison of numberless phenomena, a law of motion imposed by the Supreme Architect upon the material world. Examples of this simple and uniform law are constantly before our eyes; the terrestrial gravity, by which a stone falls to the earth, is only a particular instance of that all-pervading force by which the remotest planet is confined to its orbit.

If it were possible to reconcile Dr. Young's theory to the motions of the primary planets, we should still be utterly at a loss thereby to explain the motions of the secondaries. The profound, combining mind of Newton drew his universal principle from a contemplation of the whole visible creation. His theory explains, with equal clearness, the revolutions of the secondary and primary planets. All matter gravitates to all matter, wherever it may be found, with a force in the inverse duplicate ratio of the distance. Even the deviations and irregularities, which were observed in the planetary system, were found to be necessary consequences of the very universality of this physical law. It is known also, that Newton pointed out some other minute deviations, as necessary results of the law discovered by him,

but which the art of observation was not then sufficiently advanced to disclose. All these have been verified by modern observation; and still further deviations have been since observed, all which have been shown to be consequences of the agency of the same universal law. And it may be safely affirmed, at the present day, that there is not a single anomaly in the planetary system, which has not been proved to be a modification of this universal law of gravitation.

The permanency of a system, which can endure this kind of scrutiny, may be safely asserted. It seems destined to prove, that, at least, one effort of human intellect may lay claim to immortality, and to exhibit to an admiring world, a structure, "which will not moulder, like such as are ordinarily erected, into the sand of which they were composed, but which will stand unimpaired, a rock, amid the waste of ages!"

The remainder of this work, which forms much the larger part, is devoted to physiological inquiries, and to observations and precepts in medicine and surgery.

In the physiological treatise the author considers the constitution, nature and qualities of the animal spirits, or the principle of life; the first stage of animation, and the means whereby the circulation is performed in the first rudiments of the incipient animal, and before the vessels are completely organized. He adds, likewise, an explanation of the general laws, by which the animal economy is governed, and he particularly treats of the mode in which the operations of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or the unassisted powers of nature, are exerted to obviate and cure diseases.

The author also delivers the result of his long experience in the treatment of cancerous ulcers, the quartan ague, putrid fevers, mad-

ness, frozen limbs, and many other diseases. The observations of an aged physician, on subjects belonging to his profession, after devoting the best of his life to an attentive and laborious prosecution of its duties, must always be valuable; and this value is heightened in the present instance, by the warm spirit of philanthropy which pervades the publication.

#### ART. LVIII.

*A Sermon, preached to the Church and Society in Brattle-street, Boston, December 29, 1799, and occasioned by the Completion of a Century from its first Establishment. By Peter Thacher, D. D. Pastor of said Church. 8vo. pp. 18. Boston. Young and Minus. 1800.*

THE plan of taking periodical reviews of past times, and giving retrospective sketches of the principal events which they exhibited, is a laudable and useful one. Many of its advantages will readily occur to every reflecting mind. It was, therefore, with pleasure we took up this sermon; and we cannot but hope the example of Dr. T. will prompt many to *go and do likewise*.

The nature of this discourse corresponds with its title. It is intended to exhibit a brief history of the church of which the author is pastor. This history could have been more valuable had it been more minute and extended; but short and general as it is, a collection of such discourses would be an inestimable treasure to the ecclesiastical historian.

Our readers will learn from the following passage, that Dr. T. does not inherit a large portion of the spirit which animated the first settlers of New-England.

"It was this noble and christian spirit which peopled, with civilized and christian inhabitants, the wilds of New-England. Our venerable ancestors felt themselves aggrieved in their native land. They were forbidden to practice the worship and discipline which they deemed scriptural and important, and were obliged, under heavy penalties, to conform to such as they viewed in a different light. Now that the controversy is mellowed by time, and mutual harmony has removed the roughness, which, for want of candour and more frequent communication, adhered to both parties, we are ready to wonder that so much keenness should be discovered, and so great sacrifices made, to what we esteem matters comparatively indifferent.—But it is not possible for us to discover the motives of men, and therefore we have no right to judge or condemn them. That the founders of our churches were actuated by motives really conscientious, we are certain: for, only to the claims, the strong claims of conscience, will men sacrifice their native country and their domestic happiness, by emigrating to a foreign and inhospitable shore. They loved God, and "went after him into the wilderness." Here they established a civil polity, the spirit and energy of which remain to the present day. They established literary and religious institutions, which have been the great sources of the freedom and happiness of our country. They founded churches, which, "having obtained help of God, continue unto this day."

The following sentences are well expressed, and display a very becoming spirit.

"It has been the honour and felicity of this church that its union has never been interrupted. In all societies there will, of course, be men who have an attachment to their own opinions. In this society, the gentleness of manners, the candour, condescension and brotherly love, which are the ornament and the band of religious associations, have conciliated the affection and quieted the minds of those who have thought differently from the majority. "No root of bitterness has sprung up among us." The love of peace and harmony has ever prevailed, and we have a fair prospect of continuing a happy society.

"And now, my brethren, be thankful to God, who has so remarkably limited

upon your predecessors and yourselves even to this day. "The vineyard which his own right hand planted," has flourished and increased for one hundred years. No furious blast has overthrown it. No insidious enemy has undermined or usurped it. We behold it this day flourishing in its original beauty, and bringing forth, we trust, "the clusters of Canaan," good fruit unto God. It is our hearts desire and prayer to God; "that a pure and a spiritual church may be continued here so long as the sun and the moon shall endure. When we shall be gathered to the dust of our fathers, and the "places" which now know us shall know us no more, may a generation rise up which shall love God more, and serve him better than ever we have done! May the members of this church become exemplary, and its ministers more useful, through all succeeding ages! May it flourish with the vigour of youth and the wisdom of age, till the present dispensation shall be completed, and the church universal shall be translated from earth to heaven!"

#### ART. LIX.

*A Sermon, preached at the Ordination of the Rev. Jonathan Whitaker to the Pastoral Care of the Church and Society in Sharon, Massachusetts, February 27, 1799. By Abiel Holmes, A. M. Pastor of the first Church in Cambridge. 8vo, pp. 49. Denham. Mann. 1799.*

THE aim of the author in this discourse, is, to show the design of the christian ministry, and the best means of effecting this design. With respect to the first, he thinks it is the instructing men in religious knowledge, with a view to their final salvation. With regard to the second, he supposes the principal points to be attended to, are, to preach intelligibly, to choose subjects capable of illustration, to exclude abstract and metaphysical topics, to avoid, for the most part, polemical divinity, to adapt every thing to the character of the auditors, to use a clear and distinct method of exhibit-

ing truth, and to present every thought in a *precise, luminous, and attractive style.*

These several positions are well illustrated, and the whole discourse wears the aspect of good sense, and piety. The author closes by a suitable application of the subject to the occasion; and to the sermon a small body of notes is added, which gives a favourable idea of his learning and judgment.

Subjoined to Mr. H.'s discourse is the *Charge* delivered to the newly ordained minister, by the Rev. Mr. Cushing, of Waltham; and the *Address* which accompanied, giving the *right hand of fellowship*, by the Rev. Mr. Howard, of Canton. These compositions are judicious and respectable, but have nothing very remarkable in them either as to *matter or manner.*

#### ART. LX.

*A Vindication of Thomas Jefferson against the Charges contained in a Pamphlet entitled "Serious Considerations," &c. By Grotius. 8vo. pp. 47. New-York. Denniston. 1800.*

HAVING noticed the several publications against Mr. Jefferson in our former numbers, we proceed to examine those which have appeared on his side, in this very singular controversy.

Grotius proposes to inquire, first, whether the deductions made by his adversary are well drawn from the premises; and, secondly, to show strong evidences of the christianity of Mr. Jefferson, taken from his own writings. He remarks that the christian world is divided into a great variety of sects, all differing from each other in doctrines and discipline, yet all agreeing in the divinity of Christ, and mutually denominating each other christians;

that Calvinists, Arminians, Universalists, Trinitarians, Arians, Socinians, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, are all comprehended under the general name of christians, or believers in the divinity of Christ; that the author of *Serious Considerations* has unwarrantably endeavoured to represent a belief in a particular creed as essential to constitute a christian; and if Mr. Jefferson's sentiments were really as he states them to be, on certain points, yet it could not be fairly inferred that he was a *deist*, or one who wholly disbelieved the scriptures, though he might, perhaps, be deemed a *heretic.*

After these preliminary observations he proceeds to examine the first proof exhibited of Mr. Jefferson's infidelity, arising from his disbelief of the *universality* of the deluge recorded by Moses.—He thus expresses himself.

"That it was not *universal* has been the opinion of a number of christian divines, and scholars of the first celebrity for piety and learning, and whose orthodoxy has never been questioned. The intention of the deluge was to destroy the posterity of Adam, for their sins, except the family of Noah. The Deity does nothing in vain: to deluge that part of the world which was not inhabited, might not have embraced the object of his wise dispensations. It is true, Moses says, that 'all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered.' But are we always to understand the bible in a literal sense? Is not its language frequently highly figurative? St. Paul says, 'I please *all men in all things.*' Does this mean that he pleased all men *with whom he communicated* in all things which were *lawful*? Or does it mean that he pleased the *wicked* and the *righteous*, and those whom he *did not know* as well as those with whom he was acquainted in *evil* and *good things* indiscriminately? Surely no man of common sense will hesitate to embrace the first construction. The expression of Moses may, in like manner, be considered as a synecdoche, a figure in rhetoric, where the whole is put for a part, or a part for the whole. *All the high hills under the*

whole heaven may be taken in a qualified sense, and construed only to intend all the high hills in the inhabited countries under the heavens. The deluge might therefore have been *universal* with regard to mankind, but not so with respect to the earth itself. The pious and learned Dr. Burnet was of opinion, with Mr. Jefferson, that there was not water enough to cover the earth in its present shape; and, in his sacred theory, he has a singular hypothesis to account for it. The celebrated Vossius says, 'To effect an universal deluge, many miracles must have concurred—but God works no miracles in vain. What need was there to drown those lands where no men lived, or are yet to be found.'

"But when I mention the name of Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, that great champion of the christian church, on the same side of the question, surely this superficial writer must be covered with shame.

"The Bishop's zeal for religion was so great, that he fancied he discovered a tendency to atheism in Mr. Locke's doctrine respecting innate ideas, and the most remarkable controvery on record ensued between those able writers. In speaking of the deluge, this learned divine expresses himself as follows: 'I cannot see,' says he, 'any urgent necessity from the scripture, to assert that the flood did spread itself all over the surface of the earth. That all mankind (those in the ark excepted) were destroyed by it, is most certain, according to the scriptures. When the Lord said that he would destroy man from the face of the earth, it could not be any particular deluge of so small a country as Palestine, as some have ridiculously imagined; for we find an universal corruption in the earth mentioned as the cause; an universal threatening upon all men for this cause; and afterwards, a universal destruction expressed as the effect of this flood. So, then, it is evident the flood was universal with respect to mankind; but from thence follows no necessity at all for asserting the universality of it, as to the globe of the earth, unless it be sufficiently proved that the whole earth was peopled before the flood, which I despair of ever seeing proved; and what reason can there be for extending the flood beyond the occasion of it, which was the destruction of mankind?

"The only probability, then, of asserting the universality of the flood as to

the globe of the earth, is from the destruction of all living creatures, together with men. Now, though men might not have spread themselves over the whole surface of the earth, which beasts and creeping things might, which were all destroyed by the flood; for it is said, 'that all flesh that moved upon the earth, both of fowl and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man.'

Grotius next weighs the second proof of Mr. Jefferson's deism, deduced from his opinions relative to the origin and migration of nations; and the observations contained in the Notes on Virginia, concerning the red men of America and Asia.—The following passage shows his opinion and explanation of this subject.

"The most authentic account of the origin and migration of nations, is to be found in the holy scriptures. The traditions and histories of all the ancient nations of the world corroborate, in a wonderful manner, the writings of Moses: to them we must look up as a light to guide us through the darkness of antiquity; as a standard by which to regulate our opinions of the early period of the human race; and as a certain means of solving many perplexing difficulties which beset us in our researches into ancient history, and our views of the present appearances of men and nations. We are informed by Moses, that all men are descended from one pair; and we should be extremely puzzled to reconcile with this fact, not only the great variety, but the essential, radical, and entire difference of languages prevalent in the world, did not scripture furnish us with a solution of this otherwise inexplicable enigma.

"We are told, in the eleventh chapter of Genesis, that sometime after the flood, all the human race were assembled together on a plain in the land of Shinar; that the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech; that they impiously attempted to counteract the intentions of the Deity, by building a city which should serve as a habitation for them all, and prevent their dispersion over the earth; that the Lord interfered in a miraculous manner, and created a diversity of languages among them, by which means their work was left un-

smithed, and they were scattered abroad upon the face of all the earth. This great plain was then a common centre, from which mankind diverged, in every direction over the earth. How many different languages were originally established, we are not informed of by the scriptures; but we have every reason to believe, that they were as various as the original families and tribes which eventually expanded into nations. A sameness of complexion and figure, no doubt, existed, as well as an identity of speech, and the diversities of colour which now exist must be attributed to a variety of physical and moral causes, but principally to climate and the state of society. That *rubite* was the original complexion of the human species, is, I believe, the opinion of the most intelligent writers on this subject. The tribes which emigrated to America, after the confusion of tongues, might have settled there, long before migrations took place in the parts of Asia, now inhabited by red men, and their complexion, would, in course of time, be changed from white to red, by the operation of natural causes. There is no difficulty with respect to the passage from Asia to America: these two continents, if parted at all, are only separated by a narrow strait. We may therefore say, that the red men of America are of greater antiquity than the red men of Asia, or, in other words, that red men were settled in America before they were settled in Asia, without impugning the authority of the scriptures. Every body would smile, if the writer would denominate one an infidel for saying that the black men of Africa are of greater antiquity than the black men of Asia, and yet the cases are exactly parallel.

"Mr. Jefferson infers, from the greater number of radical languages among the red men of America, that they are of greater antiquity than the red men of Asia; but he expressly confines the remark to red men, and no where insinuates that men were originally created in America. That the population of America is very ancient, has not only been deduced from the above circumstance, but from many other considerations. The Americans had no knowledge of the people of the old continent, nor the latter any account of the migration of the former to the new world. They wanted those arts and inventions which, when once discovered, are never forgotten;

such, for example, as shale of wax and oil for lights, which are very ancient in Europe and Asia, and are not only highly useful, but necessary. And, it is said, that the polished nations of the new world, and particularly those of Mexico, preserve, in their traditions and paintings, the memory of the creation of the world, the building of the tower of Babel, the confusion of languages, and the dispersion of the people, although blended with some fables; and that they had no knowledge of the events which happened afterwards in Asia, in Africa, or in Europe; although many of them were so great and remarkable, that they could not easily have gone from their memory. The learned author of the History of Mexico, the Abbe Clavigero, a christian divine, is of opinion that the Americans do not derive their origin from any people now existing in the ancient world; not only from the circumstances of the great diversity of languages, but from the total want of affinity between them and any of the languages of the old world. He therefore infers that the Americans are descended from different families, dispersed after the confusion of tongues, and have since been separated from those others who peopled the countries of the old continent."

On the opinion of Mr. Jefferson of the inferiority of the black men of Africa to the whites of Europe and America, after quoting the passage in Mr. Jefferson's Notes at length, he thus comments.

"Now, it must require more than common acuteness to discover any thing in the above observations which militates against the Mosaic account of the creation. A distinct race means a distinct generation or family; and does, by no means, *ex vi termini*, exclude the idea of a common origin. If the blacks do not appertain to the human race, then it is no more anti-christian to say so, than it is to assert it of the Orang Outang, or the monkey. If they do belong to it, we may suppose them a distinct race, made so by time and circumstances, and inferior in the endowments both of body and mind to the whites, without impeaching the doctrine of a first pair. We must admit them 'a variety of the same species,' and inferior in complexion and physical conformation; but all this may have resulted from adventitious circumstances,

and their original ancestors may have been white. Sir William Jones, who was a christian from conviction, and possessed of the most extensive acquirements in language of any man living in his time, asserts, from a comparison of the Sanscrit and Arabic languages, that they 'are totally distinct, and must have been invented by two different races of men,' and that 'the Tartarian language has not the least resemblance either to Arabic or Sanscrit, and must have been invented by a race of men wholly distinct from the Arabs or Hindoos.' And yet he concludes that these three stocks had one common root; or, in other words, proceeded from one pair. In like manner, although Mr. Jefferson has asserted that the blacks are inferior to the whites in certain respects, yet, as he has, in unequivocal terms, admitted them to be of the human race, we have every reason to suppose that he believes that they and the whites are branches of the same stem, and children of the same common parents; especially, as in a letter to Benjamin Banneker, which has been published, he declares himself convinced 'that nature has given to our black brethren, talents equal to those of other colours, and the appearance of a want of them is owing merely to the degraded condition of their existence both in Africa and America.'

The next proof adduced against Mr. Jefferson, which Grotius examines, is the celebrated passage in the "Notes on Virginia" concerning religious toleration, or the right which government has to interfere in matters of conscience. After citing the whole passage, he denies, that Mr. Jefferson has any where said "that it is a matter of indifference what a man believes," or that such an opinion can be fairly inferred from his book. If the spirit and legitimate meaning of Mr. Jefferson's reasoning in favour of the rights of conscience be duly attended to, Grotius is of opinion, that the scope of his arguments goes only to prove,

"That government has no right to punish mere opinions, but only the overt

acts resulting from them, which are contrary to the peace and good order of society. To elucidate his ideas in the strongest point of view, he takes the two extremes of error respecting religion, Polytheism and Atheism, and declares that government has no right to punish them, because they are opinions only, and not actions detrimental to the property or persons of individuals. I am persuaded that every liberal, candid and intelligent friend of civil and religious liberty will sanction this sentiment; and yet would it be fair? Would it not be dishonest to infer from this that he supposed them, or either of them, free from error or harmless in tendency? If we can, with propriety, fix the charge of Atheism upon Mr. Jefferson from those expressions, we have also equal reason to declare him a Polytheist, because, in his illustration of his reasoning, he puts them on the same footing with respect to freedom from persecution—moreover, in the next preceding sentence he expressly, and in the most pious manner, recognizes the existence and attributes of the Deity, and asserts the doctrine of human accountability, by declaring that "*We are answerable for the rights of conscience to our God.*" In truth, the only candid exposition of his meaning is, that although atheistical and polytheistical opinions are fundamentally wrong and have a mischievous tendency, yet, that they ought not to be the subject of legal coercion until they become injurious in action—that, in the mean time, the oath of an atheist or polytheist ought not to be admitted in the courts of justice, because he does not believe in that God to whom an oath is an appeal. If atheism, or an approbation of atheism, or a leaning towards atheism, or a suspicion of atheism, can be logically deduced from this, then we can have no confidence in the elements of just reasoning, or the foundations of rational belief. All the faculties of the mind must be unhinged and jumbled together in chaotic darkness. It will be seen by a marginal reference in the "Notes on Virginia," that Mr. Jefferson has borrowed some of his ideas on this subject from the writings of the Rev. Dr. Philip Furneaux, one of the ablest advocates of religious freedom."

Where Mr. Jefferson treats of the Indians of Virginia, and remarks the state of society among them, as

"\* Asiatic Researches, vol. i. p. 125, 157."

to crimes, he is of opinion that their condition is happier without law, than the Europeans who are subjected to too much law; "the sheep are happier of themselves, than under the care of the wolves"—This Grotius contends will not justify the broad inference made by the author of "Serious Considerations," that Mr. Jefferson supposes the happiest state of man to be *without law, religion or government*; but that by law was meant government, and by too much law, an oppressive government, or that a *savage without law, is happier than a civilised slave*. This is, certainly, a candid explanation, though the speculative notions of Rousseau and others, who, disgusted with the vices and crimes of the corrupt society of Europe, have endeavoured to exhibit the superior happiness and innocence of the *savage state*, may have been present to the mind of Mr. Jefferson.

Concerning the propriety of using the bible as a school-book there has been various and opposite opinions among many good men. Grotius does not admit the interpretation given to the opinion of the writer of the "Notes on Virginia," and draws an opposite inference from that of the author of "Serious Considerations," from the language of the former.

"The reasons of Mr. Jefferson are highly honourable to religion. 'Instead (says he) of putting the bible and testament into the hands of children, at an age when their judgments are not sufficiently matured for religious inquiries,' &c. *The plain inference is, that when their judgments are sufficiently matured, then the bible and testament ought to be put into their hands*—and is it not more respectful to the holy scriptures to say that they should be studied with ripe understandings and enlightened minds, than to assert that the faculties of infants are adequate to this important task?"

Having thus discussed the proofs which have been adduced from written documents, he proceeds to the examination of the oral and cir-

cumstantial evidence exhibited in the cause. The letter to Mazzei, ascribed to Mr. Jefferson, Grotius alleges never to have been proved to be genuine. If it is not genuine, his antagonist may well ask, why has Mr. Jefferson never denied it?—His silence, if any thing is to be inferred from it, is not in favour of its spuriousness.

The conversation stated to have taken place between Jefferson and Mazzei, related by the latter to the deceased Dr. Smith, Grotius regards as liable to all the objections of *hearsay evidence*. Supposing, however, the story to be true, he argues, "is it not susceptible of a good as well as a bad meaning?"

"In my opinion, it may well admit of three constructions: either as a sarcasm upon christianity, the way in which you take it, or as a sneer of this kind at the infidelity of Mazzei. 'What! you express a concern at the bad architecture of a building intended for the purposes of a religion you despise—for the worship of a Being you represent to be a mere man, born in the lowest style of poverty and obscurity!' or it may be considered as a serious sentiment, that as 'the Lord dwelleth not in temples made with hands'—as he made his appearance in the most humble state, costly and magnificent churches are as nothing in his sight, and are oftener monuments of human pride and vanity, than evidences of sincere piety. I leave it to the good sense and christian charity of my readers to say which construction ought to be adopted. It must be evident, after all, that Mr. Jefferson's real meaning could only be collected from the manner of his communication, and of this Mazzei was a very incompetent judge. He was a stranger to Mr. Jefferson; and it requires a considerable acquaintance to infer, at all times, from a man's manner, whether he is serious or in jest. Besides, Mazzei was a foreigner, and probably knew little of the language in which the idea was conveyed."

The other conversations and circumstantial evidence arising from the opinions and characters of the friends, associates, and correspond-



dents of Mr. Jefferson, are also regarded as susceptible of very different constructions from those made by the author of "Serious Considerations," and, at best, as unsuitable and inadequate proof, to support the heavy charge he has made.

Several passages are then quoted, and commented on, from the "Notes on Virginia," and the preamble to an act for establishing religious freedom in that State, drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, in 1786; and from the frequent mention of the *Deity*, his *providence*, and the *holy author of our religion*, it is inferred, that Mr. Jefferson is a believer, or, at least, that his Deism is extremely doubtful.

The concluding portion of this pamphlet is personal, and the motives of the writer of "Serious Considerations," his pretensions to liberality and candour, his professions and language, are annadverted upon with extreme severity. He is charged as uttering willful falsehoods, as being actuated by hell-born malice, as attempting to make religion subservient to the purposes of political faction, as one of those busy factious, and ambitious priests, the *Sacheverells* of party, who deserve the contempt and hatred of mankind.

We have endeavoured to give a clear view of the arguments contained in this pamphlet, in defence of Mr. Jefferson. On which side lies the truth, the public will determine, if they have not already made up their decision.

To show the insufficiency of the evidence adduced by his adversaries, and the fallacy of their arguments, is a different, and less difficult task than that of proving that Mr. Jefferson is not a Deist.

Though the reasoning of *Grotius* is, in general, ingenious and forcible, the manner in which he treats his antagonist has no claim to our approbation. His harsh and

indecorous demeanour excites displeasure, and deserves reprehension. He should have exercised the same candour and forbearance towards the author of the "Serious Considerations" which he wishes to be observed towards Mr. Jefferson. We did not, in that pamphlet, remark any thing which could justify the opprobrious terms, and foul imputations which *Grotius* has lavished against its author.

Instead of wicked and malicious motives, it would have been more becoming, and more accordant with probability and truth, to have ascribed the production to an imprudent and mistaken zeal, engaged in a good cause. Truth requires no weapons but those which are furnished by reason, and it is ever injured by causeless crimination and illiberal abuse. But while pride or prejudice prevents the granting of any indulgence to an adversary, a proper sense of his own dignity, as well as of the subject in which he is engaged, should lead a writer to reject the language of contumely and scorn.

#### ART. LXI.

*The School of Wisdom; or, American Monitor. Containing a copious Collection of sublime and elegant Extracts, from the most eminent Writers on Morals, Religion, and Government. By Matthew Carey.*  
12mo. pp. 304. Philadelphia, 1800.

THE Selections usually compiled, for the use of schools, though good in their kind, are, in general, too long to be read at once, and, if divided, their sense is broken, and their effect weakened.—The present volume is intended to remove this difficulty, and is composed of passages short, but complete, and independent of each other, arranged in alphabetical order,

under distinct and appropriate titles; and well adapted for children who read in classes at schools.

For such a compilation, taste and judgment are the principal requisites; to which should be added, as indispensable an ingredient, a pure and enlightened regard to the cause of morality and religion. Mr. C. appears to possess these necessary qualifications. His publication contains a due admixture of prose and poetry, a well assorted variety of sentences and passages, culled with diligence and taste, from some of the best and most celebrated authors.

Mr. C. has gone further than some other of his contemporary and worthy labourers in the same humble but useful path, in introducing extracts relative to politics and government. He seems aware, in his preface, that some objections may be made to this part of his scheme. We concur with him in the propriety of instilling into the minds of youth, sound principles, not only of religion and morality, but of policy and government. This seems more peculiarly necessary in the free and popular form of government under which we live.

Some of the political maxims, which are taken from the declarations of rights, contained in the American Constitutions, seem almost of too abstract a nature to be thoroughly understood by children of the age of those for whose use this volume is intended. The manner in which some of them are expressed, renders them liable to doubt and misconception, and demands explanation and illustration, to render them understood even by mature minds. Instead of abstract and metaphysical propositions, lessons of practical utility, founded on those general and universal principles, drawn from the best European and American writers, on the principles of legislation and govern-

ment, would be more intelligible and useful.

Prefixed are some brief and practical directions for elocution, or a correct pronunciation and delivery. This compilation, on the whole, appears to be judiciously made, and will be found a very convenient and useful book for the classes in our schools.

#### ART. LXII.

*Pizarro in Peru; or, the Death of Rolla: a Play in five Acts. From the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, by William Dunlap. With Notes, marking the Variations from the Original. 8vo. pp. 72. New-York. Hopkins. 1800.*

**M**OST of the nations of Europe have each their favourite dramatist, on whom they delight to exhaust the language of praise and admiration. But no dramatist appears to have gained so sudden and extensive a reputation as Kotzebue. No other has been able to command the united suffrages of distant and different nations in his favour. Centuries have elapsed before an author has been much, or generally, known out of his native country. His performances may be read by the few; but to be translated into different languages, and usurp the place of native productions on the theatres of other nations, is a destiny extraordinary and unprecedented. Something, without doubt, is to be ascribed to the increasing ease and rapidity of communication between the different parts of the great republic of literature. But, it must still be allowed, that such distinguished fame and success, is no small proof of the talents of the author. In spite of the censures of critics by whose rules he has disdained to be enslaved, and the vehem-

ment disapprobation of those whose opinions and prejudices he has shocked by the boldness of his exhibitions, this writer has succeeded in gaining what to him is, perhaps, the most pleasing and profitable, the applause and admiration of the multitude. But popular favour is capricious, and it may be fairly questioned whether the fame of this dramatist rests on a solid basis, or bids fair to be as durable as it is great; whether he is to excite our wonder, and pass away like a brilliant meteor, or to remain a fixed luminary in the literary horizon. There is sometimes a fashion in the prevailing opinions of the world, in matters of literature and science, as well as in dress and equipage: and the present *teutonick* fashion of writing may be as transient as any other kind.

Of the numerous productions of Kotzebue, none has more strongly excited the attention of the public in Great Britain and America, than that of "Pizarro in Peru, or the death of Rolla." Some of this admiration may be imputed to the translators and managers, who have spared no pains to give the utmost interest and effect to the representation.

It appears from the preface of the author that his play has undergone several material alterations in the original; and the present translator has not scrupled to apply the hand of a corrector to the style and sentiment, though not to the essential features of character.

This "*romantic tragedy*," as it is justly called by its author, is a continuation of the story of the "Virgin of the Sun," which was noticed in a former review.\*

It is the *third* in the series of plays, proposed to be translated and published by Mr. D. under the title of "The German Theatre." We

have not, in the present instance, any reason to detract from the praise we have before bestowed on this gentleman as an able and judicious translator. His views being directed to the stage, he has been particularly careful to adapt this play for a popular exhibition. He has cut out many passages that render the dialogue heavy and tiresome, or which seemed liable to weaken the dramatic effect of the scenes. He has also selected a few of the best passages from Mr. Sheridan's translation, one of which, in the scene between Cora and Alonzo in the beginning of the second act, so exquisitely beautiful and tender, we believe is not in the original, but is ascribed to Mr. S.

In his notes, Mr. D. has given the passages, which are omitted in the play, entire, and marked the variations from the original, as well as acknowledged the use he has made of Mr. Sheridan's Pizarro.

We commend the judgment of Mr. D. in adhering to his author in the *conclusion* of the play, which is greatly weakened by the change introduced in that of Mr. Sheridan.

The termination of the play of Kotzebue is simple, affecting and impressive; that of the English dramatist is artificial, and calculated for show and bustle, rather than to touch the feelings and excite the sympathy of the audience; it has the additional disadvantage, if that be any in a drama, of deviating from the historical fact in relation to the death of Pizarro.

The public are so familiar with this celebrated drama, that we forbear to give any account of the plot or fable, or to select any of its scenes.

Those who try the German dramatist by the rules of Aristotle, and the correct models of the French and English dramas, will find much

to censure in the productions of Kotzebue.

Those who are willing to grant him the same license which the liberal critic allows to Shakspeare, and which he dared to assume, will find more occasions for applause than condemnation. There is, undoubtedly, much room for ingenious criticism on this subject, and,

in the examination of some of the characters, ample exercise for the moral discrimination of the reader.

So much, however, has already been said on this play, and the various forms it has assumed in the English language, that it seems almost superfluous, at this time, to enter into a particular investigation of its excellences and defects.

## THEATRICAL REGISTER.

THE 25th of November, the anniversary of that auspicious day when the troops of a foreign enemy, after many years possession, evacuated our city; was celebrated at the Theatre, by recalling to the minds of a very numerous audience, the first proof which Americans gave of that firm attachment to liberty which led them to seek death in its defence.

All the numerous defects of the play of *Bunker-Hill* were amply compensated by the enthusiasm of the audience. The after-piece was *Fortune's Frolic*.

26th. *Speed the Plough*; and *Agreeable Surprise*.

28th. *School for Scandal*; and *The Farmer*. In the character of Charles Surface, Mr. Harper made his first appearance in this city after an absence of many years, and his return was welcomed by a numerous and genteel audience.

December 1st. *Othello*; and *Highland Reel*. For the benefit of Mr. Fox.

3d. *The Carmelite*; and *Padlock*.

5th. *The Spanish Castle*: a new opera. Music by Mr. Hewit; but where the words came from, nobody knows. There are scenes of humour in the piece, and spirit in the dialogue, but there seemed to be an obscurity about the plot, and a want of interest for the hero.

The after-piece was *Catherine and Petruchio*.

6th. *Spanish Castle*; and *Man of Quality*. The opera was better received to-night, but will never be a favourite. The after-piece is an alteration or curtailment of the well-known comedy of *The Relapse*, and is deserving of the first rank among entertainments of equal length. Mr. Jefferson's Lord Foppington is incomparably fine.

10th. *Virgin of the Sun*; and *Man of Quality*.

12th. *Pizarro*; and *Child of Nature*. The first piece had an additional strength of cast by Mr. Fennel's *Pizarro*, and Mr. Tyler's *Las Casas*; and yet, Mr. Fennel was not *Pizarro*.

15th. *Pizarro*; and *Quaker*.

17th. Mr. Jephson's tragedy of *Braganza*; and *Children in the Wood*. A dull play, which, we understand, will not be repeated.

19th. *Fraternal Discord*; and *Wild-Goose-Chase*. The comedy was received with more pleasure than ever; and the opera, now reduced to two acts, promises to be a great favourite.

22d. *West-Indian*; and *Wild-Goose-Chase*. Mr. Cumberland's comedy seems to have been revived for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Jefferson to the public, in the character of Louisa Dudley. This lady

is a native of this city, a circumstance which renders her success more interesting to us. Her figure is tall, slender, and genteel; her action unembarrassed beyond expectation; her countenance pleasing; and her voice strong and melodious. We have reason to expect, that with due cultivation of her powers, she will prove an useful ornament to the stage.

24th. *Cheaf Living*; and *Robin*

*Hood*. The play has whim to recommend it; the opera, reduced to two acts, is an invaluable after-piece.

26th. *Picarro*; and *Tom Thumb*.

We understand that the Manager is preparing for the stage, a German drama, called *Abacchino*, which, in sublimity, is thought superior to the *Robbers*, and, in its demouement, to exceed the *Stranger*. T.

## SELECTIONS.

*An Instance of the Caprice of Fortune in the Life of NELL GWYN.*

THE origin of this person was of the lowest rank, and her employment in that city, where one of her descendants enjoys the emoluments of the prelacy, of the most inferior kind; indeed, it is there, or in the neighbourhood, that the tradition of the place supposes her to have been born. From thence, by one of the many transitions which transplant individuals of the labouring class, from one place to another, she became an inhabitant of the metropolis, and the servant of a fruiterer, who was, probably, one of those who attended the playhouse, as it appears that in this character she first obtained admission into the theatre in Drury-lane.

What favour of fortune advanced her from this humble situation to the stage, whether from the general recommendation which her natural humour and vivacity gave her, or a passion which Mr. Hart, the player, had for her, is unknown. It is certain she was a favourite of Dryden's, who gave her the most shewy, alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her; but the more immediate cause of her

becoming an object of the monarch's affection was as follows:

At the Duke's house, under Killegrew's patent, the celebrated *Nakes* had appeared in a hat, larger than *Pistol's*, which pleased the audience so much as to help off a bad play; Dryden caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and as Mrs. Gwyn was low in stature, made her speak an epilogue under the umbrella of it, with its brim stretched out in its utmost horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was in convulsions of laughter. Among the rest, the King gave the fullest proof of approbation, by going behind the scenes immediately after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to supper with him.

After this elevation, she still continued on the stage, and though in general comedy she did not rank with Betterton, Marshall, Lee, Bourell, &c. for the airy, fantastic, sprightly exhibitions of the comic muse, her genius was most aptly calculated; and, according to the taste of those times, she was considered the best prologue and epilogue speaker on either theatre.

It now remains to consider her as the mistress of a King, and here

she nobly belied the baseness of her origin, and that seminary of vice in which she was bred. Mrs. Gwyn met and bore her good fortune as if she had been bred to it, discovering neither avarice, pride, nor ostentation; she remembered all her theatrical friends, and did them services; she generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and was the patroness of Otway and Lee.

When she became more immediately connected with the King, that gay monarch was already surrounded with mistresses. The Dutchesses of Portsmouth and Plymouth, with Miss Davis, and others, were considered to be in that capacity, but these were known to have been unrestrained in their conduct. Mrs. Gwyn preserved her character of fidelity to the last; and being once solicited by a Sir John Germain, to whom she had lost a considerable sum of money at play, to exchange the debt for other favours, she no less honestly than wittily replied, *No, Sir John, I am too good a sportswoman to lay the dog where the deer should lie.*

She was not only the favourite of the monarch, but the favourite of the people; and though that age abounded with satires and lampoons against the rest of the King's mistresses, as the causes of political disasters, Mrs. Gwyn, except in the instance of a few lines written by Lord Rochester, not only escaped, but even met their approbation, as she never troubled herself with politics. She was munificent in her charities, sociable with her friends, and what was singular enough, piqued herself on her regard for the church of England, contrary to the then disposition of the court.

As a proof how much she was in the favour of the people, an eminent goldsmith, who died about forty years since, in the 79th year of his age, has been often heard to

relate, that, when he was an apprentice, his master made a most expensive service of plate, as a present from the King to the Dutchess of Portsmouth, and that a great number of people used to crowd the shop to gratify their curiosity, and throw out curses against the Dutchess; but that all were unanimous in wishing the present had been for Mrs. Gwyn.

In her person, according to her picture by Lely, she was low in stature, red haired, and had what the French call *en bon point*. There is a bust now to be seen of her at Bagnigge-Wells, formerly her country-house. She had remarkable small but lively eyes; her foot was of the most diminutive size, and used to be the subject of much mirth to her merry paramour.

She had a very fine understanding, was humorous, witty, and possessed the talents so necessary to enliven conversation in an eminent degree, and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lords Rochester, Shaftesbury, &c. till they quitted the bounds of decency, when she never failed to retire.

She lived long enough to see, and, without doubt, to lament, the decline of that family which had raised her to rank and fortune, having the good sense to avoid meddling with the politics of the times. — After the King's death she purchased a house in Pall-Mall, where she lived many years with an unblemished reputation, and where she died in 1691, and was buried with great funeral solemnity in the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, to the ringers of which, among other valuable donations, she left a sum of money to supply them with a weekly entertainment, which they enjoy to this day.

Dr. Tennison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon.

*An Original Letter from Mr. Pope to the Dutchess of Hamilton.*

*London October the —, between day and night. The writer drunk.*

*Madam,*

MRS. Whitworth, (who, as her epitaph on Twickenham highway assures us, had attained to as much perfection and purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited, according to her own order, between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found out at the last resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like situation, between a honey-suckle and a rose-bush, where you are to continue as long as canvass can last. I suppose the painter, by these emblems, intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's sweet disposition to your friends, and, on the other, to show you are near enough related to the thistle of Scotland, to deserve the same motto with regard to your enemies:

*Nemo me impune lacessit.*

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any statesmen or divines about you, they cannot choose but be pleased with them. One divine you cannot be without, as a good christian; and a statesman you have lately had, for I hear my lord Selkirk has been without you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I must tell your Grace, in English, that I have made a painter bestow the aforesaid ornaments round about you (for upon you there needs none); and am, upon the whole, pleased with my picture beyond expression.

I may now say of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likeliest you, except yourself; as a cautious person once said of an elephant; it was the biggest in the world, except itself.

You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an elephant. And you must give me leave to show you one may carry on the simile.

An elephant never bends his knees; and I am told your Grace says no prayers. An elephant has a most remarkable command of his snout, and so has your Grace, when you imitate my lady Orkney. An elephant is a great lover of men, and so is your Grace for all I know; though, from your partiality to myself, I should rather think you love little children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this point: remember the text, which I'll preach upon the first day I am a parson, *Suffer little children to come unto me,—and despise not one of these little ones.*

No, Madam—despise great beasts, such as Gay, who now goes by the dreadful name of the Beast of Blois, where Mr. Pulteney and he are settled, and where he shows tricks gratis to all the beasts of his own country (for strangers do not yet understand the voice of the beast). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice; if there be any has heard from him four times; I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. Blusdell may know Dr. Logg has received ordination, and enters on his functions this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have chosen this innocent man for their confessor; and I believe most Roman Catholic ladies, that have any sins, will follow their example. This good priest will be of the order of Melchisedeck, a priest for ever, and serve a family from generation to generation. He'll stand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and, being wound up once a week, strike up a loud alarm on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the christian religion should be abolished (as, indeed, there is great reason to expect it, from

the wisdom of the legislature), he might at worst make an excellent bon fire; which is all that (upon a change of religion) can be desired from a heretic. I do not hope your Grace should be converted; but, however, I wish you would call at Mrs. Blount's out of curiosity: to meet people one likes, is thought by some, the best reason for going to church; and I dare promise you'll like one another. They are extremely your servants, or else I should not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the custom, and ask you to send me something; therefore, pray, Madam, send me yourself,—that is a letter; and pray make haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to town.

I am, with the truest respect, the least ceremony, and the most zeal, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, faithful,

And most humble, servant,

A. POPE.

Mr. Hamikon, I am yours.—  
There is a short letter for you.

A. P.

*Anecdotes of Mr. Pope.*

I. DURING Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians (Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson), Dr. Burton charging Dr. Thompson with hastening his death by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope, at length, silenced them, saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn, by your discourse, that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of post-script:

"Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,  
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe  
at last."

2. The late Queen Caroline declared her intention of honouring Mr. Pope with a visit at Twickenham. His mother was then alive; and, lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honour. Some years after, his mother being dead, the Prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit. When Mr. Pope met him at the water-side, he expressed his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince with your professed indisposition to Kings, since Princes will be Kings in time?" "Sir," replied Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion;—while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

SINGULAR CONCEALMENT.

I N the reign of Charles II. the presbyterians in Scotland, who first recalled the faithless monarch, and placed him on the throne of that kingdom, were rewarded, after his complete restoration, by the enactment and barbarous execution of several severe penal laws against them. Many of them, in consequence, fled to the mountains with their preachers. Of this number was a Mr. David Williamson, a very famous preacher, who was particularly obnoxious to the government, and was hunted continually by parties of dragoons, like a hart upon the mountains. Hence came the name of Hill-preachers, otherwise called



Cameronians, from their leader, Mr. Cameron, who was the first separatist from the presbyterian conformists of that reign.

Master David, or *May* David, as the Scottish clergy were then often called, being closely pursued one night, took refuge in the house of a lady of good fashion, which he had no sooner entered than the dragoons came up. The lady was in great perplexity on this trying occasion; but, as the sex often possess astonishing presence of mind, she immediately resolved to put him to bed with her daughter, a young lady of great beauty. She thought that the place which would be least suspected; and could not imagine, that a man of his cloth and character, surrounded with bloody executioners, who instantly murdered their unfortunate victims, could be capable of any thing injurious to her daughter's innocence. Master David was accordingly put to bed to the young lady, booted and spurred, and clothed as he was, with the addition only of a woman's night-cap. The troopers having searched every corner of the house, at last went towards the young lady's bed-chamber. The mother, with admirable spirit and address, told them, that her daughters were in bed, and that she hoped, as they were soldiers and gentlemen, they would offer no rudeness to unprotected females. She then, with an air of freedom, opened the door. They went in, searched a little about the room, and then, softly opening the curtains, they were satisfied, by the appearance of the head-clothes, that their prey was not there; and so very modestly retired. But as they were to lodge in the neighbourhood, she was obliged to leave Master David in quiet possession of his concealment for the rest of the night. Thus she saved her preacher; but she was so far mistaken in her judgment of his

gifts, that she was forced, a short time after, to give her daughter to him in marriage, to save them both from public scandal and ruin.

Some years afterwards, the persecution having abated, Mr. Williamson was sent to London, as one of the Commissioners from the General Assembly of Scotland to the King. His Majesty, who had heard the story, was curious to see this wonderful man; and, accordingly, Master David and his spouse were invited to a private audience, for she thought it right not to expose her husband to temptation, and accordingly attended him on all his journies. The merry monarch, being fully satisfied of the truth of their narration, declared, very frankly, that when he was in the oak, after the battle of Worcester, the most beautiful woman in Great Britain would have been in no danger from him; and then dismissed them very favourably.

Mr. Williamson was afterwards one of the ministers of Edinburgh, where he died at an advanced age, and with a respectable character, of which the author of this article gives no other particulars.

#### Denunciation of Louis XIV.

Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow, during the war which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "But, good Lord," added the worthy man, "*dinna let him fa in.*" This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new method of punishing ambition, and frequently af-

forwards gave, "The good Scotch Parson," as a toast.

The above anecdote was communicated to the writer by two gentlemen from Glasgow, one of the sons of Mr. Stirling's immediate successor, as minister of the barony church.

**BOSWELL and JOHNSON.**

**I**T was a constant custom with Mr. Boswell to frequent the coffee-houses, from whence he would repair to the Doctor's lodgings and report to him the news of the day. In one of these morning rambles he had the mortification to peruse several scurrilous paragraphs directed against a late publication of his friend. He purchased the papers, and, hurrying to the Doctor's apartment, acquainted him with the circumstance. "Well, Sir," said the Doctor, "and what have they said respecting me?" Mr. Boswell instantly proceeded to the perusal of the paragraphs in question. The Doctor, having heard him to an end, replied, peevishly, "So, Sir, this is what they say with regard to myself. Do you know what is said of you?" Mr. Boswell having answered in the negative, "Why, then, I will tell you, Sir," resumed the Doctor. "They say that I am a mad dog, and that you are a tin cannister tied to my tail."

*A German Traveller's Account of his Interview with Dr. Johnson; and some Remarks on his Writings. Being an Extract of a Letter from London in the Year 1768.*

**I**AM just returned from a visit to Samuel Johnson, the colossus of English literature, who combines profound knowledge with wit, and humour with serious wisdom, and whose exterior announces nothing of these qualities; for, in the pro-

portions of his form, are exactly those of the sturdy drayman. To this he alludes in his delineation of the Idler: "The diligence of an Idler is rapid and impetuous; as ponderous bodies, forced into velocity, move with violence proportionate to their weight." *Idler*, No. I.

His manners are boorish; and his eye cold as his raillery; never is it animated with a glance that betrays archness or acuteness: he constantly seems to be, and not seldom he really is, absent and distracted. He had invited Colman and me, by letter, and forgot it. We surprised him, in the strictest sense of the word, at the country-seat of Mr. Thrale, whose lady, a genteel, agreeable Welsh woman, by way of amusement, reads and translates Greek authors. Here Johnson lives and reigns (for he is fond of acting the dominator), as if he were in the midst of his own family. He received us in a friendly manner, though a certain air of solemnness and pomposity never left him, which is interwoven with his manners as well as with his style. In conversation he rounds his periods, and speaks with a tone almost theatrical; but, whatever he says, becomes interesting by a certain peculiar character with which it is stamped. We spoke of the English language; and I remarked, "that it passed through its different epochs quicker than other languages: there is a greater difference," said I, "between your present writers and the celebrated club of authors in the reign of Queen Ann, than between the French of the present and the last century. They make incursions into foreign ground, and lavishly squander the easily acquired plunder; for they follow not the counsel of Swift, to adopt, indeed, new words, but never after to reject them." "We conquer," interrupted me one of the guests,

"new words in a fit of enthusiasm, and give them back again in cold blood, as we do our conquests on the making of peace." "But ask you not," asked I, "thus losers with regard to posterity? For your writings will be scarcely intelligible to the third succeeding generation." "New words," replied Johnson, "are well-earned riches. When a nation enlarges its stock of knowledge and acquires new ideas, it must necessarily have a suitable vesture for them. Foreign idioms, on the contrary, have been decried as dangerous; and the critics daily object to me my Latinisms, which, they say, alter the character of our language: but it is seriously my opinion, that every language must be servilely formed after the model of some one of the ancient, if we wish to give durability to our works."—Do you not think that there is some truth in this sophistry? A dead language, no longer subject to change, may well serve as a fit standard for a living one. It is an old sterling weight, according to which the value of the current coin is estimated.—"The greatest confusion in languages," continued I, addressing myself to Johnson, "is caused by a kind of original genius, who invent their own Sanscrit, that they may clothe their ideas in holy obscurity; and yet, we willingly listen to their oracular sayings, and at length are ourselves infected with the disease."—"Singularity," exclaimed one of the guests, "is often a mark of genius." "Then," answered Johnson, "there exist few greater geniuses than Wilton in Chelsea.\* His manner of writing is the most singular in the world; for, since the last war, he writes with his feet."

Colman spoke of the *Rehearsal*, which was formerly so much admired as a masterpiece, but which

nobody had patience now to read through.—"There was too little salt in it to keep it sweet," said Johnson.—Hume was mentioned, "Priestley," said I, "objects to this historian the frequent use of Gallicisms."—"And I," said Johnson, "that his whole history is a Gallicism." Johnson eagerly seizes every opportunity of giving vent to his hatred against the Scots. Even in his Dictionary, we find the following article: "OATS, a grain, which, in England, is generally given to horses; but, in Scotland, supports the people."

Not recollecting his edition of Shakspeare, which was so far from answering the expectations of the critics, I unthinkingly and precipitately enough asked him, "which edition of that poet he most esteemed?" "Eh!" replied he with a smile, "'tis what we call an unlucky question."

I inquired after Boswell. Johnson seems to love him much: he is sensible of, but forgives him his enthusiasm. Boswell is a fiery young man, who firmly believes in heroic virtue; and who, in the intoxication of his heart, would have flown with equal ardour to Iceland as to Corsica, in pursuit of a demi-god.

You are acquainted with Johnson's works. The Rambler, the Idler; London, a satire; and the excellent biography of Savage, are well known in Germany. But we hear less, in our country, of Prince Rasselas, a masterly, cold, political romance, as all of the kind are; for a teacher of the art of government, who, remote from, and unpractised in, affairs, writes for kings, can spin out of his brain a texture only of general principles. Irene, a tragedy by Johnson, full of the finest speeches, was hissed, and is forgotten.

This celebrated man had long to

\* An old soldier, whose arms had been shot off.

contend with poverty; for you must not imagine that England always rewards her authors in proportion to the general admiration they excite. Often was he obliged to hide himself in a cellar near Moorfields, to avoid being lodged in a room with an iron grate. In those days of adversity he wrote speeches worthy of a Demosthenes, for and against the most important questions agitated in parliament, which were published under the names of the real members. These speeches, for a long time, passed for genuine in the country: and it is not generally known, that among them is the celebrated speech of Pitt, which he is said to have pronounced when his youth was objected to him, and which never so flowed from the mouth of Pitt. Johnson has now conducted the Pæctolus into his garden. He enjoys a pension of three hundred pounds sterling, not to make speeches; but, as the opposition asserts, to induce him to remain silent.

I forgot to tell you that Johnson denies the antiquity of Ossian. Macpherson is a native of Scotland; and Johnson would rather suffer him to pass for a great poet, than allow him to be an honest man. I am convinced of their authenticity. Macpherson shewed me, in the presence of Alexander Dow, at least twelve parcels of the manuscript of the Erse original. Some of these manuscripts seemed to be very old. Literati of my acquaintance, who understand the language, have compared them with the translation; and we must either believe the absurdity, that Macpherson had likewise fabricated the Erse text, or no longer contend against evidence. Macpherson declaimed a few passages to me. The language sounded melodious enough, but solemnly plaintive and guttural, like the languages of all rude, uncultivated nations.

*Singular Instance of the Effects of Fear.*

IN the time of the American war, while the army was encamped at West-point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest half way down the vast precipice of the rock adjacent to the fort. In order to get at the nest, one of the soldiers was let down by a rope, fastened round his middle, and made sure above, with two or three men to guide the rope, and to draw him up when he had executed his design. When he had descended near to the nest, the eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming directly at his head. In this dilemma he had no way to defend himself but by taking out his knife, with which he kept her off, by striking at her every time she came at him. In one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope, and cut two of the strans, and the other began to untwist—while his companions above drew him up as fast as possible. In this situation, he expected the rope every moment to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height, and dashed to pieces among the rocks. But when almost every prospect of life had ceased, he was drawn to the top of the rock, the remaining strand of the rope being nearly reduced to a wisp of tow!—The effect of this sudden and extraordinary instance of fear upon this man was such, that, in the course of twenty-four hours, the hair of his head (from a coal black) was turned as white as the whitest wool. The man was about twenty-five years old.

*Memoirs of RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.*

THIS gentleman is the son of Dr. Denison Cumberland, late bishop of Clonfert and Killaloe, in Ireland, and great-grandson of that

learned English divine, Dr. Richard Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough, author of a treatise on the Law of Nature, *Origines Gentium*, &c. By the mother's side he is grandson of the celebrated critic Dr. Richard Bentley.

Mr. Cumberland was educated at Trinity college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. By the friendship of the late Lord Sackville, better known by the title of Lord George Germaine, he was introduced to the office of trade and plantations, where he succeeded the late Mr. Pownall as secretary, in which post he continued until the suppression of that appointment by Mr. Burke's bill, when he retired on a pension.

Mr. Cumberland, while a very young man, wrote some verses on the birth of the Prince of Wales. His first publication was the "Banishment of Cicero," which was refused by Mr. Garrick, but appeared in print in 1761. This should have been rather called a dramatic poem than a tragedy.

The "Summer's Tale," and the "Brothers," two comedies, were his next productions; but neither of these have added much to his reputation.

In 1771 he was reconciled to Garrick, with whom he had been on bad terms ever since the refusal of his tragedy, and that gentleman brought out his "West-Indian" in a capital style. This piece has stamped Mr. Cumberland's character as an excellent writer for the stage, and it is certainly one of our most sterling comedies.

He now began to be esteemed one of the best dramatic writers of the age, and also one of the most prolific; for next year he produced the "Fashionable Lover," which

was well received; as was likewise, in 1774, his lively farce called the "Fate of Pandora, or a Trip to Newmarket." His "Choleric Man," which came forth in 1775, is said to have some affinity to Sir Richard Steele's *Tender Husband*: his "Battle of Hastings," a tragedy, was rather unfortunate. In 1776 he published a thin quarto volume of Odes.

About the year 1780 he was sent, on national business, to Madrid, but did not appear there in a public character. On his return, he published, in 1782, "Anecdotes of eminent painters in Spain, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," two volumes, 12mo. Next year he brought out a tragedy on the stage, called the "Mysterious Husband," and addressed a letter to the bishop of Landaff respecting ecclesiastical grievances. It contained some wit, and was ably answered by an anonymous writer.

An 1785 he had much business on his hands; for he produced "The Carmelite," allowed to be the best tragedy he has written; and also a comedy, called the "Natural Son."\* In the course of the same year, he published a character of his deceased friend, Lord Viscount Sackville, and the first edition of the *Observer*. Next year a second edition appeared; and the subsequent editions have now swelled the work to five volumes. These essays abound with pleasing and instructive information, and discover extensive reading.

In 1787 Mr. Cumberland presented the world with "An accurate descriptive catalogue of the paintings in the King of Spain's palace at Madrid;" soon after this the comedy of the "Impostors," and a novel, in two volumes, cal-

\* Miss Plumptre has lately presented to the public another "*Natural Son*," being a faithful and elegant translation of Kotzebue's famous play of that title, and which has been so much admired on the British stage, under the altered title of *Lovers' Names*.

led "Arundel," made their appearance. In the latter he is accused, but on very slight foundation, as seeming to palliate adultery and duelling.

After this, his talents seem to have lain fallow for some years, as he did not produce any thing until 1792, when he published his poem called "Calvary, or the death of Christ." Next season he wrote the songs and chorusses in the comic opera of the "Armourer." In 1794 he produced the "Box-lobby Challenge," and also his deservedly-esteemed comedy of the "Jew," a play written with the laudable intention of removing the stigma which accompanies that unhappy and much-persecuted people. His attempt of the next year consisted of the "Wheel of Fortune;" he also presented the town with another comedy, called "First Love," and another novel, in four volumes, named "Henry."

His muse, which must be allowed to be a spirited one, seems to know no repose; for, in 1796, he produced "Days of Yore," a drama, in three acts; and the next year, "The Last of the Family." His last piece is the comedy of "False Impressions."

When we consider the number, the merit, and the exquisiteness of his writings, Mr. Cumberland must be allowed to rank high as a dramatic writer.

*Memoirs of Miss HANNAH MORE.*

THE controversy respecting the intellectual talents of women, as compared with those of men, is nearly brought to an issue, and greatly to the credit of the fair sex. The present age has produced a most brilliant constellation of female worthies, who have not only displayed eminent powers in works of fancy, but have greatly distin-

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guished themselves in the higher branches of composition. Great-Britain has the honour of enrolling among its literary ornaments many females, to whom the interests of poetry, morality, and the sciences, are greatly indebted. Among celebrated living ladies may, with justice, be mentioned the names of Barbauld, Robinson, Cowley, Smith, Radcliffe, Farren, Piozzi, Seward, Lee, Hays, Inchbald, Cappe, Plumptre, Trimmer, Yearsley, Williams, D'Arblay, Bennet, Linwood, Cosway, Kauffman, and Siddons.

The female who is the subject of the present notice is well-known to the literary world, by several elegant, ingenious, and useful publications. A few particulars respecting her, therefore, will not only be amusing to those who have read her works, but will also be instructive to young persons in the way of example.

Miss Hannah More is the youngest of four maiden sisters, the daughters of a clergyman, distinguished for his classical knowledge, and goodness of heart.

Hannah, who, at an early period of life, discovered a taste for literature, improved her mind during her leisure hours by reading; and soon perused not only the little paternal library, but all the books she could borrow from her friends, in the village of Hanham, near Bristol. The first which fell in her way was the *Pamela* of Richardson, the humble source of an innumerable offspring; and happy it would have been for the interests of virtue and literature, had the progeny been but as innocent as the parent.

The modesty and attainments of *Hannah More* were spoken of with general respect in her native place, and at length acquired her the patronage of many respectable persons. In the mean time her sisters, who, being also clever and amiable women, had conducted a little school

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with great success, were now enabled, in consequence of an increasing reputation, to undertake the education of young persons above the situation of those to whose improvement their attention had hitherto been directed. So great, at length, was their celebrity, that several ladies of fortune and discernment prevailed upon them to remove to Bristol, about the year 1765, where they opened a boarding-school in Park-street. This seminary, in a short time, became the most respectable of its kind in the West of England; and many females of rank received their education there.

Among others, who had the advantage of profiting by the instruction of the Miss Mores, was the celebrated Mrs. *Robinson*, well known for her various elegant publications in prose and verse.

Miss *H. More*, who had removed with the family, had the good fortune of having for a next-door neighbour the Reverend Dr. *Stonehouse*; who, perceiving her merits, distinguished her by his friendship, which he manifested by his instructions and recommendation. Both of these were of the most essential service to her in the cultivation of her literary taste. The Doctor was a man of extensive acquaintance, general knowledge, and elegant manners. He condescended not

only to examine the occasional effusions of her pen, but also to correct them, and through his hands all her early efforts passed to the press. The first of these was entitled "The Search after Happiness, a Poem," which was printed at Bristol under the Doctor's eye; and on its publication in London was so favourably received, as to encourage the author to further exertions of her powers. She next published "Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock; a legendary Tale;" which style of writing was become fashionable, through the success of Dr. Goldsmith's sweet story of Edwin and Angelina.

Miss *More* now turned her attention to dramatic poetry, and produced a tragedy, entitled *FATAL FALSEHOOD*; which was tolerably well received; but, not so much as her *PERCY*, a tragedy, which met with universal applause. She also wrote another tragedy, called the *INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE*; which fell short of the merit of her other dramatic pieces. The success she met with, in this way, was owing, in a great measure, to the immediate and commanding patronage of Garrick, who entered warmly into her interests, through the recommendation of Dr. Stonehouse, with whom he was very intimate.\*

She afterwards printed a small volume of "Essays for Young La-

\* The Doctor was one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders, he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, in order to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers, and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the Doctor what particular business he had to do when the duty was over: "None," said the other. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry."—"Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent, than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible."

He next asked the Doctor "What books he had in the desk before him?"—"Only the bible and prayer-book."—"Only the bible and prayer-book," replied the player; "why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger."

The Doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and in future he avoided the faults they were designed to reprove.

dies," in which she has recommended to them a variety of ingenious and excellent observations upon the most important subjects, expressed in elegant language. In 1782 she published a work, perhaps the most popular of all her pieces, entitled "Sacred Dramas; to which is added, "Sensibility, a poetical Epistle." In this volume she has dramatized, in a very natural and feeling manner, some of the most affecting and instructive narratives in the sacred history. Many of these had been previously performed by her sisters' pupils; and given so much satisfaction to those who had seen the performances, or read the pieces, as to occasion numerous solicitations that they might be printed. The voice of the public accorded with the sentiments of private friendship, and these dramas have not only gone through several large editions, but, we believe they have been, and are now, frequently performed in respectable boarding-schools.

Her next production was in a different style of composition; it was entitled "Bas Bleu, with the Tale of Florio," 1785. This poem is somewhat in the manner of Fontaine, and hits off the prevailing follies with great smartness and taste. The foundation of it was the *Blue Stocking* club, instituted by Mrs. Montague.

In 1788 appeared a small volume, called, "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great;" which attracted an uncommon degree of curiosity. As it was anonymous, some conjectured it to be the performance of one person, some of another. The present bishop of London, Mr. Wilberforce, and many others, were reputed to be its authors; but, at length, it was discovered to have issued from the pen of Miss More.

In this work she attacked, with great spirit, the increasing licentiousness of high life.

In the period between these two publications the sisters of Miss H. More having resigned their school in favour of Miss Mills, she retired with them to a neat cottage, which they had purchased with the fruits of their joint industry, at the foot of the Mendip hills.

Here they instituted a Sunday-school, which has greatly increased, and been abundantly blessed under their pious and judicious management.\*

In 1791 our author published, without her name, a useful and popular little volume, entitled "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." This well-timed performance exposes strongly that lifeless profession of Christianity which is the general characteristic of the higher orders of society. She has herein the honour of having preceded Mr. Wilberforce, and some other eminent persons, in pleading for the necessity of a sound religious faith, in order to an acceptable course of moral practice.

About this time a society was formed, whose object was the instruction of the poor in morality and religion. The plan adopted, was, to print striking, amusing, and instructive tracts, adapted to the capacities of common persons, and coming easily within their ability to purchase. On this ground, the Cheap Repository was established, by which many thousands of most useful pieces have been circulated in the manufacturing towns and villages of this kingdom. In this benevolent design Miss More was one of the first concerned, and towards the success of it she has been particularly assisting by her excel-

\* It is with no common satisfaction the Editor now announces, that no less than ten schools have been instituted by the Miss Mores in the ten adjacent villages, and that eight hundred children have been educated there.



lent contributions. Among other useful tracts of her writing we shall only mention "*The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*," a little performance, which persons of a refined taste may read with pleasure and profit. She also endeavoured to counteract the progress of those political principles which the French Revolution had made so fashionable; and printed some small tracts, particularly one entitled "*Village Politics*," in the way of dialogue, which obtained a wide extent of circulation.

Miss More has the credit of having drawn Mrs. Yearsley, the celebrated poetical milk-woman, from her obscurity into public notice and favour. When she had discovered this remarkable phenomenon, she immediately began to exert her benevolence, and by her unwearied assiduity procured a liberal subscription, to the poems of this child of nature. She also drew up an interesting account of the milk-woman, in a letter to Mrs. Montague; which letter, in order to enlarge the subscription, was published in the newspapers and magazines of the day. By the attentions of Miss More, a sum was raised sufficient to place the object of them in a situation more suitable to her genius. But we are sorry to be obliged to add, that a disagreement almost immediately followed the publication of the poems in question, between the author and her patroness; which is said to have been occasioned by the latter's taking the management of the subscription-money into the hands of herself and some select friends. The motive with which this was done, adds greatly to the credit of Miss More and her friends, as it was no other than a desire to provide permanently for Mrs. Yearsley and her young family. She, however, had a different opinion, and thought it

was unjust in them to withhold from her the management of her own property. She went further, and endeavoured to represent her best friend as actuated by unworthy sentiments, the least of which was, that of *envy*. Some attacks were, in consequence, made upon Miss More in different publications; but, conscious of the purity of her own views, she passed over those invidious attempts to prejudice the public mind against her in silence.

Another phenomenon in that neighbourhood also attracted Miss More's curiosity and benevolence about the same period. A strange female, of elegant figure and manners, had been seen, for some considerable time, hovering about the fields near French-hay, and Hanham, of whom no particulars could be discovered. She thankfully received any humble food that was presented to her by the peasants; but always took up her nightly lodging under a haystack. Various attempts were made to gain from her the place of her birth, but in vain. It was evident that she was a foreigner, and strange surmises were naturally formed, respecting her country and connections. Miss More's humanity was roused upon this interesting occasion; and chiefly by her means the fair stranger found a comfortable asylum in the house of Mr. Henderson, at Fish-ponds, father of the celebrated, but eccentric, John Henderson, of Pembroke college, Oxford.

Our benevolent author wrote an account of the "*Maid of the Haystack*," which was printed in most of the publications of the period.

Miss More has long been honoured with the particular friendship of some of the most distinguished personages in the kingdom. She spends some months in the year at the Duke of Beaufort's seat in Gloucestershire. She is also greatly esteemed

by the bishop of London, Mr. Wilberforce, and other persons eminent for literature and piety.

In the village where she resides, with her sisters, a great and pleasing reformation has been accomplished by their means. Every Sunday evening the children of the Sunday-schools, under their immediate patronage, are assembled in the school-room, together with the farmers' servants, and such other grown persons as choose to attend. In this little congregation prayers are offered up, a plain discourse read, and hymns sung. Pertinent questions are proposed to the adult part of the auditory, on the plain truths of christianity; and the whole of this pleasing service is concluded with a cheerful hymn of praise to the God of all these mercies.

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*Memoirs of Arthur Murphy, Esq.*

**T**HAT constellation, which once illuminated the literary hemisphere with such splendor, and in which Johnson shone with the most distinguished lustre, has, for some time, been reduced to a very small number of luminaries.

The veteran who now calls for our consideration, long moved in this illustrious circle with considerable reputation, and enjoyed a degree of applause, on account of his productions, which has been the lot of but few. He has, however, seen the greatest ornaments of literature cut off, and hardly any others worthy notice, arising in their place. He has beheld the new philosophy spreading its glare wide around, and obtaining admiration; and he has lived to witness a new theatrical taste usurping the province of the genuine drama, and threatening complete destruction to one of the finest branches of poesy.

He has also existed long enough

to witness a revolution, not only in matters of a political nature, but in manners, sentiment, and amusements. Surely such a man, still retaining all his faculties in their pristine vigour, cannot contemplate the surrounding scene, in which he is nearly isolated, without feeling all his sensibilities wounded! But let us wave reflection, and proceed to narrative.

Mr. Murphy, the son of a merchant of Dublin, was born near Elphin, Dec. 27, 1730. He came to England while a child, and was sent soon after to the Jesuit's College at St. Omer's, in which learned seminary he obtained a very extensive knowledge of the Latin language.

His uncle, Mr. Jeffery French, designing him for trade, he was placed first with a merchant in Cork, and then with a banker in Lombard-street. But the Muses soon attracted him from the bill-book and ledger; and instead of applying himself to commercial studies, all his attention was devoted to the writings of the most elegant authors, ancient and modern.

The counting-house was, of course, soon entirely abandoned; and, with a very scanty pittance of this world's store, he entered himself, in 1750, a member of the Society of Gray's Inn, and became an adventurer in literature, partly from necessity, and partly from choice.

At first, indeed, he formed the design of adopting the stage as a profession; but after two or three essays, one of which was in the character of Othello, he found himself better qualified to *write* plays than to *act* them.

His first literary undertaking that we know of was a periodical work called "*The Gray's Inn Journal*," which he commenced in 1752, and continued for two years.\* This

\* We are assured that he only received a guinea and a half a week for his work,

work was not without merit, or even celebrity, and became the means of introducing the author to the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson. As the anecdote is curious, it may be worth relating in this place.

Mr. Murphy was on a visit at the country-house of Foote, when a paper was wanted for his journal. Being ill-disposed for composition, the English Aristophanes produced a new French miscellany, in which there was an eastern apologue that appeared to be remarkably ingenious. This pleased our author so well, that he translated it at once, and sent it to his printer. On his return to town, he found that this tale had been taken by the French writer from Johnson's Rambler, without acknowledgment. Hurt at this unintentional plagiarism, Murphy waited upon Johnson, and made his apology. The moralist was easily pacified, and an acquaintance commenced, which continued till Johnson's death.

At the beginning of the present reign Murphy enlisted as a party-writer, in vindication of Lord Bute's administration; and though his labours were but feeble, in comparison with the keen attacks of opposition, he was handsomely rewarded by those whose cause he espoused.

At this time he was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Wilkes; and though they were engaged in a fierce paper war, the former in the *Auditor*, and the latter in the *North-Briton*, yet they knew not, for some time, that they were fighting with each other. On the discovery of the secret, Wilkes's partizans entered into a resolution to oppose any new piece which Mr. Murphy might bring forward on the stage. Accordingly, when our author's farce of "What we must all come to," was performed, a violent party-spirit manifested itself; and the piece, though free from any poli-

tical allusions, was *dammed*! Some years afterwards it was again produced, under the title of "Three Weeks after Marriage," when it received unmixed applause, and has continued a favourite entertainment ever since.

Murphy expostulated with Wilkes on the conduct of his friends, and the patriot not only disavowed any share in their proceedings, but promised, that should any future occasion offer, he would himself come forward with his party in the offended bard's support.

As a political writer, Mr. Murphy never rose to any distinguished eminence; otherwise, we suppose he would have obtained either preferment or a pension. The only thing with which he has been favoured, as far as we know, is the post of commissioner of bankrupts, which he held till the appointment of Lord Thurlow to the great seal; and, when the present Chancellor came into office, he replaced his old friend upon the list.

Though regularly called to the bar by the society of Lincoln's Inn, after a long struggle, he never obtained any extensive practice, nor any share of credit on account of legal abilities. He, however, went the Norfolk circuit for a considerable time.

As a writer, he has shone most in dramatic poetry; and it may be said of him, what few who have written for the stage can boast, that he has been equally successful in farce, comedy, and tragedy. All his pieces evince great knowledge of the world, and a minute acquaintance with the human character; combined with that liveliness of fancy which is essentially necessary to produce the sensations of mirth.

In his tragedies, one remarks a happy delineation of character, joined to a due mixture of the pathetic and heroic, clothed with

language at once appropriate, easy, and elegant. So great has been the success of his plays, that though the receipts of the *former* Drury-lane theatre never amounted to three hundred pounds a night, he gained eight hundred pounds by his "*Grecian Daughter*;" and very near the same sum by his "*Way to Keep Him*."

Mr. Murphy's intimacy with the first geniuses of the age, tended greatly to improve his taste; and, consequently, to render his productions elegant. Such an association is of wonderful benefit to a rising and emulous writer. In the company of a Johnson and a Burke, a man possessed of any portion of genius, could not fail to improve his mind. To have been in habits of friendship with these persons, required no small portion of literary and moral merit.

Mr. Murphy had the credit of introducing Johnson to the acquaintance of Mr. Thrale. He was also a member of the club which the former instituted in Essex-street.

In 1762 he wrote an "*Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding*," prefixed to the complete edition of that writer's works, for which he received a considerable sum. On this occasion he behaved in a manner which few biographers will, perhaps, be disposed to imitate. A considerable quantity of letters and anecdotes were put into his hands by Sir John Fielding and others, to elucidate the memoir. On examining these communications, he found that many of them were well adapted to amuse the public, but, at the same time, tend-

ed to tarnish the memory of the deceased. He therefore suppressed them; and gave to his production the qualified title of an essay. He followed a similar line of conduct with respect to the life of his friend, Johnson, which was published in 1791, and for which he was handsomely rewarded.

About the same time appeared his translation of Tacitus, in four quarto volumes. In this work he had been engaged for many years; and there is a circumstance respecting it which does Mr. Murphy infinite honour. Not long before the publication, a nobleman of high rank and consequence in the political world, signified to the translator his wish to have it dedicated to him. Murphy, however, had previously determined to inscribe his labours to the man whom he most esteemed, the immortal Burke, and he accordingly made a noble sacrifice of interest to friendship!

His last literary production was a tragedy, never performed, entitled, "*Arminius*."

Mr. Murphy's classical knowledge and taste appear to great advantage in his Latin poems, particularly in a version of Gray's *Elegy*; and we remember to have seen an elegant translation of Addison's "*Letter from Italy*," written by him, but never printed.

Mr. Murphy usually resides at Hammersmith. He is a very entertaining companion, abounding in anecdotes, of which he is engagingly communicative in company. His character is highly respectable; and he enjoys the intimacy of some of the first personages in the kingdom.

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DOMESTIC.

#### MILLER'S RETROSPECT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

**T**HE Rev. Mr. Miller, of this city, has announced his intention of committing to the press, in a few weeks, a work under the following title: "A Brief Retrospect of the Principal Revolutions and Improvements in Learning, Politics, Morals, and Religion, during the eighteenth Century, especially in the United States of America; in a Sermon, the substance of which was delivered January 1, 1801: to which is added, a large body of Notes and Illustrations." This work, it is expected, will form a large octavo volume of between 400 and 500 pages.

#### BONNET'S WORK ON CHRISTIANITY.

It is proposed to publish an American edition of that scarce and interesting work, entitled "Philosophical Inquiries concerning the Proofs of Christianity. By M. Charles Bonnet, of Geneva, F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the French." The editors of this new impression of Bonnet's work, we are informed, have corrected and improved the translation; and propose to add some notes; and to elucidate certain subjects which require, at present, more particular discussion than was thought necessary when M. Bonnet wrote.

#### LINN'S "POWERS OF GENIUS."

Proposals have appeared for publishing a poem, entitled "The Powers of Genius. Accompanied

with Notes and Illustrations," in one elegant volume, duodecimo. The comprehensiveness and dignity of the theme should, of itself, inspire the adventurous poet. To rehearse the praises, define the limits, trace out the departments, and discuss the tendencies and bearings of the power which the artist may call his own, seems no mean or hackneyed undertaking. Painters have expatiated on painting, and poets have discussed the laws of poetry and criticism, but we recollect no performance consecrated singly to them, which appears to be selected by this poet.

American genius seems, hitherto, to have acquired but few honours. There is, perhaps, no single poem of native growth, hitherto admitted among popular and classical productions. Pope and Dryden may owe some of the homage that is paid them to their antiquity; but, among more recent and cotemporary poets, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, have no rivals in America. It is nearly forty years since we have been at least as numerous a nation as the Scots or Irish, but we have not yet produced a name dear and familiar to poetical readers. This is somewhat strange. It is not a fortuitous deficiency; and therefore must, in its own nature, be possible to be accounted for.

Every power of the mind is latent, till circumstances conspire to call it into action and notice. There can be little doubt that every church-yard, from Portsmouth to Savannah, contains the reliques of several Miltons, whom their destiny has made "ingloriously mute."

What property it is, in our system of social life, that consigned these possible Miltons to inglorious

silence and oblivion, would be well worthy of the attention of inquisitive minds. Some there are, and among these, no doubt, may be numbered all those among our countrymen who have themselves adventured in verse, who imagine it proper, in the first place, to investigate the truth of the deficiency, there being room to doubt whether the disesteem in which our own bards are wont to be held, be not the mere fruit of prejudice or ignorance.

These ideas are naturally suggested by every new proposal of a poetical publication. Men who have some attention to spare from family and professional concerns, and whose curiosity can enlarge its views so far as to take in something besides political occurrences, will regard, with some attention, the appearance of a new poem, and will bring to the perusal a sort of suspense, as to whether this be, or be not, the long-looked for claimant of poetical popularity.

The present performance is written by Mr. J. B. Linn, with whose former attempts, in this walk, the world is not unacquainted.

#### WASHINGTON'S MAUSOLEUM.

Soon after the death of Washington, a scheme was proposed for doing honour to his memory, by a public monument. From the circumstances of the time, a final resolution was postponed to a future session of the Legislature. That session has commenced at the city of Washington; and, after a *long, warm, and disagreeable debate*, the proposition has been carried by a *very small majority* in the House of Representatives, for the erection of a *mausoleum* to the memory of Washington.

Those who have regard for the honour of their country, will be somewhat anxious as to what the

final determination of the Senate may be on this resolution of the House, and whether the huge structure, for which two hundred thousand dollars are appropriated, will really be commenced.

One is almost tempted to smile at the whimsical conceptions of those who can discover no better mode of diffusing, exalting, and perpetuating the glory of a patriot or hero, than by a tomb or pyramid of marble; who recommend this as a method of gratifying the illustrious shade, and of exciting, in the nation at large, an emulation of his virtuous actions.

We seem to have forgotten that, among those mere visible blazons of reputation, by far the most durable and splendid that any imagination can suggest, is already consecrated to Washington, in founding and naming after him, a new metropolis of these States. The city itself is his monument; the duration of which will not depend upon the cohesion and soundness of the stones, bricks, and rafters of which it may at any one time consist, but be prolonged like the human body, the substance of which is changing, while the form and the identity remain. Every age will probably add to its magnitude and grandeur. In this state of things, such additional expedients as pyramids and tombs, seem to be ridiculous and puerile.

But if we must have monuments of smaller compass, and more transitory duration, let us not revive the folly so long exploded of the stupid and slavish Egyptians, who delighted in encumbering the earth with pyramids and obelisks, that reared their heads, from age to age, without any conceivable benefit to survivors. Let us rather imitate the example of the Romans, who showed their reverence for deceased worth, by monuments, that were,

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indeed, of brick and stone, but were conducive, at the same time, to some public advantage.

To facilitate commerce, forums or market places were erected. To alleviate the evils and discomforts of a crowded population, distant streams were led into cities by means of canals and aqueducts: groves and gardens were planted; porticos and walls were built, where books and pictures were collected, and, above all, baths of a stupendous magnitude and costliness were planned, and thus the most salubrious species of luxury and relaxation made accessible to every citizen. These monuments were not, strictly speaking, the mere fruits of benevolence or patriotism, but trophies to the glory of the founder, or consecrated to the memory of him whose name was enscribed upon them.

Now, surely, these are far the most eligible modes of testifying public veneration. Let the trophy be of brick or marble, if you will, but throw them, I pray you, into a form conducive, in some way, to the benefit or pleasure of survivors.

An hundred thousand dollars will enable us to raise a pile of a certain magnitude: to draw together and model into shape and unity a certain quantity of stone and cement. What form shall we choose?

Shall it be a solid mass, of four sides, terminating in a point, on one side of which those who pass near enough, and choose to scrutinize, may read some such words as—“To the memory of Washington?” Or shall it be an edifice, consisting of walls and roof, within which some science, beneficial to the public and the individual, may be learned, or deliberations on some department of national or municipal government be held; or a manufactory where the instruments of war may be produced; or as a charitable institution, where poverty and sickness may find refuge? Any of

these may be as *visibly* donated to Washington, may constitute as conspicuous and *tangible* a trophy to his glory, and contain as many emblems and inscriptions, as if the same stone and mortar had assumed the shape of column, obelisk, pyramid or statue.

If it were possible to consult the spirit of Washington, there is little doubt but that he would exclaim against such specimens of idle and barren ostentation, and ardently recommend a structure capable of some public and useful application. Could any scheme be more agreeable to him than that of a national college, and a national library, established on a liberal and permanent footing?

#### NEW FEMALE CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION.

We observe, with pleasure, that a new society has lately been formed in Philadelphia, for the relief of distressed women and children. The members of this society are ladies, who have commenced their operations with great spirit and success. The constitution of this body is similar to that of an association for the same purpose in New-York, and of an association that has subsisted for some years in Philadelphia.

Some thousand dollars being raised, during the last summer, for the relief of the cities afflicted with the yellow fever, and being unapplied to that purpose, a proposal was made, at a late meeting of the contributors, for giving five hundred dollars to the old, and the same sum to the new association of ladies. This proposal was adopted, greatly to the satisfaction of every benevolent well wisher to the happiness of the poor, and to the true dignity of the female sex.

The unbounded practice of almsgiving is far from being, itself, an antidote to poverty and wretchedness. The affluent are able to extir-

pate, by means of their abundance, all misery from among mankind, and this end is not to be effected by disbursing money, but only by disbursing it judiciously. The most difficult and least known of all arts is that of using property to good purposes.

How far these associations are circumspect and judicious in their measures, would be well worth inquiring, and to make their proceedings, and the effects already produced public, would be a powerful stimulus to others, and, probably, inculcate very useful lessons in the above mentioned art.

#### GENTZ'S COMPARISON OF THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS.

There are subjects of comparison which we are somewhat surprised to have never seen regularly and systematically compared during the last ten years. Bickering politicians have made ten thousand allusions to them; some endeavouring to point out and enforce the difference between them, both in the principles and conduct of them; and others, among whom may be ranked the editors of a celebrated publication, called the *Anti-Jacobin*, endeavouring to confound them together. With the latter every opposition to established government is denominated treason and rebellion, and the names of Cromwell, Washington, Brissot, Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Bonaparte, are indiscriminately put down on the criminal and infamous list of political assassins.

There may be said to be a third party, by whom the English, American and French revolutions are ascribed to the same justifiable and meritorious causes; who weep alike over the failure of every scheme for diffusing equality and freedom among mankind, and who justify the motives and movers of every such revolution, while they deplore

the crimes and miseries in which the folly or precipitation of the actors have involved their fellow citizens.

Gentz is a political writer of Berlin; and the performance now mentioned originally appeared, piecemeal, in a periodical work published in the Prussian capital. The writer is of the first-mentioned sect, and his purpose is to appropriate all the praise of patriotism and philanthropy to the agents in the American revolution, while he leaves to the authors of the French republic no other portion than that of disappointment and guilt.

The subject is highly curious and interesting to American readers. No doubt can be entertained of the ability of the writer, and therefore his discussions will scarcely be less worthy of attention to the adversary than to the advocate of the conclusion which he recommends.

The translator is an American, of great reputation, now in Europe, and the publisher is Mr. Asbury Dickins, to whom the property of the work belongs.

#### AMERICAN EDITION OF RUSSELL'S MODERN EUROPE.

A very elegant octavo edition of "The History of Modern Europe, with an Account of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, &c." by D. Russell, is publishing in Philadelphia, by Messrs. *Birch and Small*, from the press of *Maxwell*. For beauty of typography and correctness, this edition will excel that of any historical work before published in America. Three volumes have already appeared, and the fourth and fifth, which complete the work, will shortly appear.

#### WASHINGTON NEWSPAPERS.

To mention newspapers among literary articles may seem unwarrantable; but, in reality, these are the only popular and legitimate offspring of American activity and



genius. The number of these publications rapidly increase with the advancement of population; but the removal of the seat of government to the banks of the Patowmack has occasioned a *preternatural* addition of eight or ten Gazettes to the catalogue.

The eloquence and wisdom of our legislators are detailed to us by several hands, and every *puny whipster* is enabled to sit in judgment on the talents and adroitness of our governors.

#### NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

James Hardie, A. M. of New-York, has issued proposals for publishing "A New Universal Biographical Dictionary, and American Remembrancer of departed Merit." The work is intended to be comprised in thirty-two numbers, of sixty-four pages each, or four volumes octavo. This work will be compiled from foreign biographical publications, as well as from the materials which may be collected in America, and, if executed with judgment and ability, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to a great portion of readers.

#### BEST'S DISSERTATION UPON ORATORY.

"A Dissertation upon Oratory, and a Philological Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of the English Language, with thoughts on preaching and pulpit Eloquence," by the Rev. W. Best, A. M. has lately issued from the press of T. B. Bowen, of Charleston, South-Carolina. This publication will be noticed in our next Review.

#### NEW EDITION OF JEFFERSON'S NOTES ON VIRGINIA.

M. L. and W. A. Davis, of New-York, are engaged in printing an edition of this work, in one volume octavo, which will comprise the

"Appendix" lately published by the author.

#### HOSACK'S LECTURES.

"An Introductory Lecture on Medical Education, delivered at the Commencement of the Annual Course of Lectures on Botany and the Materia Medica, by David Hosack, M. D. Professor of Botany and the Materia Medica in Columbia College," is now in the press, and will be shortly published by T. and J. Swords.

#### DAVIS' NEW-JERSEY FARMER.

Furman and Loudon have published, in one small volume 18mo, "The New-Jersey Farmer, by John Davis." This work will be noticed in our next Review.

#### FALCONER'S "SHIP-WRECK."

James Oram is engaged in printing an elegant edition of that celebrated Poem, in one volume 12mo. with engravings.

#### FOREIGN.

##### OSSIAN'S POEMS.

MR. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, to whom the late Mr. M'Pherson left the originals of Ossian's Poems, is preparing a new and splendid edition of that work; in which the *Gaelic originals*, the *English translation* of M'Pherson, and a *Latin version* will appear together. The Highland Society of Scotland have made some important researches to ascertain the authenticity of the original poems.

The profession of bards is still to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, some of whom are females; and, in their unpremeditated effusions, resemble, in poetical ability, the Italian *improvisatori*. They are to be met with in Argyleshire, Perthshire, Rosshire, Invernesshire, and the Isle of Sky.

### PROCESS FOR TINNING COPPER VESSELS.

Mr. Buschendorf, of Leipsic, has given the following useful process for tinning copper vessels, which has the advantage of being very durable and perfectly innoxious, as it contains not a particle of lead: "When the vessel has been prepared and cleaned in the usual manner, it must be roughened on the inside, by being beat on a rough anvil, in order that the tinning may hold better. The first coating of tin is given with perfectly pure-

grained tin, with the addition of sal ammoniac. This serves as a medium to connect the second coating, which consists of two parts tin, mixed with three of zinc, which must be applied with sal ammoniac smooth and even. It is then to be hammered with a smoothing hammer, after it has been properly scoured with chalk and water, which renders it more solid, and gives it a smooth and compact surface.

This tinning is very durable, and has a beautiful colour, which it always retains."

## POETRY.

### DESCRIPTION of an AFRICAN SERPENT.

*From the 6th Book of Silius Italicus.*

Translated (1782) by RICHARD ALSOP.

**I**TS turbid wave, where wide Bragada pours,  
Through wilds and deserts to the Lybian shores,  
And o'er the far stretch'd plains diffuses wide  
A stagnant water and polluted tide,  
In search of plants we came—which o'er that land  
Penurious Nature spreads with scanty hand.

Near the steep bank an aged forest stood,  
Whose horrid gloom imbrown'd the bordering flood;  
Through the thick boughs no quivering sun-beam play'd,  
But dusky darkness wrap'd the dreary shade,  
And hoary mists, which putrid fens exhale,  
With poisonous vapours clogg'd the tainted gale.  
Within the wood a winding cavern lay,  
Whose dire recesses ne'er admitted day;  
E'en at the thought wild terrors still arise,  
And chilling fears my panting heart surprise,  
A monstrous serpent, venomous and dread,  
Whose length immense an hundred cubits spread;  
Whom in her anger earth vindictive bore,  
The grove infected, and polluted shore.

No era e'er disclos'd to mortal eyes  
A pest more fell, or of superior size.  
Seiz'd by surprise, along the shady stream  
The furious lion oft his prey became;  
And flocks and herds that hither sought retreat

From the fierce fervors of meridian heat;  
Or birds, attracted to the noisome wood  
By putrid carcases and fœtid blood:  
Limbs half devour'd, and bones dispers'd around,

The air infected, and defiled the ground.  
When swoln with blood, and surfeited with prey,

In the black cave the hideous monster lay;  
Or oft, when heated with his fervent food,  
Sought the cool shelter of the rapid flood;  
Nor wholly sunk beneath the wave remain'd,

But on the adverse shore his head sustain'd.  
Of this unconscious, nor of aught afraid,  
I went to explore the secrets of the shade,  
With Umbrian Havens and Aquinas, bred,  
Where snow-clad Apennine exalts its head.  
Approaching near, our minds dire horror fill'd;

With panic fears our shivering limbs were chill'd;

Yet still we enter, and the nymphs adore,  
And God unknown, whose waters lave the shore;

And, tho' with terror thrill'd, our way pursu'd

To the dark centre of the fatal wood.  
When from the entrance of the cave profound

A Stygian whirlwind rush'd with fearful sound;

No fiercer blast rude Eurus ever pour'd  
 From his cold chambers with bleak tempests stor'd;  
 Infernal hissings from the gulph accurst,  
 With sprinkling rain, and storms loud howling, burst.  
 Pale with dismay, we heard the earth resound,  
 And felt quick tremblings shake the solid ground,  
 When from the cave, by spectres usher'd, roll'd,  
 The monster fell in many a hideous fold.  
 Arm'd with such snakes, the earth-born Giants strove  
 To arrest the thunder from imperial Jove;  
 Such as Amphytrion's mighty son subdu'd,  
 Where snaky Lerna rolls its poisonous flood,  
 And such secur'd the Hesperian garden fam'd,  
 With golden fruit whose trees far-glittering flam'd.  
 His monstrous head from earth to heaven he rais'd;  
 In his dread front terrific splendours blaz'd;  
 From his black mouth, a flood of venom cast,  
 The air infected with a pois'nous blast.  
 With palpitating hearts, in vain, we fly,  
 And for assistance raise a piteous cry;  
 Wide o'er the wood his hiss shrill-startling rolls,  
 And dark'ning fears distract our boding souls.  
 Condemning the rash enterprise too late,  
 Unhappy Havens found a dreadful fate;  
 In a large oak conceal'd, he sought to elude  
 The watchful serpent, who his flight pursued;  
 And, scarce could I myself believe it true,  
 His monstrous folds around the tree he threw,  
 And close encircling, tore it from the ground;  
 Rent from its deepest roots it fell with rushing sound;  
 Then seizing in his fangs the youth dismay'd,  
 With outstretch'd arms in vain imploring aid,  
 In his black jaws absorb'd the struggling prey,  
 Who, living, buried in his entrails lay.  
 Hapless Aquinas on the stream rely'd,  
 And swiftly swam across the rapid tide;  
 In vain his efforts, 'midst the river caught,  
 Him to the shore the frightful monster brought,

And there a horrid scene my eyes survey'd,  
 As on his quiv'ring limbs, while yet alive,  
 he prey'd.

From the dire place, in headlong flight I sped,  
 Impell'd by wild dismay, and wing'd with dread,  
 And to the camp escap'd, inform'd the chief,  
 In broken accents and a flood of grief;  
 At the sad tale his eyes with tears were fill'd,  
 And pity for their fate his bosom thrill'd;  
 But love of fame, with dauntless valour join'd,  
 To scorn of danger fir'd his generous mind,  
 Which equal shone, both in surprise by night,  
 In hosts embattled, and in single fight.  
 Fir'd with impatience to avenge the slain,  
 He bade the equestrian Squadron seek the plain;  
 And ardent first advanc'd with matchless speed,  
 Exciting with the spur his foaming steed.  
 The troops obey—and instantly prepare  
 The vast *baliste* and machines of war,  
 And to the field the spear immense convey'd,  
 Which oft proud turrets in destruction laid.  
 Soon as the couriers reach'd the adjacent plain,  
 And hollow trappings echoed through the den;  
 Rouz'd at the tumult, forth the dragon came,  
 Emitting from his jaws sulphureous flame;  
 From his broad front terrific lightnings fly,  
 And sparkling fury glows in either eye;  
 High rais'd in air, he lifts his head above  
 The topmost branches of the towering grove;  
 His forked tongues in quick vibrations fly,  
 And, darting upwards, lick the azure sky.  
 When first the trumpet's martial notes he hear'd,  
 In deep surprise his form immense he rear'd;  
 And with his back reel'd, his length compress'd  
 In sinuous folds beneath his scaly breast;  
 Then swift unloosing his contorted train,  
 His glittering bulk extended o'er the plain;  
 And on the shore advanc'd, the fight to try,  
 While wild amazement look'd from every eye.

When near approach'd, the troops beheld  
 their foe,  
 Congeal'd awhile, the blood forgot to flow:  
 Scarce could the rider rule his trembling  
 steed,  
 From whose black nostrils pitchy flames  
 proceed.  
 With scornful pride, as he the host sur-  
 vey'd,  
 In threatening motion wav'd his lofty  
 head;  
 Now fir'd to rage the gory corse he tears,  
 And high in air the mangled carcass rears;  
 Now his strong orbs convolves, in wan-  
 ton play,  
 With strict embrace around his shapeless  
 prey;  
 Now the black flesh absorbs and crimson  
 tide,  
 Then his voracious jaws, expanding wide,  
 Disgorges broken bones and clotted gore,  
 And leaves the limbs half-eaten on the  
 shore.  
 With rising terrors every bosom's chill'd,  
 To panic fears the bravest soldiers yield;  
 At length the squadrons in confusion fly,  
 With pallid cheek and wildly-glaring eye,  
 In vain the eagles should their flight re-  
 strain,  
 With them ignobly hurried o'er the plain;  
 When thus the leader stopp'd their shame-  
 ful flight,  
 The recreant bands inciting to the fight.  
 "Shall the Italian youth, in arms re-  
 mown'd,  
 Inferior to a Lybian snake be found?  
 Does his vast yawn your timorous souls  
 affright,  
 Or empty blasts pale cowardice excite?  
 Unaided I to meet his rage will go—  
 This hand alone shall quell your dreaded  
 foe."  
 He said—and fearless straight approach-  
 ing near,  
 From his strong arm discharg'd the massy  
 spear;  
 With force Herculean hurl'd, the weapon  
 flies,  
 And in a whirlwind cleaves the liquid  
 skies.  
 The flying lance the advancing monster  
 found,  
 And in his forehead deep impress'd a  
 wound;  
 Fix'd in his head the point firm-rooted  
 stood,  
 And in vibrations play'd the quiv'ring  
 wood:  
 In loud acclaim straight plaufive voices rise,  
 While mingled shouts of triumph rend  
 the skies.

Stung with the smart with tenfold rage  
 he burns,  
 And all on Regulus his fury turns;  
 For, new to pain, no vent'rous steel before  
 E'er his bright form disdain'd with stream-  
 ing gore.  
 Nor had his vengeance fought his foe in  
 vain,  
 To madness fir'd by agonizing pain;  
 Had not the Chief, well skill'd to rule  
 the steed,  
 By art eluded his impetuous speed;  
 Turn'd to the left he fled, with loosen'd  
 rein,  
 The serpent swift pursuing o'er the plain,  
 With flexile back, in undulating course,  
 The various mazes of the flying horse.  
 Nor Marus' hand slept idle by his side,  
 Next in his venom'd blood my spear was  
 dyed;  
 For now the fainting steed, oppress'd with  
 pain,  
 The unequal strife no longer could main-  
 tain,  
 While close behind the foe, fierce threat-  
 ning hung,  
 And brandish'd o'er his back his triple  
 tongue;  
 That fateful moment I my javelin threw,  
 And on myself his vengeful fury drew.  
 The cohort next their brandish'd weapons  
 plied,  
 And each in turn the monster's rage de-  
 fied;  
 From a balista hurl'd, at length, a rock  
 His course arrested with a thundering  
 stroke;  
 Stunn'd and disabled by the forceful  
 blow,  
 No more with ardour he pursues the foe;  
 No more his head he raises to the skies,  
 No more its wonted aid the wounded  
 spine supplies.  
 And now deep crimson'd in his vital  
 blood,  
 Fix'd in his side the mural javelin stood;  
 And showers of arrows clos'd his eyes in  
 night,  
 Whose glaring orbs diffus'd a baleful light.  
 He now lay faintly gasping on the shore,  
 His shining form with wounds all co-  
 ver'd o'er,  
 And from his deadly mouth pour'd forth  
 a flood  
 Of verdant poison, mix'd with clotted  
 blood;  
 Transfix'd with spears, to move, in vain,  
 he try'd,  
 Yet menac'd still with jaws distended  
 wide,

When in hoarse thunder from an engine  
 fled  
 A pond'rous beam, and lopp'd his hide-  
 ous head;  
 Then on the bank outstretch'd, expiring,  
 broke  
 From his black mouth pale wreaths of  
 pois'nous smoke.  
 From the sad river burst the notes of woe,  
 And broken murmurs from the gulphs  
 below,  
 The gloomy cave, the banks and grove  
 around,  
 In mournful concert, echoed back the  
 sound.

### *The PALACE of the SUN.*

[From the 2d Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.]

SUBLIME, and just where dawning  
 day begun,  
 Rose in the skies, the palace of the sun;  
 On lofty columns, glorious to behold,  
 With gems it stood adorn'd, and flaming  
 gold.  
 Two folding valves, the chambers of the  
 morn,  
 In silver fram'd, the shining doors adorn;  
 The artist God, around the valves had  
 hurl'd  
 The circling ocean, and the solid world.  
 With heavenly skill, he spread th' æthe-  
 real plain,  
 And all that earth, or seas, or air con-  
 tain.  
 First those who in the waves their man-  
 sions keep,  
 Cerulean Gods and Nereids of the deep:  
 There doubtful Proteus, there Ægeon  
 glides  
 On sportive whales, and Ocean's wave  
 divides.  
 Next, with her daughters, heavenly  
 Doris stood,  
 Part on huge fish, triumphant swim the  
 flood;

Part seek the feedy banks, expos'd in air,  
 Dry their soft limbs, and comb their  
 azure hair.  
 Not all alike they shone, in face or arms,  
 As sisters chang'd, but equal in their  
 charms.  
 There on the world appears a varied  
 scene,  
 Refulgent towers, and groves forever  
 green;  
 Here silent streams, and there a rolling  
 flood,  
 Nymphs of the vale, and Dryads of the  
 wood.  
 High over these, in flaming glories, rise  
 The blazing planets, and superior skies;  
 Bright on each valve, fix heavenly signs  
 appear,  
 Guides of the day, and rulers of the year,  
 There, cloth'd in purple, on his lofty  
 throne,  
 Adorn'd with gems, divine Apollo shone:  
 Rang'd on his right, and on his left ap-  
 pear,  
 The months in order, and the rolling  
 year;  
 And awful TIME, that led the winged  
 hours,  
 Time, that all things but lasting TRUTH  
 devours.  
 Close by the God, with rosy chaplets  
 bound,  
 Laugh'd the new Spring, and strew'd her  
 flowers around;  
 There naked Summer sought the Nuptial  
 plain,  
 Crown'd with a chaplet rich with gol-  
 den grain.  
 Brown Autumn, too, beside her sister  
 stood,  
 Wet with new grapes, and blushing with  
 their blood.  
 Stern Winter, last, with icy horrors  
 shone,  
 And shook his hoary locks before the  
 throne.

ENNIUS.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

"CANDIDUS" was received too late to appear in this Number. The great length of his quotations is some objection to the insertion of his communication. If they could be curtailed, or a reference be made to the pages of the printed volume, it would be more agreeable to the generality of readers. The change, however, which is about to take place in this publication, may induce *Candidus* to seek some other vehicle for a speedier publication, unless content to wait the appearance of the next Review.

END OF VOL. III.











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